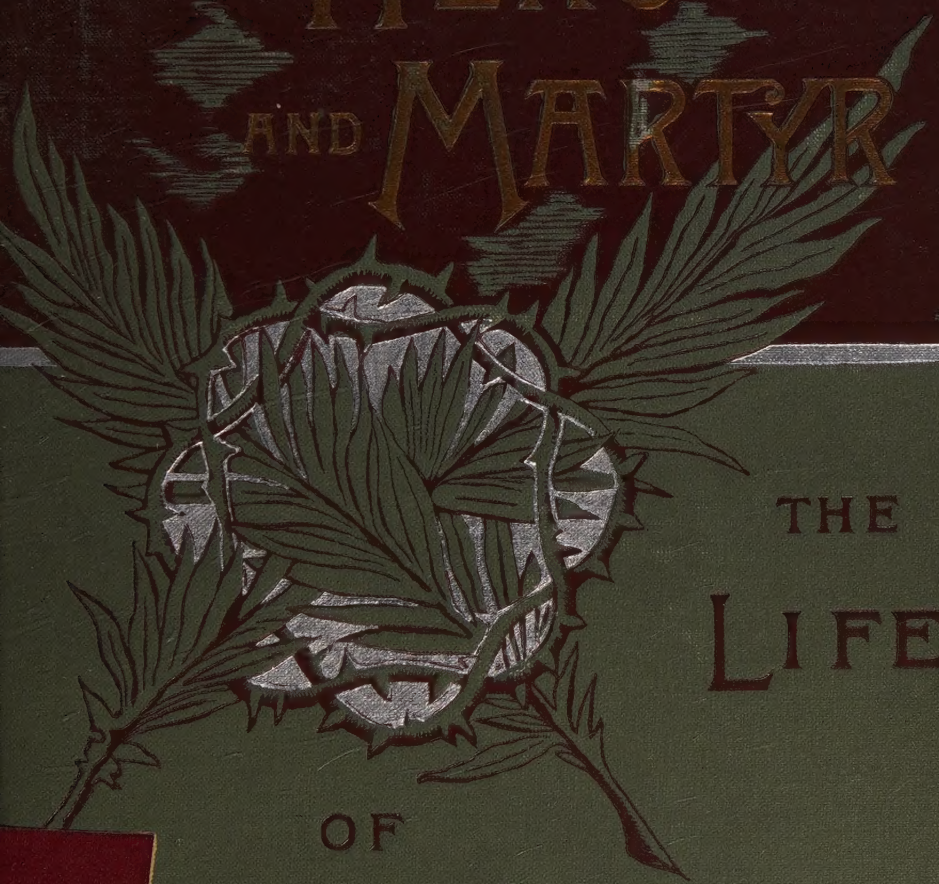
HERO AND MARTYR



THE LIFE OF GEORGE C. HADDOCK

By

FRANK C. HADDOCK

MAY 7 1930

On Thursday, August 5, 1920, Rev. Henry Burns Hartzler, D.D., March 23, 1840—Sept. 3, 1920, editor, bishop and theologian, presented this book with 900 others to

THE LIBRARY

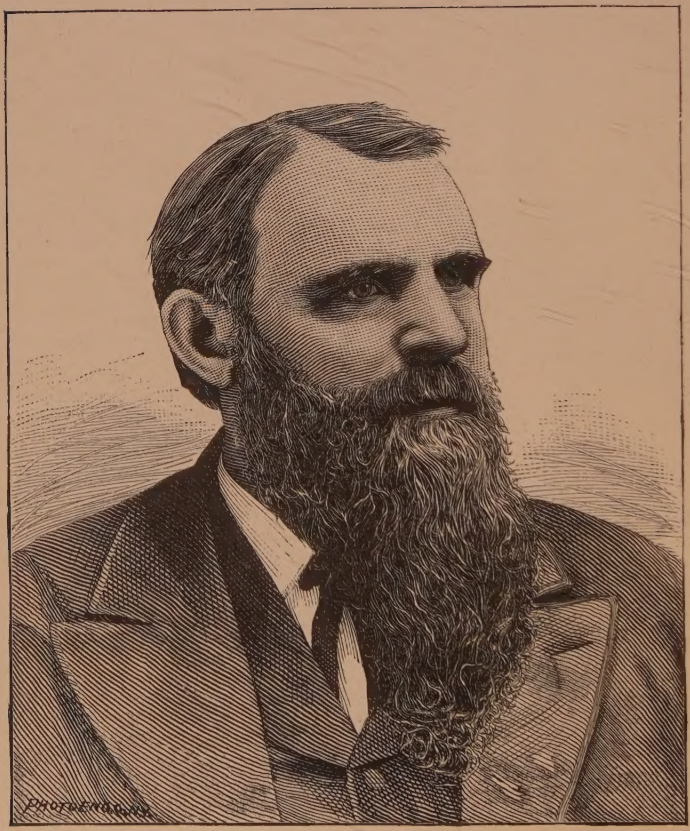
OF

Albright College

Case.....

Shelf.....

Number.....



Yours, Truly
Geo. B. Waldock

THE LIFE

OF

REV. GEORGE C. HADDOCK.

BY

FRANK C. HADDOCK.

LIBRARY OF
United Theological Seminary
HV 5293
H 2 H 2 46.799
1887

FUNK & WAGNALLS, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK:
18 & 20 ASTOR PLACE.

1887.

LONDON:
44 FLEET STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887,
By FUNK & WAGNALLS,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

My Mother,

WHOSE FAITH AND COURAGE UNFAILINGLY AIDED HER HUSBAND

IN THE WORK OF HIS LIFE, AND INSPIRED HIM DURING

HIS LAST LABORS TO HEED ONLY THE

CALL OF DUTY.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
MAY 7 1959

PREFACE.

The death of a clergyman while engaged in maintaining a great reform, and under circumstances of the deepest atrocity, will vindicate the narration of his history. Especially is this true in the present case. But no life is valuable disconnected from valuable work. For these reasons, as well as from a desire to honor the memory of a man who was father, friend, and hero in one, and, if possible, to project his influence beyond his death, I have spoken with his words at every opportunity, and kept steadily in view the one subject of Prohibition. The work of the pastor has been sacrificed to the work of the temperance advocate. In endeavoring to portray the man growing up into the reformer, chronology has been subordinated to history, and at the last this has naturally developed into a single appeal to law. If this book shall add anything to the cause for which he died, its writing will have been amply justified.

The Author.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

George C. Haddock.....*Frontispiece*

House where George C. Haddock was Born..... 26

Printing-Office where George C. Haddock Learned his Trade.. 42

Mrs. George C. Haddock..... 46

George C. Haddock, Age 33 Years..... 125

Fac-simile of Sermon Notes..... 184

George C. Haddock, Age 41 Years..... 206

Scene of the Assault at Sheboygan Falls, Wis..... 241

Racine M. E. Church..... 251

The Appleton Church..... 262

The Haddock Memorial Pledge..... 433

The Sioux City Church..... 457

Scene of Assassination..... 481

The Martyr's Last Service, and Interior of M. E. Church, Sioux City..... 486

Mound Cemetery, Racine, Wis..... 520

CONTENTS.

PAGE

SONNET, "G. C. H.," by Mrs. Mary A. P. Stansbury..... 15
INTRODUCTION, by Rev. George M. Steele, D.D., President of Wesleyan Academy 17
PROHIBITION SONG..... 23

CHAPTER I.

Samuel Haddock, the "Learned Blacksmith"—A Hundred Years of Methodism—Abolition Sentiments—Father and Sons in the War—Temperance Proclivities—The Daughter of "Preacher Barnes"—Anecdotes—Early Education—Dedicated to the Ministry..... 27

CHAPTER II.

A Trio of Editors—The Minister's Wife—Wandering—Anecdotes—Evil Men—Milwaukee—Newspaper Ventures—Sunday Frolics—Father and Son—Conversion—Exhorting..... 44

CHAPTER III.

Washington, Ohio—Doctrinal Difficulties—Reason and Theology—Liberalism—Personal Beliefs—Creeds—Resignation of a Pastorate—Again Wandering—A "Supply"—Anecdotes—Joins the Wisconsin Conference—Port Washington—War Sermons—A Literary Paper..... 63

CHAPTER IV.

Few Events—Waukesha—A Trait—Verses—Not a Wire-puller—Methodism—A "Powerful Man"—A Fast-Day Discourse—Florence Bishop Haddock..... 87

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

Desire to Enlist—Clinton Junction—The War and Providence—Preparation—Religious Struggles—Mental Characteristics—A Poem, "Autumn Leaves"—A Clairvoyant..... 109

CHAPTER VI.

Oshkosh—Threats—Temperance—Anecdotes—Among the Young People—A Successful Pastorate—Revival Services—The Pastor's Wife—Camp-Meeting Incident—Practical Holiness—Home and Social Life—Recreation..... 125

CHAPTER VII.

Poems..... 144

CHAPTER VIII.

Appleton—Temperance Address—An Anecdote—A College Town—Made "Master of Arts"—Temperance Politics—"The Suicide"—Discussions—Spiritualism..... 162

CHAPTER IX.

Sermons..... 183

CHAPTER X.

Fond du Lac—Incidents—Temperance Resolutions—"The Temperance Worker"—A Sunday Picnic—Discourse on the Sabbath and Marriage—An Incident—Uses of the Pulpit—A Discussion on Universalism..... 206

CHAPTER XI.

A Presiding Elder—A Temperance Wave—"The Blessings of Whiskey"—Conference Troubles—"Father, Thy Hand"—Assaulted—A Judicial Farce—The "Iconoclast"..... 227

CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

The Law—The Alcoholic Ring—Remark of Logan—Racine—Death of Florence—"Up the Stairs"—Appleton—Lawrence University—"Work and Play"—An Apostolic Watch—Politics—A Debate—Shot at—Extracts from Sermon—Third-Party Preachers—Conference Sermon..... 254

CHAPTER XIII.

Algoma Street, Oshkosh—A Conference Trial—An Old Rumor Revived—Asbury, Milwaukee—The Church and the Masses—Labor and Capital..... 276

CHAPTER XIV.

Bay View—An Old Quarrel—Heroic Treatment—Future Punishment Again—A Book—Extracts from a Sermon..... 296

CHAPTER XV.

Review—Transferred to Iowa Conference—Leaves the Republican Party—Reasons—Extracts from a Sermon—A Third-Party Prohibitionist..... 316

CHAPTER XVI.

The Liquor Business—Not Necessary or Desirable—High License... 336

CHAPTER XVII.

"Personal Liberty"—A Sermon—The Prohibition Syllogism—Rights of the State..... 356

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Moderate Temperance Man—License *vs.* Prohibition..... ... 377

CHAPTER XIX.

Practicability of Prohibitory Laws—Reasons for Alleged Failures—The Rum Power—Opinions of the Martyred Pastor—The Iowa Amendment of 1882..... 394

CHAPTER XX.

PAGE
Legal Aspects of Prohibition—Questions Raised—Opinions of the Courts 416

CHAPTER XXI.

Burlington, Iowa—Fort Dodge—Bible Wines—Violations of Law—Duties of Citizenship—The Destiny of the Republic 434

CHAPTER XXII.

Sioux City—The Iowa Law—Petition in Favor of Saloons—Licenses—The Pastor—Reasons for Entering the Work to Sustain the Law—Incidents—A Martyr's Words—His Faith and Courage—The Conspiracy—Assassinated 456

CHAPTER XXIII.

Closing Scenes—At Rest—Memorial Services—Results. 487

CHAPTER XXIV.

Words Spoken of Him 521

G. C. Y.

BY MRS. MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

A white robe for the sign of purity,
Red, for the blood his loyal blade must shed,
Black, for that death he might not flee or dread—
These wore the knight of old—a mystic three;
But he, the flower of nobler chivalry—
Our dauntless chief, who never feared or fled—
Puts off all earthly dress to wear instead
Their raiment glistening the King who see.
A lion heart that never throbbed with fear!
Yet from his strong came sweetness—care for all
The weak, the love of little children, and
Rich grace of pity mingling tear with tear.
Lo! now the life whose loss he held so small
For Christ, forever found at His right hand!

INTRODUCTION.

GEORGE C. HADDOCK.

BY REV. GEORGE M. STEELE, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF WESLEYAN ACADEMY.

My acquaintance with Mr. Haddock began during his pastorate at Oshkosh, in 1865. I do not now remember his age at that time, nor how long he had been in the ministry; but he had not yet reached the acme of his power and effectiveness. He was regarded as a strong man, a growing man, with unusual ability as a public speaker, and with much promise for the future.

After this, for two different terms, he was pastor of the church at Appleton, where I lived, so that, with my general acquaintance with him as a member of the Conference, I came to know him quite intimately, and to have a pretty thorough understanding of his character. He had unusually good natural endowments, and was especially qualified to be a public speaker. Physically he was about the medium size, well-proportioned, compact, vigorous, solid, and strong —a man that a bully or rowdy would not care to meet on equal terms, though I am not aware that this muscular

Christianity was ever allowed to be called into exercise during any part of our friend's ministerial career. The "physical basis" was, at least, nearly all that could be desired for effective oratory.

He did not have in his early life the opportunity for extensive and protracted mental training, nor were his habits particularly scholarly; but he had a somewhat extraordinary faculty of developing in his mind, out of a few general principles of which he had laid hold with a clear comprehension and a firm grasp, a great variety of valuable, fresh, and interesting thought. He was not a man of wide reading, and this fact made it the more remarkable that he should be able to give so large a range and variety to his discourses and to so seldom repeat himself. He probably did not often manifest the highest power of an orator, but he never fell below a high level of pulpit and platform ability. I have seldom known a man—and never one who owed so little to artificial training—who would preach so many good sermons and so few poor ones in the regular and ordinary work of the ministry. He did not indulge in theological speculation to any noticeable extent; indeed, my impression is that he knew comparatively little about technical theology, and cared less. He laid hold of the fundamental doctrines everywhere prominent in the Scriptures, and from them developed whatever he deemed necessary as a doctrinal basis; and this, too, without putting any great stress upon it as a system. He attacked sin as such, and trained all his

batteries to bear upon it wherever he could find it, and he did, regardless of individual fear or favor.

He had an excellent command of language, and he knew how to handle it in a most effective manner. He was seldom at fault in the structure of his sentences, and his phraseology was remarkably apt. He had at times a powerful, impetuous eloquence which was exceedingly effective. Of course it could hardly be otherwise than that, with such a temperament and with such convictions as characterized him, he should not have been at times extravagant, and that his hyperbole should not have been somewhat beyond the limits of even rhetorical license.

As a platform speaker he was possibly better than in the pulpit. As a debater he was not easily equalled, and he had scarcely more than a single drawback. Sometimes in a discussion where he was opposing a moral wrong against which his personal indignation was stirred, he would so unmercifully flay his opponent that sheer pity for the latter would excite sympathy in his behalf and cause a damaging reaction. Some time about 1869–70 he had a series of discussions on the subject of spiritualism with several of its prominent supporters. As a matter of course, in all such public debates there are few whose sympathies are not too far enlisted on one side or the other to be candid judges of the relative merits of the respective champions; but in all of these cases to which I have alluded, whatever may have been the verdict as to the comparative ability, there could

be none as to the actual power displayed by Mr. Haddock. To one of these debates, continued through several nights, I listened almost against my will. I had little faith in the value of such discussions, feeling that most who listened to them would be of no other opinion at the close than at the beginning; and I even remonstrated with my friend on his determination to enter the lists. It was hardly a fair match, so far as the speakers were concerned, as Mr. Haddock was in every way the superior of his antagonist, and was able to handle him nearly at his will, and with such facility as to make one almost forget the question at issue in admiration of the skill displayed in meeting all objections and carrying the war into the enemy's camp. On two or three occasions the retort to what had evidently been intended as a crushing and almost annihilating argument was such as to fairly convulse the audience and utterly confound the opposite party. The result, too, of the discussion, in this instance, was far otherwise than I had anticipated, and produced a most wholesome effect in the community.

From the beginning of his career he was a powerful antagonist of the liquor business. Never for a moment disposed to compromise, and scarcely to conciliate, he struck the hardest blows wherever and whenever he could get them in. His fiery, sweeping eloquence, sometimes bearing down all before it, found here its most effective field. No political exigency, no disposition to be tender toward prominent men who, for a purpose, discouraged harsh measures or were

conciliatory toward the liquor traffic, no appeals to charity toward these evil-doers, affected him. All coalitions and concessions by any party were by him denounced as "a covenant with death and agreement with hell." Brave even to rashness, his was not the courage that was valiant in safe places, nor that exhausted itself in words. It is no wonder that many bad men hated him, and his tragical taking off, though it came with stunning effect to those who knew him best, and inexpressibly shocked them, yet was not altogether surprising. This kind of Satanic agency goes not forth even *by prayer and fasting;* there must be "resistance unto blood, striving against sin," and this blood, we well know, becomes the seed of great moral harvests. We do not altogether deplore the death of our brother. Formerly men sometimes almost wantonly sought martyrdom for the sake of its rewards; in this they were terribly wrong. No man need voluntarily throw away his life; but there are times when the path of duty leads in the way of the sacrifice of life, and blessed is he who has the grand courage that shrinks not from this ordeal. In this case, more conspicuously than in most instances where men for the Truth's sake have not counted their lives dear unto them, we may see the outcome; and we risk little in declaring that this witness for the truth, like Samson of old, has slain many more in his death than in his life.

It is not to be inferred from what has been said that Mr. Haddock was merely a combative and belligerent character.

He was tender-hearted at times, and gentle as a woman. Many of us have found him a genial, a companionable associate, generous, public-spirited, and ready to aid in any good thing. He hated shams and humbug and affectation, and all pretentious "goodiness." Possibly his aversion to such dispositions carried him to the opposite extreme, and made him appear indifferent to the amenities of life; but we believe him to have been one who loved his fellow-men, and was most loyal to Jesus Christ, and did his utmost to bring all men under His Kingdom and Government.

PROHIBITION SONG.

BY REV. GEORGE C. HADDOCK.

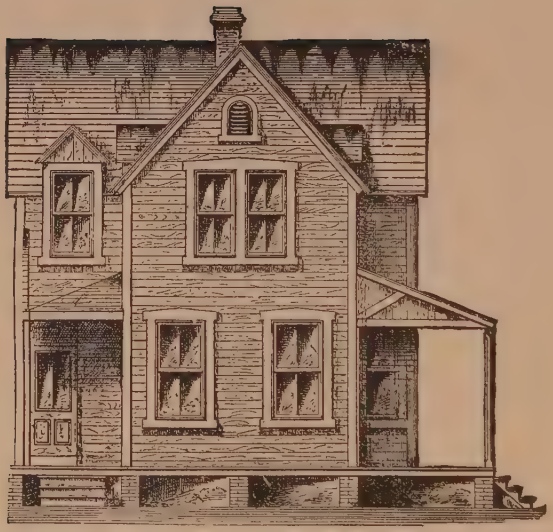
Lo, the curse of God doth rest
On the drunkard-making band,
And the woe of Heaven falls
On the biblers of our land;
While the cup that brims with death
Is forbid by His command,
Whose word goes marching on.

Shall we sanctify by law
That which God hath said is wrong?
Shall we license men of blood,
And the reign of sin prolong?
Nay! by all in story grand,
And by all that's sweet in song—
For God goes marching on.

Then arouse, ye friends of Right!
In one mighty host combine;
PROHIBITION is the word—
Pass it all along the line.
With our praying, *and our votes,*
We will crush the fiend of wine,
For Truth goes marching on.

While the Mighty Father reigns—
  While the heavens stand secure—
While the angels live and love—
  While the words of Christ endure—
While Eternal Truth remains,
  And the Promises are sure,
    Our cause must still march on.

'Midst the rabble's scorn and hate;
  With the blessings of the few;
'Gainst the wrath of all the base—
  With the prayers of all the true;
Spite of raging fiends of Night—
  Spite of all that men can do,
    Our cause is marching on.



SIDE VIEW OF HOUSE WHERE GEORGE C. HADDOCK WAS BORN, SULPHUR SPRINGS, N. Y.

THE LIFE OF

REV. GEORGE C. HADDOCK.

CHAPTER I.

Samuel Haddock, the "Learned Blacksmith"—A Hundred Years of Methodism—Abolition Sentiments—Father and Sons in the War—Temperance Proclivities—The Daughter of "Preacher Barnes"—Anecdotes—Early Education—Dedicated to the Ministry.

GEORGE CHANNING HADDOCK was born at Watertown, N. Y., January 23d, 1832. His life and character were the natural results of his parentage and education. His mother was the daughter of "Preacher Barnes," of Little Falls, New York State, who was descended from the eccentric but devoted Lorenzo Dow, well known throughout that commonwealth as a most eloquent and successful "travelling preacher." The Rev. Enoch Barnes, long a Presiding Elder in the Black River (N. Y.) Conference, was his uncle. There has been no time within the past one hundred years when some representative of the Barnes' stock has not occupied a pulpit in the Methodist-Episcopal Church. My father's parents were active members of that denomination for more than fifty years.

Samuel Haddock, at one time Sheriff of Herkimer County, N. Y., was the father of Samuel Haddock, "the learned blacksmith," who will be remembered among the pioneers in Watertown fifty years ago. Before his twentieth year he had married Sabrina Barnes, and from this marriage came a family of six children, one of whom died at an early age, two of whom served with distinction in the War of the Rebellion, and were life-long journalists; the remaining son, the youngest of the family, is the subject of these pages.

The learned blacksmith was born, in 1804, in the county of which his father was sheriff. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to his trade, and with an energy characteristic throughout his entire life, he so applied himself that, in the legends of the place, he soon became an expert workman. About the year 1822 he removed from Herkimer County to what was called the Black River country, locating in Watertown for the better education of his children, where he resided till the gold fever of '49. It was while here he acquired the sobriquet above alluded to. He gained a thorough familiarity, as the expression may go outside of technical scholarship, with the Greek and Latin languages, between the heats of his forge, and was an omnivorous reader besides. When his sons were pursuing classical studies he was their ablest assistant. He was always known as a laborious, fearless, and intelligently conscientious man, and no one among his neighbors was more thoroughly re-

spected, whether as friend, citizen, or Christian. He was a splendid type of the ideal American wage-worker, who

"Looks the whole world in the face,"

and by that look assures the perpetuity of American government. His day's work consisted of fourteen hours, yet his home was always comfortable, and his children received the best education the region afforded. During this period he had but one employer for seventeen years.

The earliest recollections of his children were of the weekly prayer-meetings held at his home, there being no public place for such a purpose in the neighborhood. It was always a house of God, and it was widely understood among those devoted men to whom the Methodist itinerancy was a travelling dispensation in earnest, that the home of Samuel Haddock was ever open to ministers of all denominations. This hospitality was freely offered and freely accepted. The "gude wife" was ever ready, the guests were many. A wealthy farmer, at whose stable this sanctified laborer was in the habit of hiring the care of the preachers' horses, once said of him, "Well, Sam Haddock is bound to ruin himself keeping so many ministers." Yet no man ever earned a more evenly and finely successful life than he. His ruin came in the shape of a family of intelligent Christian children, and a signal independence and breadth of character universally recognized in the entertainer.

At this humble home were frequently gathered ministers of various beliefs. The host was a well-read and thoughtful man, and occasionally, when curious accident brought Calvinists and Arminians together, the conversation led to theological discussions both skilful and vigorous. At such times my father, then a mere boy, with a favorite sister, now Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkins, residing at Lemars, Iowa, would listen and learn with the eagerness of pioneer children, and, after the senior battle, retreat to some favorable spot and rehearse the debates, *pro* and *con*, each laboring for a doctrine, but both finally coming to an amicable conclusion, which was invariably the brother's original position. This was partly the boy's supremacy, but it was nature as well. Children are agreed on the truth.

The half century preceding the Rebellion was a memorable period to nearly every settled locality in the North. Samuel Haddock was too noble in every way not to see clearly the moral and political sin of slavery. There were no fetters about his brains or his heart. While he was a peaceable and law-abiding citizen, he had the honor of being an abolitionist. Legal and moral casuistry could not becloud his reason. Law, however, was to him a sacred thing; it must be obeyed till abrogated by the will of an enlightened people. This was his creed, especially because he was a man of Christian faith and would see

"Each fetter broken, but in God's own time."

Yet no doubt this rendezvous of ministers and Christian people was the scene of many a denunciation of slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law; for clergymen who could sanction either, it is certain Whittier's indignation was fully shared by all the members of the family—

"What, preach and kidnap men?"

The youngest son and his favorite sister devised many plans for liberating the slave, Watertown, in their childish scheme of philanthropy, being a "station" on the "Underground Railway," at which the fleeing black was in fancy fed and encouraged. It is not strange that a man thus inspired by religious influences, with the profound hatred for wrong and oppression and the high sense of right and duty which actuated both parents in this home, should, in after life, so antagonize the evils of his day as to gain an emphatic reputation for fearlessness. My father seemed always irresistibly impelled to duty. He sometimes shrank, but in the end obeyed. His career speaks in a double sense, "It is the Lord who leads me."

A deep sense of hostility to wrong was a prominent trait of this freeman of the North. He was naturally sympathetic, but his emotional nature was ruled by fixed principles. The son, while differing from him in many respects, was markedly possessed of these two elements of character; it was "in the blood" to see in philanthropy the highest duty of man to man. Both were capable of the

keenest indignation at injustice. The latter could burn with withering anger. At such times there was that in his look guilty men could seldom withstand. It was not impulsiveness. It was the unalterable setting of his life against whatever was inequitable. To some, lacking perhaps in large sympathies, this rather tended to obscure his true character. Yet few men are more susceptible to the tender influences of human life than he was, and before these influences the obverse side of that righteous indignation which often gave his words a white heat appeared freely and generously. Neither phase was a new outcrop of heredity, but the immediate reflection of his parents.

An incident which occurred in the life of his father will show this. It has been noted that the latter remained in Watertown until the gold fever of '49. That fever induced him to hazard the long voyage by water to the Pacific coast, where for some time he worked in the mines. The trip around Cape Horn was made in five months. The ship Panama, in which he sailed, was for a long time a Bethel ship in San Francisco Harbor, and nearly every Sabbath during the passage religious services were held on board, at which the "learned blacksmith" officiated in the reading of Scripture and prayer. Landing on Long Wharf, in the latter city, he overheard a traveller from the South exclaim, as a black laborer passed, "I wish I had about forty of these fellows; I'd soon make a fortune here." Instantly the abolitionist of the North thundered his

gratitude that the free State of California would never contain a slave within her borders. The would-be extender of slavery retorted with angry words, whereupon the muscular free-soiler quietly took off his coat and invited the impending contest. The invitation was declined.

Later, when Sherman M. Booth, in Wisconsin, was defying the Fugitive Slave Law, and the United States Marshal, in defence of a negro hunted down with all the power an unpopular law could command, the son was happy enough to realize something of his childish dream for the liberation of human chattels by passing this fugitive over his head to others in a crowd of determined men at Milwaukee.

When the war broke out Samuel Haddock was naturally ready, although fifty-six years of age. He served two years with the Thirty-fifth New York Volunteers. He was armorer for the regiment. The man who had forged axes could forge the sword. It was a fearful use of his trade, yet he must have felt of this weapon, when

> "Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
> While for his altar and his hearth,
> While for the land that gave him birth,
> The war drums roll, the trumpets sound—
> How sacred is it then!"

Two sons, John and William, also enlisted. The youngest, George, was then a clergyman, and while stationed at Clinton Junction, Wis., strongly desired to enter the ser-

vice himself; but he was prevailed upon by my mother to remain at home. It was not in his lines. The Christian, in view of his life and death, will say that the God who rules every yielding life guided him in this matter for a more useful because solitary sacrifice. He never ceased to regret, however, that he had not joined his brothers. John Haddock was advanced in the ranks from first lieutenant to captain and major. He, with his father, was engaged in Second Fredericksburg, Cedar Mountain, Chancellorsville, Second Bull Run, Antietam, and many small fights and skirmishes. William Haddock was originally captain in an Iowa infantry regiment, and took part in the engagements of Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing, where, on the morning of the first day's fight, he was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville. On his release the rank of major in an Iowa cavalry regiment was given him, and he was in all the famous engagements of Sherman in his historic march to the sea.

The father of this family was a thorough advocate of temperance. Drunkenness on the Mohawk in New York had made him an enemy of drink. No man would have sacrificed more to the cause of legislative prohibition of the liquor trade than he, had his day and location demanded. After his marriage he never tasted intoxicating drinks; and this example was followed by his sons. George Haddock had one experience, which caused sickness, and during all his early life, while following his trade, he avoided this.

bane of the printing-office, although temptations were daily and fierce. On one occasion, at Milwaukee, he was invited to drink a glass of beer, but refused; at which "insult" he was set upon by a small mob and showered with stones from East Water Street up Oneida for several blocks; but he was never a man to be bullied. He never could be induced to acknowledge what he called a pope either in doctrine or the habits of his life, and any pontifical authority of wrong was doubly offensive. That independence which insists upon the supremacy of conscience which was his, even as a boy, to a marked degree, is a rarer thing as against the ordinary evils of society than as against creeds and ecclesiastical dictation; revolt against religion is common enough; revolt against evil is rarer among those who insist most on liberty. And the history of the temperance movement shows that revolt against the tyranny of an overshadowing curse in society and in politics is significantly infrequent. As the subject of these pages often said, "It makes a big difference whose ox is gored."

Both parents were strong characters. Sabrina Haddock, the devoted wife and mother in this family, was a woman of marked individuality, always noted, where known, for her energy, good sense, and piety. The veneration which her children felt for her seemed a constant realization of Solomon's words, "Her children arise up and call her blessed." The religious power of her life was remarkable. This was, perhaps, somewhat shadowed by severe doc-

trinal ideas, but her sympathies were large and responsive, and her activity in the social and devotional work of the church was generous and unceasing. She was a good woman. With her, goodness involved action, and action was a necessity and a reward. Her life was the outcome of her religion. She seemed to be immersed in Scripture; it revealed itself everywhere in her character and words. Because the words of eternal life were in her heart, they were also daily, almost hourly, upon her lips. Yet her faith was of a practical kind. She was fond of pious phrases and pious missions; but her charity was not as sounding brass. She was a severe woman in her relations to the right, but she was gentle in the midst of distress. There were no frivolities about her home, but her children loved her. Subjectively, religion signified a personal attitude toward God. God was her friend. Christ was her Saviour, but also her glorious King. She abided in Christ. This inner life led her into active labors in all her church connections. No woman in Northern New York is more affectionately remembered for her Christian efforts and self-denying devotion than "Sister Haddock." At camp-meetings—institutions which, fifty years ago, were akin to nature in simplicity and power, lacking in modern luxuries, but mighty in genuine enthusiasm—she was always ready and effective. Her presence in the prayer-meeting was inspiring; and with all this she neglected no home duty. Her children were always neatly dressed, their education

watched, their morals cultivated. While she was emphatically a strong-minded woman, possessed of talents of a high order, she was wholly unsympathetic toward that class of woman suffragists who have distorted the rights of her sex and retarded its best advancement by zeal without judgment. She was vigorously opposed to what her youngest son called "long-haired men and short-haired women." Her home was, therefore, her kingdom, and to her energy and unceasing care, as well as to the unremitting labor and splendid example of her husband, was due the comfort of that home and the education of her children. The "learned blacksmith" could not fail in the duty of giving them the best education his means and the locality afforded. The mother, whose father and brother were preachers, could not but second these endeavors. To this end she bent all her energies. She was a woman of singular self-reliance and determination; what she desired she accomplished. It was her ambition to see her children intelligent and useful Christians, and this ambition was realized.

One or two incidents in her history, unimportant in themselves, but significant as showing the causes at work in my father's character, are always remembered when she is spoken of by her family. She had the misfortune once to break her leg. No surgeon was within immediate reach, but she performed the greater part of the operation of re-setting the bones and bandaging the limb herself, independent and self-reliant. It always caused her to laugh at the

recollection of the perplexity and amazement of those who were with her at that time.

On another occasion her husband held a position as foreman in a large blacksmith-shop ; the family were then on a small farm six miles distant from the shop, and the father returned home only Saturday nights for the Sunday rest. Her children were young, and she was, therefore, compelled to rely upon her own resources in her household needs. One of these needs was a baking-oven, for cooking-stoves with ovens were unknown in that region ; but Sabrina Haddock cared little for ordinary difficulties, and gathering stones from road and farm she built an oven that proved so durable that it furnished bread-baking for all the neighborhood during many years.

This spirit dominated her entire life. She had one fall succeeded, with the aid of her children, in raising a considerable crop of buckwheat, upon which many winter hopes were based ; but the farm had no barn, and, when gathered, the crop was still unthreshed. With accustomed energy she removed every article of furniture from the front room of the house—there was no carpet—and, assisted by her boys, threshed out the wheat, fanned it on a sheet in a strong wind, and stored it for use.

Life with her was always serious. As has been said, her religion was a personal communion with God. She was given to audible exclamations of a pious nature in her later years, and seemed constantly to be worshipping. In 1875

she visited my father at Racine, and was with him during the session of the Wisconsin Conference there. Among the guests of the parsonage was Dr. Huntley, shortly afterward President of Lawrence University, a Methodist college located at Appleton. The doctor was not given to pious phrases, although a thoroughly Christian man, but was very eccentric, and frequently used the most striking language at hand. Passing through the room where "Sister Haddock" was sitting, some remark was made which he approved with the words, "You bet your bottom dollar!" "Brother Huntley," she exclaimed, "do you think St. Paul ever said, 'You bet your bottom dollar'?" "No, auntie, I don't," said the doctor; but within an hour, passing through the same room, he found her at work upon a very elaborate bedquilt. "Auntie," said he, "do you think Jesus ever cared for a quilt like that?" A burst of laughter was his answer, but she immediately added, with a sigh, "No; 'the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'"

This was my father's parentage. It was the stock that

"Fired the shot heard round the world."

The blood that could keep its purity and sweetness amid the difficulties and privations of pioneer life can never suffer the degeneracy of Rome, need never fear the tide from Northern Europe. The American spirit is marvellously preservative. It absorbs without being poisoned,

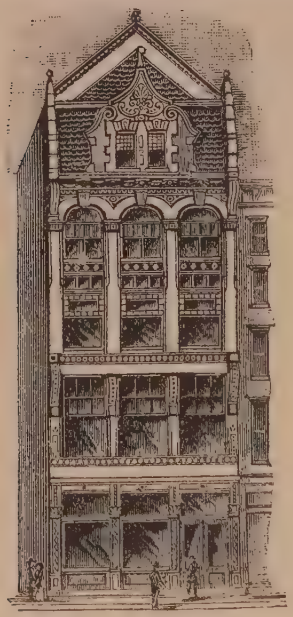
and the character that possessed the elevation and force to declare independence and win it, and to declare freedom and give it, may be safely relied upon to inaugurate and carry out any reform great and true enough to enlist the faith and service of the people. The saloon is doomed in America.

Samuel Haddock moved to Watertown for the purpose, as been said, of educating his children. At that time the Black River Institute, located at that place, was celebrated in Northern New York for its fine corps of teachers and the wide range of studies pursued. Professor Boyd, author of Boyd's "Rhetoric," a text-book once in quite general use, was the principal. Five children of the family attended this school. The youngest was considered an especially bright student. At the age of twelve he was allowed to teach a class in Latin and Greek as a reward for having had the best lessons during part of a term. A little later he earned the title, "the boy orator." He was noted during his boyhood days for his studious habits, and had not an accident prevented, would have turned out a finished graduate. The want of a diploma, however, was never seriously felt. When asked, after he had entered the ministry, from what college he had been graduated, he replied, sententiously, "Brush College." The course in Brush College was longer than in other institutions of learning, and its studies were purely eclectic, but he came out furnished for his work. In a certain sense his lack of collegi-

ate discipline was felt by him ; but he never ceased to be an original investigator, and while his attainments were not scholarly, they were large and exhaustive. Whatever may have been his deficiency in university training was amply supplied in a general disciplining and storing of his mind after he entered the work of the church. At Appleton, while the writer was in college classes, he followed many of the higher studies, surreptitiously but persistently. Hence, the regret, often expressed, that he had not received a college education, was for the most part without real foundation. He would never have been essentially different from what he was. He was too earnest a man to desire scholarship for its mere finish, or at all for its own sake, and his ambitions were superior to the selfishness of learning without consecration.

It was the dearest wish of his mother that he should enter the Methodist ministry. She had dedicated him in infancy to this work with all the faith of a mother in Israel, and the influence of her entire life was devoted to the realization of that faith, until triumphant. For that reason she opposed his learning a trade ; but he met with a severe accident while at school, falling from a bridge and striking his head, upon which the operation of trepanning had to be performed, and for some time he seemed to be incapacitated for study. He therefore entered the printing-office of his brother, John A. Haddock, who was publishing a paper at Watertown. Even then this daughter of a preacher did not yield. But the son manifested no liking

for the ministry, and learned his business thoroughly. He was not destined to withstand her prayers, however; she never relinquished the hope during thirty years, having "the promise," as she said, and finally had the gratification of seeing him in the pulpit of her chosen church.



PRINTING OFFICE WHERE GEORGE C. HADDOCK LEARNED HIS TRADE.

After the close of the Rebellion Samuel Haddock secured a comfortable independence through a fortunate investment in real estate on Long Island, N. Y., where, with his wife, he remained some years. Later he purchased a plantation in Florida, and devoted himself to orange culture; but he was not destined to enjoy its success. He died there in 1881, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. His body reposes beside that of his wife in Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia, the residence of their oldest son, John A. Haddock.

He was a fine type of a good old man, courteous, of commanding figure, a righteous servant of God. He was without doubt the original of a portrait found in one of his son's sermons on the text, "We all do fade as a leaf."

"There is nothing connected with human life more glorious than the closing years of a genuine Christian man or woman, just as Nature presents nothing more splendid than her forests in autumn—a character from which the hot passion of youth has been eliminated, and the fierce ambition of manhood toned down; a character whose former inequalities have been covered up and smoothed off, and which has been rounded out in the symmetry of love and wisdom; a character in which every attribute has been properly exercised by all the tides of life moving in right directions—in a word, the character of an old age which is as perfect in the realm of human existence as the faultless autumn leaf is perfect in its sphere. The individual now finds it easier to love than to hate, because the tendency of his heart for a lifetime has been in this direction. He is free to love the world for the reason that he has educated himself for many years to hold a just appreciation for all things earthly and heavenly. He is not easily carried away by the world's exciting events, but remains calm and unmoved in the midst of social storms and political tempests. He stands serene amid all the world's turmoil and battle, because he has been disciplined all the days of his life by a perpetual school in which he has learned the hollowness of human pretence, the worthlessness of party promises, the fickleness of the masses, and the immutable justice and fidelity of God. All things conspire to give dignity and stability to a good old age." This was pre-eminently Samuel Haddock.

CHAPTER II.

A Trio of Editors—The Minister's Wife—Wandering—Anecdotes—Evil Men—Milwaukee—Newspaper Ventures—Sunday Frolics—Father and Son—Conversion—Exhorting.

THREE sons of Samuel Haddock learned the printer's trade at an early age. John and William were practical printers and editors nearly all their business lives, and two sons of each adopted the same life-work. The former, John, is now the proprietor of an office in the city of Philadelphia. The latter, at the time of his death, owned and edited the Champaign (Illinois) *Times*. He was the only descendant of the abolitionist blacksmith who espoused the Democratic faith; yet his democracy was untainted by sympathy for treason, as we have seen him with Sherman on his way to the sea. To the third son, also, the "composing-stick" and "shooting-iron" soon became familiar. He began to learn his trade when he was seventeen years of age. In 1852, February 4th, he was married to Cornelia B. Herrick, and from that date to his first appointment in the Wisconsin Conference, he was a wanderer, a mere bread-getter, out of place, seemingly aimless. That greatest of discoveries among men—the discovery of self—he never made until he entered the ministry.

MRS. GEORGE C. HADDOCK.

During these years of unsuccessful effort his wife was his constant companion. At his death no one knew his character so well as she, nor honored him more for a course that was forced upon him, and for which he has been "damned with faint praise" by those whose conception of a preacher's duties is confined to the one labor of delivering palatable homilies no finer as literary productions and no more useful as sermons than the homilies read by the English clergy in the days of Elizabeth. Nor has she faltered since, though he is cursed by a spirit which sees no right but the right to ruin, and is too impatient for such right to spare the grave of her lord, even while the flowers of every great Christian church are yet fresh and odorous upon it. Much of his religious strength was always hers. She willingly shared his burdens. His rewards were sources of unceasing pride to her. She encouraged him in depression and moved with him when the Spirit of the Lord God was upon him. In the years of his failures she aided him by the labor of her hands and the cheerfulness of her heart. When he was converted he found her, too, converted. When he began to preach she bade him God-speed. He has been justly called heroic. No woman can discharge the duties of a Methodist preacher's wife without heroism. She also was heroic during twenty-five years filled with such duties, and since the hour of his death no one, seeing her sublime faith, can question for her the line,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Nor was her husband's profession entirely foreign to her own family. She, too, traced some of her collateral ancestry through ministerial stock. A manuscript sermon by an uncle lies before the writer. It is dated December 12th, 1841. There is a memorandum on the margin, "Big Flat, September 4th, 1852," showing its permanent qualities. The text is, "I die daily." The style is plain, direct, scriptural. The ink is as clean to-day as it was forty years ago, reminding the reader of Field's "Lost Arts." There is no sham about it anywhere. It deals with lasting truths rather than negative and shifting limitations. It preaches the essentials of the Gospel, and wastes no time over sectarian lines and fancied bigotry; and it is possibly true that the pulpit to-day might wisely model itself after some of the old preachers. In the shifting of theological boundaries now going on there seems to have arisen a style of sermonic oratory whose entire scope consists in exhorting to generous thought and liberalism. Both may be desirable, but religious character cannot be built up on this food. No man can thrive on mere concessions. In science neither destructive criticism nor agnosticism can construct a theory or a philosophy; there is need of something positive as well. Men not only want to know what is possibly true, but they want to know what is really true. They not only want to know what is disproved, but they want to know what are the demonstrated verities. Nor can any church prosper under that system of preaching the constant bur-

den of which is undenominational charity. After charity is established it still remains that any living scheme of religion must involve mighty facts embodied in the great doctrines of religious thought. From these alone flow the beauty and power of Christianity.

In tracing the Barnes' stock there is always a preacher. This does not appear among the Herricks until some of them have wandered to Massachusetts. The first ancestor of whom anything is known in that family was probably as lawless a character as ever crossed to England in Danish ships. Erick the Dane landed on the island in the time of Alfred the Great; whether as noble or serf is not stated. There is an air of sea mists and a suggestion of wild courage on land and water in this family legend. In the time of Elizabeth, however, Sir William Herrick was knighted, it is said, by that fickle queen, and acted as embassador to the Sublime Porte. Later Sir William's descendants "came over" and settled in Salem, Mass., and then they take to preaching.

At the time of his marriage my father held a "case" in the office of the Watertown *Journal*. A few months later he is found at Rochester, in the same occupation. In 1854, when the writer was nine months old, he moved West to Milwaukee, where he remained a short time. He was probably a compositor on the old Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and worked in the office of the *Free Democrat;* but the latter office was not to his choice, for he was ever a Republican.

In those days Democratic methods in some localities were forceful, even in the North, and on the morning of a fall election in the "city of beer," it was rumored that none but the faithful should vote in the Third Ward, a stronghold of the party. This was a challenge to his conscience and courage which he always, then and later, accepted so emphatically that men who hated his faith or were natural "trimmers" in the church and ministry, as well as in politics, maligned his motives or criticised his judgment. He never questioned the right to do the latter, and never hesitated or mourned because of the former. This was not the result of foolhardiness, nor was it indifference; he was keenly sensitive to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but he was a manly man, determined in his sense of personal and moral right, and regarded the approval of his own judgment above that of men, whether "kings, priests, or gospellers." On this occasion he went to the polls through a crowd of vicious men, and although resisted and slightly injured by some improvised weapon, cast his ballot.

It was in this period he was showered with stones for refusing to drink. Here also he assisted in the temporary escape of the fugitive slave, while Sherman M. Booth was linking his name indissolubly with the history of Wisconsin. All of these incidents are illustrations of his character. He was never more scrupulous in the protection of his own rights than in battling for the rights of others. The poor, the unfortunate, the oppressed, always engaged his active

sympathies. It was a part of his morning prayer, at family devotion, for twenty years, to remember the "poor, the distressed, the weak and the afflicted, the downcast and the downtrodden." He never turned a hungry man from his door. He would often follow his wife when preparing a meal for a tramp, suggesting article after article, until she had furnished food for two men. Whether the case involved great political or moral questions or the simple impulses of humanity, men said George C. Haddock was ever willing to aid and assist and to do battle with all the vigor of his mind and heart, if need be. He practised what he preached. He preferred actions to words, where words seemed powerless. On one occasion, during a session of his Conference, the case of a superannuate preacher came up for consideration. The latter's wants and misfortunes were delineated with sympathetic fidelity by different speakers, while the victim writhed under the process, helpless and grieved. The entire scene was painful and nauseating, and was becoming intolerable to all but the talkers, when he sprang to his feet, and drawing out his pocketbook, exclaimed, "Brethren, I've got five dollars' worth of sympathy for this brother," and deposited the money. The result was an eloquent donation then and there. This was his nature. An injury which involved nothing but his own feelings he could pass in silence. A wrong that antagonized great principles he could not and would not brook. Yet when he espoused a cause, there could be no dilettante-

ism, and the natural impulses of his heart, fired by zeal for the right, tearful and angry, it might be, for the wronged, caused him to deal blows that struck men hard who stood in the way, who, in some sense, represented the wrong, and who were thus more or less identified with it. And it is a mistake to suppose that men can fight for righteousness without injuring the devil. Bad men are always in the way of right. A stroke for truth is sure to injure the supporter of error. Men cannot be separated from their actions. There is, perhaps, no greater humbug than the theory that by some legerdemain they can be set out from their practices and spared while the latter are sought to be destroyed. This man hated no one, but he hated wrongs, and when opposing them could not be turned aside by a sentimentalism that seeks to throw the mantle of a false charity around those who still hug to their breasts a crime or an evil. For this reason he identified the abettor of wrong with wrong itself. This was as true thirty years ago as it was at the hour of his death. To him the statement, for example, that saloon-keepers, brewers, distillers, were good citizens, fathers, honorable men, had no value, because citizenship, family relations, and business integrity were not under discussion. Granted; what of it? The assertion has as much significance as the statement that a murderer may possess some admirable qualities, or that a defaulter may be a generous husband or father. Richelieu made France, but Richelieu was not a good man. Iago

uttered words of wisdom, but Iago was the type of Mephistopheles. Byron fought for Greece, but Byron was a rake. Napoleon was kind to his brothers, but Napoleon was the scourge of Europe. The Jesuits carried philanthropy and the Gospel to every land, but the Jesuits would destroy all liberty. The fact is, there is no wrong without a doer; the doer causes the wrong; he is responsible for it, and is identified with it. Hence all men engaged in the liquor trade are, at this day, necessarily bad men. They sell intoxicating drinks for the sole purpose of making money. This is not an accident; it is their business. They know the sale is, to say the least, nine tenths injurious to men, financially, physically, socially, morally. These indubitable truths fix their character. Here and there, perhaps, and for the sake of the utmost fairness, there may be one with so little moral perception as, in his own mind, to be driven to it, or with so little intelligence or character as to believe, without an effort to learn the exact truth, that he is not engaged in a wrong. But it is inconceivable that the great mass of these men do not know their "business" is a mighty evil, and that in prosecuting it they are knowingly wrong-doers. It does not change this conclusion that the law licenses the traffic. It is here a moral question. Whoever says it is not betrays his own viciousness. No man has a moral right to shield a practice he knows to be wrong under a statute-book. The gigantic power of the rum trade has, directly or indirectly, caused the statute-book.

And to insist that there are those who do not understand the inevitable results of this trade is simply to plead moral imbecility. Moral imbecility has never been recognized as a good cause for suffering an evil to thrive unrestrained. When, therefore, the subject of this volume dealt with the liquor traffic, he described it exactly as he found it, and in so doing handled those engaged in it with exact justice. To destroy a hornet's nest it is necessary to kill the hornets. To overthrow the liquor trade it is necessary to get rid of liquor-dealers as such. This was his belief, and hence, when he espoused the cause of temperance, involving the essential principles of social and national well-being, he directed his efforts toward those who opposed temperance. Yet no man had less sympathy for any violation of a legal right, whatever the moral object in view, than he. While the sale of liquor was legalized he never countenanced force or trickery against the law; and while he denounced saloon-keepers in their business, he had prayers for them as immortal souls, and tears and sympathy for their wives and children. He could recognize the demands of his heart, even if they involved an enemy.

In the days of these incidents he was not a Christian man. When a boy he had been converted, and soon earned the title, "the Methodist exhorter;" but the name displeased him, and he finally dropped his religion entirely. While following his trade from place to place he entered pretty generally into the ways of the world. At Milwaukee

he was a member of a fire company which was considered the wildest in the village, and which was often found on a scene of conflagration in a state of boisterous excitement, fighting fire, or its own members, or bystanders, as the mood might be. The writer has often heard him allude to the destruction of an old pier and warehouse on the lake front as the occasion of one of the hardest nights of his life. The city was then but a young town, and society was unsettled, promiscuous, and given to the ruder amusements. The Milwaukee River was edged with reeds. The police regulations were imperfect. To arrest a man on the outskirts was nearly impossible, and usually dangerous. Men who are now substantial citizens were then beginning their careers —some incidents in which careers would be anything but commonplace. Yet through all this he retained his manhood, and destroyed no part of the foundation of his after life.

In October, 1854, an organ of what was soon to become the Republican Party was established at Beaver Dam, Wis., by a Mr. N. V. Chandler. The paper was named the *Beaver Dam Sentinel*, and the young printer had an indirect interest in its management. Within two months he purchased the founder's property, and, assisted by a Mr. J. R. Swallow, edited and published it for some time. The Hon. A. Scott Sloan, now Circuit Judge for the Thirteenth Judicial Circuit, that State, also contributed to its columns. In a letter relating to that paper he speaks in

commendatory terms of the Methodist editor. But after a few months the *Sentinel* enterprise was abandoned, and the latter moved to Sparta, in the same State, where, with Milton Montgomery and a Mr. Condit, he instituted the first newspaper published there. He remained here about a year, living with his family at the only hotel in the place, a log house of scanty accommodations, and from thence moved to Janesville, finally returning to Columbus, O., where he had resided a short time previous to his marriage. None of these journalistic enterprises succeeded. He had no money and no friends. The "destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," defeated him during these years at every step.

Among the writer's first recollections stands an immense red brick boarding-house in the last-named city. Here mother and son labored and played while the father stood before his "case," earning wages just sufficient to support the family. But the afternoon of every Sabbath was for some months a red-letter time for man and boy. My mother was then a Christian woman and a devoted church-goer. During the long sunny hours the printer and his child engaged in the fiercest frolics, till disorder reigned and perfect enjoyment defied care. Frequently the latter visited the "hell box" at the printing-office, and selecting such type as pleased his fancy, returned home to "learn the trade," line upon line; or the hours were taken up in wood-carving and printing; or the two would wander out of the

city into fields and woods. Beautiful recollections ! Happy the man whose memory of his father is that of a kind and just parent, stooping to the level of the boy for the sake of the coming man, leaving scenes always to be looked back upon as the Golden Age of life !

It is not a cloud on these years that discipline sometimes took the place of smiles. At five years of age I wandered away from home one day, and with a small companion "caught onto" a stage, on the promise to be brought home, which carried us several miles into the country. We at last turned back and walked the long distance in fear and distress. My own absence was discovered and search begun which continued without success for hours. For my share in this enterprise there was reserved a smart chastisement, but the father said, with tears in his eyes, "It hurt me more than the child."

At another period of my life I informed him of my intention to leave home, and persisted against his remonstrances. The absence did not last two weeks. The prodigal returned disgusted with the world, very humble, and expecting a severe reception. Going softly up to his study, the door was opened, and pardon asked. He looked up, and with genuine embarrassment exclaimed, "Hello, Frank ! Got back ? You'll probably want some supper. It's all right."

In an argument with a clergyman on the Fatherhood of God once he asked the latter, "Wouldn't you forgive a

child of yours, no matter what he had done, if he came back to you and asked forgiveness?" "No," said the theologian; "I wouldn't forgive some things." "Well," said he, "all I have to say is, I wouldn't have such a God. My God is a very different being."

There was no period during his life when he did not stand in this attitude toward the child. He was never a captious stickler for discipline, but endeavored to lead and inspire rather than coerce and awe. Hence he generally left his children free in many details to act according to their sense of right, which he constantly strove to cultivate. He encouraged familiarity with himself. He was never feared in any way. He caused a feeling of confidence, and always induced a faith that in his heart welled up unceasingly a gentle and inexhaustible love. Any bent of mind that promised well he assisted. He was rather inclined to wink at faults, but persistent wrongdoing met a glance of reproval that stung and shamed. Meeting the writer when a preparatory student one evening, he remarked, without pausing, "Better finish that smoke, boy, instead of throwing it away." A few days after he exhausted the entire subject of nicotine in a conversation on the use of tobacco. On another occasion he discovered that the writer was surreptitiously reading dime novels. His only remark was the request that they be brought into the house and read openly. At one time he punished the same culprit for calling a companion a fool, and at yet another said to him, "If anybody

strikes you without cause, strike back. You'll have to take care of yourself in this world, and it's no one's duty to be imposed upon." In all these incidents he sought to teach self-reliance, and to throw action upon a personal judgment and a personal sense of right.

He believed in the innocence of childhood. A little child held the key to his heart. He seldom took a baby into his arms without tenderness and tears. So his own held a secure, open place in his affections. It was his belief that a child, untainted hereditarily, and untempted from without, would never sin, and in his relations toward his children he carried out that belief as far as possible. He had faith in the blood of his ancestry and his own prayers. He trusted them and heaven for the outcome. They were surrounded with good influences and books that would interest them, and rewarded for every effort. He sought to develop a taste for study by making it attractive, and by leading to it rather than by driving to it. At one time the writer was in receipt of a regular salary, earned, a penny a sheet, for writing from memory a certain amount of reading each week. He never exhibited a desire to force growth. The diamond field was not overlooked for the school, nor the gun and fishing-tackle for the book and blackboard. God had not made anything which ought to be neglected. And never was father more a friend. Never was friend truer or tenderer. While men who saw only the iconoclast, who strikes a blow

> For Truth, the mistress of his soul,
> And cares no whit if blood do flow,
> Or cherished idols 'neath him roll,

others, who saw into his soul, felt the greater power of a kindly, true, and manly nature.

During these Sunday frolics he was undoubtedly wrestling with himself. It is certain he was not making anything of life. He was depressed and moody, the result partly of the injury received when a boy, but as well from the unpromising outlook. An aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley, who then lived at Columbus, describes him in hyperbole as "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." The birth of conviction is always in shadow.

But this state could not last. A series of revival meetings were being held in the church of his wife, and he began their attendance. At one of these his lasting conversion occurred. The divine presence was deeply felt. He asked himself a number of questions, which led him inevitably to a single conclusion. "Is there a God?" But one answer could come to a man reared as he had been, and he answered, "Yes." "Am I immortal?" "I believe I am," he said. "Is there a heaven and a hell?" "I believe there is." "Then," he asked, "ought I not to be a Christian?" Here was the gist of many syllogisms. He instantly cast the die, and then began that life-work which finally closed in obedience to a masterful sense of duty.

This scene is pre-eminently characteristic of the man. He always exercised his reason in matters that concerned faith. When duty seemed clear there was no hesitation, no lack of zeal; and he never urged others in a different way. The "voice of the universe in us" declares for a better than an "eyeless Samson," and a higher than selfish individualism. This was his belief, and he therefore appealed to that voice. When he surrendered, he surrendered to a God who is also Father, with an obedience that was implicit, and with a devotion which involved all spiritual relations. To him religion became more and more a glorious reality, of the sublime nature which inspired his mother's faith. While he placed more emphasis upon truth than the definitions of truth, upon religious life than theological abstractions, and while he was not content with confused notions, yet he felt that Christianity was at its best when not too closely limited by doctrines, and that the spirit was ever greater than the letter.

He immediately celebrated his conversion by actively engaging in the work of the church wherever opportunity afforded. The Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting—one of the best evidences of Wesley's wisdom—found him doing and growing. He must have divined that it was his mission to preach, for he neglected none of these means of devotion. One evening, some time after, he was visiting the home of his aunt, and as the hour for services approached, offered his excuses for leaving

abruptly; but this was prayer-meeting night, and he could not neglect it. "What, prayer-meeting to-night!" she exclaimed. "Why, you Methodists are in some kind of a meeting all the time; I don't believe in so many services. Over at our church we don't need it. We have one meeting on Sabbath, and that lasts us till the next Sabbath." "Yes," he said; "but don't it get pretty thin by Saturday?"

CHAPTER III.

Washington, Ohio—Doctrinal Difficulties—Reason and Theology—Liberalism—Personal Beliefs—Creeds—Resignation of a Pastorate—Again Wandering—A "Supply"—Anecdotes—Joins the Wisconsin Conference—Port Washington—War Sermons—A Literary Paper.

EVERY impulse of the young convert's nature seemed now turned to the service of God. At a little over twenty-five years of age, after a long period of fruitless effort, he is about to begin the labors of that noblest profession among men, to which he had in infancy been dedicated by a mother in Israel. We may imagine something of the difficulties he encountered. No doubt the associations of the printing-office were adverse to an easy Christian life. His own nature, impulsive, subject to periods of depression, strongly intolerant of any infringement upon a high sense of independence, afforded obstacles of no meagre proportions. A few years later, when at Clinton Junction, Wis., a member of the church, comparing him with his predecessor, declared that "ten times more grace was required to make of him an average Christian than of Brother W——, a saint on earth." This was true, because he was a man of nervous temperament at that time, and always of vigor in every element of his character, so

that the development of his moral manhood demanded constant discipline and the most intimate relations with the God of his faith. As he reached his maturity in judgment and purpose, I think his character mellowed and took on symmetry. No man understood the value of prayer more than he. Often he has been seen to slip away from his family, in the midst of a brilliant play of fun and apparently careless enjoyment of pure humor, to kneel before his Father. Such glimpses are the most pathetic of my recollections. The sight of a strong man humbling himself alone to an unseen God is a touching thing.

We have seen how earnestly he went to work in the church where he was converted. This was the old Town Street Church, the pastor of which was Rev. James Jameson. His activity soon induced the latter to license him to "exhort." "To exhort" was ever afterward a favorite source of fun with him; I have heard him dwell on the word exhorter, "exhauster," until his family were all in a state of uproar. Although he was confined during the week to his "case," he found time for what, after all, must have been a meagre preparation for Sunday exhortation. Yet he did not shrink. The scene of this first preaching was a small school-house six miles out from the city. His efforts seem to have been well received, for the little building was usually crowded, with an overflow into the yard. It is significant that he afterward frequently declared that these early days in his ministry were the happiest of his life;

but this was the first experience in the "joy of the Lord."

This was in the beginning of 1859. In the fall of that year he was given a regular appointment, by the Ohio Conference, at Washington, a small town in Guernsey County, Ohio. It was with genuine enthusiasm that he entered the work, taking hold of the Sunday-school vigorously, and preaching earnestly. But he was evidently not grounded in doctrine, and was, therefore, destined to remain but a few months. Some of the members of the church criticised his pulpit utterances as unsound. He was as yet too young for that sort of thing. He promptly announced that "he never would preach with a bridle on his lips," and resigned his charge.

It is a little singular that his first regular pastorate should be abruptly terminated by a question of orthodoxy. It is true, years after, at a Quarterly Conference held at Waukesha, Wis., I heard his theology called to account; but this was merely incidental to a discussion, and the spirit of the objector seemed itself not entirely sweet. It is also true that, while he loved truth, he placed very little stress upon orthodoxy, frequently saying, "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy may be your doxy; truth is God." Yet he was in harmony with the doctrines of his church in all essential regions, although he regarded Christian character as of more importance to the individual than Christian theology. Had the Methodist Church allowed no room for per-

sonal interpretations, he would never have been a Methodist. Speaking of the Bible, he said, "I concede that what God has really spoken is to be received by us as authoritative, yet I claim that what some *suppose* God to have spoken is not authoritative, but is a legitimate subject for rigid scrutiny."

Nor did he lose sight of the relation of belief to life. In a vigorous discussion with the writer at Bay View, Wis., he remarked of a "backslider," whose beliefs were not in harmony with what he held to be sound doctrine, that "a man was not likely to be sound at heart if unsound in the head." He felt the necessity of clearly-defined doctrines, but believed doctrinal statements should be sufficiently broad to admit of inevitable personal variations; narrower limits must in the nature of the case lead to fruitless distinctions and discord. He insisted upon freedom of construction within those general limits with which reason is freely in accord. Many years after this incident in his first pastorate he declared at Appleton, Wis., that "no creed ever made by man was large enough for him." The Bible was his real confession of faith. If a doctrinal statement seemed in harmony with the Bible under the closest scrutiny of his reason, he accepted it; if it did not, he promptly rejected it. He could rest on the authority of no man and no church. Because the Methodist doctrine seemed most consistent with a true exegesis, it was preferred to others. Yet the truths of Revelation were too vast to be defined

with anything like absolute accuracy. It was not within the power of language to contain the whole of any one written factor of salvation ; the completest statement must fall short of the infinite reality, and beneath and beyond every formal doctrine there still remained, unappropriated and unmeasured, the immensities of God. Between all the lines of the revealed Word also shone the ineffable glories of redemption, in the "darkness of excessive bright." Reason might follow the lines. Faith alone had power to pierce that "darkness" beyond. "He who does not lose his reason in certain things," says Lessing, "has none to lose." This is the upper region of the Christian life. Hence all creeds are but partial statements ; they may be demonstrable by reason ; they may be doubly certain in the suggestiveness of "things not seen ;" yet the real basis of Christian philosophy lies in the "substance"—the ground—"of things hoped for, the evidence"—the convincing demonstration—"of things not seen." Creeds denote much ; they do not connote the whole content of the truth. So soon as men seek to catch the truth and confine it within scholastic bounds, it largely evanishes. While the mighty things of the Bible may be clearly defined on the background of life and surveyed with general accuracy, as mountain peaks are visible and definable to passing vessels far at sea, yet they are dimly outlined—clear in mass, immutable, solemn with steadfastness, sentinels of that other country, yet clothed in the mystery of God. But while

this is true, it must ever be said, as by Bishop Fowler, in his marvellous sermon on faith, "We see darkly, but we do see."

Of course these words are not my father's; but from an intimacy which he freely accorded for many years, it is certain that the words contain the substance of his thought in this direction. He had little sympathy, however, with creed vampers; the frequent re-statement of doctrine leads to the destruction of doctrine. The profoundest scholarship of the world—that of the early Church Fathers and later expounders—ought in the main to have settled the doctrines. No age could exhaust the truth; hence there was more need to dwell on the truth than the statement. Let the statement stand. Nor did he find in the so-called Liberalism of the day any special value. The doctrine of "sweetness and light" is sentimentalism without virtue. Sweetness without virtue only gives relish to bitterness. There is more genuine sweetness and light in the Gospels than any collection of utterances from the modern school of literary or critical culture. Ernest Renan is sweet, but he isn't true. Jesus is a truer prophet than Matthew Arnold. He felt that Revelation carried its own power to teach, and while right creeds were necessary, there was a nobler work for him than criticism of what any church had said. In Liberalism, as occupying a distinct place in religions, he saw a departure from the deep things of the Bible and of life. After the beautiful in the world of faith, there

is yet the sublime, the solemn, the terrible. Granting the duty of charity, that of absolute surrender to God is still imperative. No one can doubt the value of charity, but that so-called generosity of religious thought which detracts from the exact requirements of law and emasculates the perfect healthiness of the Gospels is questionable, and far removed from the real attitude of philosophical Christian charity. The Mount of Olives was never designed to shut out the summit of Sinai. The strong, perhaps inevitable, tendency of Liberalism is along those lighter graces which, unconnected with the profound realities of Christianity, degenerate into the tawdry and the sentimental. Dealing with concessions and factitious definitions that neglect the "deep sea soundings" of salvation, its language is artistic or critical rather than awakening and inspiring, and its habit is classical rather than Christian. In all this it is essentially pagan, for it exalts the beautiful at the expense of the holy, and in its category of values either omits or slights those truths which constitute the basis of any substantial righteousness. If it recognizes them it does not emphasize them. Righteousness in its ancient form is displaced by refinement, charity, culture. Here is its failure. For always is it true that righteousness is more than refinement, or charity, or culture, or all combined, involving the fulness of those attributes suggested by the "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" that fell on the ears of St. John.

Such is something of my father's attitude toward Liberalism. He was too deeply engaged all his life in the verities to care much for the refinements. And there are verities. "One living and true God," three persons in "unity of this Godhead," "the Son, who is the Word of the Father, the very and eternal God," "who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile His Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for the actual sins of men," the Resurrection of Christ, the Holy Ghost, "proceeding from the Father and the Son, of one substance, majesty, and glory with the Father and Son, very and eternal God," the inspiration of the Bible, "the corruption of the nature of every man," man a free moral agent, justification through faith in Christ, the Church, a holy state in life, the immortality of the soul, Heaven and Hell, Creation and Providence—all these are not merely doctrines, they are mighty facts. A fact is an individual truth, whether based on material activity or on spiritual life. Religious facts are as truly capable of demonstration as are physical, mental, historical facts. Indeed, in a legitimate sense, reason exercises the same office in establishing the one set as the other. In the world of science certain facts are apprehended, from which reason draws its conclusions. When the conclusion satisfies all the requirements arising from the mind's apprehension of the facts, it is necessarily accepted. To deny or doubt is simply to demand that the thinker go outside of himself and apply a test not

in the nature of things and foreign to the science of thought itself. Thus the criterion always refers to the facts themselves. Are they facts? This question is legitimate, but it is no more legitimate when addressed to what are claimed as facts in the moral and religious world than when addressed to scientific facts. It is not indispensable that the basis of a fact—as existing in the mind, or in any existence—be seen, tangible to the senses. Myriads of accepted facts never have been touched by sense perception. The atomic theory presupposes an unseen, and, in the sense of all criticism on the existence of God, an utterly unknowable fact. Similarly elsewhere. Given certain evidence, the mind believes in a given way, because it can believe in no other way. Hence the doctrines of Christianity are demonstrable by the same processes that engage scientific thought. Along the history of life have risen certain indubitable facts; they are as certain as historic proof can make them; they demand classification, interpretation, adjustment. The mind which observes them cannot ignore these demands. That conclusion which satisfies these demands must be accepted. Belief is forced.

Hence the Christian Church could not avoid formulating doctrines. It was an inherent necessity. Creeds are not mere outcomes of the nature of language, they are the images of the spiritual facts, just as the impressions made upon the optic nerve are images of physical facts. The spirit must be clothed with the word; but more, reason

demands a consistent interpretation of the word. It is an impossibility of life to disregard the great things of religion. They cannot be allowed to float in a nebulous mist of agnosticism ; they refuse to be thus ignored, and, whatever individuals may aver, the mind of man will never rest content until it has grouped them, questioned them, discovered the meaning hidden in them. The Church, therefore, in order to fulfil its mission, requires a statement of its faith. This is a part of its mission, and this statement is at once a bulwark, a guide, and an instrument in its historic work. To such the individual ought to subscribe, not as of authority, but freely, as of reason.

And now, to return to the incident which suggested these considerations. If his action in resigning the pastorate of the little church in Ohio was a mistake, it does not appear to have been followed by permanently serious results. On leaving Washington he returned to the capital of the State, expecting to resume his trade. But his position had been given to another, and he was forced to look elsewhere. Leaving his family with friends, he began a second long pilgrimage, which finally closed in a second pastorate in another State. In the meantime he travels from place to place as a journeyman printer in search of work, always without success. At times a day measures his stay in an office, at others a week, perhaps a month. But his earnings are never more than sufficient to pay his own expenses. No doubt there are hours of fierce discouragement, when

his former preaching seems a sarcasm on himself, and the outlook a dead wall. What a distance he is yet to travel! From a tramp printer's case to a martyr's grave! There was no other way. He might perhaps, otherwise, have achieved good success as editor or lawyer. But he was given no opportunity anywhere. God had his eye on this wandering wage-worker. The following letter to his wife, dated from Detroit, February 22d, 1860, reveals some traits and troubles:

"DEAR WIFE: I think you had better leave (her boarding-house), if you can find another place. You can sell the shawl for five dollars, if you can. I sent another letter from Monroe, with two dollars, a few days before I left.

"I am afraid it will be some time before we see each other again. I cannot get work here, and am going away to-morrow. If I can get a pass on the Detroit and Milwaukee Road I shall go to Milwaukee, but if I cannot get a pass I do not know where I shall go, as I have but five dollars.

"I do not much like the churches here. They seem to be on the fashionable style. On Sabbath the congregation do not kneel during prayer, but stand up during all the singing. As Brother Decker said once, 'They stand up to sing, and sit down to pray.' Their pews are either rented or owned by the members, so that a stranger feels like a

beggar as he goes to church. It is not as in Columbus, where a person has a right to sit where he pleases.

"Taking all things together, I have enjoyed myself very little, religiously, but do not feel discouraged, though our pecuniary matters are not of the brightest."

After some months of fruitless travel, then, he again landed in Milwaukee. Here, it appears, he has not lost his way. Still true to the resolutions of his conversion, he attended the morning services of Summerfield Church the first Sabbath after his arrival. Dr. Edward Cooke, who had been President of Lawrence University, seeing him in the Sunday-school room at the close of the sermon, drew out his history, including the Methodism of his early home life, his conversion and first essay at preaching, and took his case in hand. Rev. W. G. Miller, D.D., long Conference Secretary, and author of "Thirty Years in the Itinerancy," was then Presiding Elder of the Milwaukee District, and to him Dr. Cooke related the case of the young preacher who had declined to be bridled. From Dr. Miller he received his first appointment in the Wisconsin Conference, which he joined "on probation" in the fall of 1860.

This first appointment, 1859, was as "supply" to the church at Port Washington, a small village on the shore of Lake Michigan, in Ozaukee County. Rev. W. P. Stowe, then a young probationer, had been appointed to the charge, but failing health had compelled him to abandon

the work. Later he resumed his labors, and continued with the Conference many years, until made Agent of the Book Concern at Chicago. There were good and able men in this body of Christian ministers from that time during its entire history. Many who were then just entering the ministry have since become eminent within the Conference. With the most of them my father was ever on terms of esteem and friendship. In some of them he found a warm affection, which could only emanate from large hearts, illumined by that "light that never was on land or sea." Among these were Rev. Samuel Lugg, who came into intimate relations with him during a long church trial, hereafter to be mentioned; Rev. H. C. Tilton, who was a near neighbor when he was stationed at Clinton Junction, and who knew the man behind the warrior; Bishop Samuel Fallows, now of the Reformed Episcopal Church; Rev. O. J. Cowles, now of Pittsburg; Rev. W. W. Case, of the Ohio Conference; Rev. A. A. Reed, with whom he nearly always "chummed" at Conference sessions; Dr. W. G. Miller, now of the Nebraska Conference. He was not a man to yield himself to promiscuous friendships. While his nature was sympathetic, he did not always find in his associates that subtle bond on which alone the friend can rely. His independence and self-reliance may have repelled some of his brothers. Certain it is that, to a few, he was a misunderstood man. It is possible that a less number may have felt, and perhaps cherished, unworthy

sentiments. Yet I do not remember that he ever fell into harsh criticism of any whom he believed devoted and true. On the contrary, he was ever ready to defend. Two incidents may illustrate this—one involved the writer. Several ministers were returning from Conference just held at Waupun, and the conversation turned in my direction, in which a very rasping remark was made, as painful as it was astonishing. The words were scarcely uttered before his eyes flashed with indignation, and the reply he gave the unnecessary attack was quick, fierce, and cutting. Such spontaneous outbursts may have detracted from universal esteem, but they were almost invariably just. On the other hand, I remember expressing the belief that one of his brothers was not a good Christian. Later, he coincided with that belief, but at that time he highly esteemed this man, and he instantly demanded my reasons for such a statement. These reasons were slight in his judgment, and he answered almost fiercely in defence. He believed in the man, and would listen to no aspersion.

At the close of the Conference year he was returned to Port Washington. There are few features of this pastorate of any special interest. He rapidly won the friendship of his people, and the ties thus formed remained unbroken to the last. The society was small and poor. The village was largely composed of Germans, who were beer-drinkers, and was the scene of one or two draft riots during the war. Such an element could add little to the encouragement of a

struggling band of Christians. But, to make use of his own words, he "hammered away," preaching sermons which were called good, but of which he afterward said, "They put the Lord to great disadvantage," taking an active part in temperance efforts, and creating sympathy for the Government. And he inspired love among his parishioners. He was young and ambitious. He was zealous and conscientious. He was fearless and outspoken. He was a student and devoted. He united with the local temperance society, and began the foundation of his life work in that cause. When the war came he used his pulpit for the Union. In every direction the enthusiasm of mind and heart thirty years old was manifest.

Readers of General Grant's "Memoirs" are struck with the dry humor which he uses in describing an army mule team. The young clergyman carried through life a strong sense of the ludicrous, and often related an incident that occurred here with infinite relish. One of the church members owned a mule of prodigious size, and apparently perfect docility. His pastor used to meet him occasionally, and remonstrated with him for the freedom with which he moved around the animal. "Brother B., you ought to be careful. A mule is the embodiment of treachery, and some of these days you'll get killed by that harmless beast." This warning was given repeatedly, and at last the brother lost patience, declaring "the mule was absolutely safe; he had had him ten years, and never saw a vicious trait; his

youngest boy could handle him with impunity." "All right," said the pastor; "but a mule has been known to wait twenty years to get a good chance at a man." The next time he met this brother the latter's face was so bandaged that his features were scarcely distinguishable. "Why, Brother B., what's the matter?" "Nothing! My mule kicked me—and the twenty years only half up!" He used that incident to illustrate innumerable points in practical Christianity during many years, and it never seemed to lose its applicability. He told it in his social meetings to enforce the thought that it is always dangerous to have any friendship with an evil, however innocent in appearance. In casual conversation it came out with immense fun. It was one of those ludicrous things every man treasures up "to point a moral and adorn a tale." In the use he made of it, and the humor he saw in it, is a striking illustration of his character.

As has been intimated, he took a deep and loyal interest in the burning questions then throbbing through the North. The great President and the great General had not yet risen. Chaos reigned, and fear, and treason. In the midst of a continuation of these things he declared his convictions in the plainest terms. There were many men in the village, as there were many men in other charges to which he was sent, who only required locality to be active traitors. The young preacher, who had dreamed of the liberation of the slave and assisted in the escape of a fugitive, had no soft

words for wrong, and recognized no place as too sacred for the advocacy of right. He therefore preached against slavery and treason, and for the preservation of the national Government. The Dred Scott decision, the action of the Federal Circuit Court in relation to the imprisonment of Sherman M. Booth, the murder of Lovejoy, the attitude of the South—all conspired to rouse him to the utmost. No doubt his pulpit utterances were of the plainest, his sentiments of the most radical type. As he said himself, it was as natural for him to be radical as "for a canary to sing." There was therefore opposition to this use of his pulpit. The same opposition is now felt by third-party Prohibition preachers. But he would have occupied the same position to-day that he occupied then. As he had refused to preach with a theological "bridle on his lips," he then refused to preach with a political bridle on his lips, for the questions were too momentous, and the issues were too vast and too essentially moral in character, to be slighted or discussed behind doors. Hence, he declared in his pulpit, when criticised for preaching war sermons: "So long as I am liable to military duty I propose to preach war sermons, and to advocate war measures whenever and wherever I deem it advisable." And, during the entire war, he acted upon that avowed policy.

Of the great President he said, at a thanksgiving service held by the several denominations at Clinton Junction, 1863: "His movements, though far behindhand, seeming-

ly, when made have been in the right direction. He has pressed the war steadily on, without thought, so far as we know or can see, of surrendering one jot of our national honor; without thought of armistice; without thought of consenting to a peace until the last rebel lays down his arms, submits to the authority of the Government, and acknowledges him as his rightful President." The outcome of Lincoln's policy converted him to a more emphatic admission of its wisdom, but, with many others in the North, he was impatient at the slow progress then made.

When, however, Grant began his career, swinging the allied forces like a gigantic scythe, and capturing and crushing army after army of the South, then had arisen a man after his own aggressive nature. He admired that hero wholly. I find in an address prepared for a public memorial service, arranged to be held by the citizens of Fort Dodge, Iowa, but not delivered, which was in the main, however, given from his pulpit, some evidence of that admiration. He there speaks of him as "one who led our armies on to perpetual victory, and did more than any other one individual to restore the dismembered Union; one who was twice elected President of our great Republic, by majorities both popular and electoral; one who was voted by Congress a military rank never before enjoyed by any other American; one who received honors that incontestably demonstrated the high regard in which he was held by people of all ranks and classes in every part of the civilized

world ; and last, but not least, one who was as noble in character as he was pure in his private life, and as faultless in his domestic relations as he was brave as a soldier and skilful as a military commander.'' He then went on to review Grant's career in rapid and glowing terms, and, closing, said, " And when the hour shall come, as come it will, when this high ideal (Grant's civil service policy) shall be made a realized fact, then all voices will unite to say, ' This great reform, which has put an end to the dark era of the spoilsman, which has robbed Presidential campaigns of their mad and poisonous character, and has transformed American politics from the nature of a hunt of wild beasts for prey into a discussion of principles by gentlemen—this revolution is the offspring of the statesmanship of Ulysses S. Grant.'

" I have seen here and there fugitive pieces of poetry and prose conveying the idea that Grant has, at last, met the unconquerable enemy of all—Death, to whom he has been compelled to surrender. But it rather seems to me that Death and Grant have become allies, and that he who never surrendered in life has through Death and in Death achieved the greatest victory of all his splendid career. Has he not now conquered all the world ? The voice of slander is hushed. The tongue of detraction is stilled, and around his tomb gather friends and foes, the men with whom he fought, and those against whom he drew his sword, not in wrath, but in sorrowful duty—admirers and

critics—all join together in heaping laurels upon the dust of the Saviour of the American Union ; while from other lands comes floating across the water a murmur of sorrow and love from millions of men and women, who freely pay their unstinted tribute of admiration for true nobility and greatness. Is this defeat and surrender ? Rather is it not the proudest victory of Grant's career, that of which other generals have dreamed, and for which they have sighed—the conquest of a world ?

" Such men as Grant never surrender, and never die. He lives on in the ever-accumulating greatness and power of the country he rescued from treason with his sword. He lives on in the eternally-widening results of the victories achieved by his genius as a soldier and statesman. He lives on in the deathless love of the millions who owe to him the fact that they have a government unshorn and unstained. He needeth not that men shall build monuments of stone and iron to perpetuate his memory. But all this broad land, covered by the stars and stripes, is General Grant's monument. Around its base the billows of two seas thunder their applause. All over this national shaft, in indestructible bas-relief of mountain, river, forest, and plain, Donelson and Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chattanooga, Richmond and Appomattox, shall tell to countless generations their tales of exalted patriotism and heroic achievement, and from the midst of all, Lookout Mountain shall forever voice to the stars the story of the splendid man and his brave soldiers

who, in the bosom of the clouds, courted grim Death, and grappled with rebellion, in order to purchase for the American Union a new lease of life, and win for themselves undying glory."

In all his war utterances the man who penned these words was fearlessly loyal. He was never in anything a "trimmer." To him the justification of Halifax, that he "trimmed as the temperate zone trims between intolerable heat and intolerable cold, as a good government trims between despotism and anarchy, as a pure church trims between the errors of the popish and those of the Anabaptist," was wholly factitious, and never more than a deceptive play with words. The question of expediency had its value, but it was only valuable when sincerely and properly stated. Above all considerations of social conditions, physical necessities, or administrative policies, rose the demand of the enlightened conscience, "Is it right?" One law had been given in the dawn of history, written on tables of stone, as if to command obedience from all ages, and forever to put at rest the authority of any middle way; and its language had been unequivocal—thou shalt, thou shalt not. Hence, he said, the moral law brooks no collateral question.

There were a number of people here who possessed some literary tastes, in an amateurish way. These were brought together, and a society was formed which met regularly, in which the main feature was a manuscript paper called the

Chip Basket, containing contributions in prose and verse from the various members. The young pastor furnished some verses which are yet preserved. They are of interest as showing the beginnings of his career.

There is only one specimen of this kind of work which has no special moral bearing. Whatever he did when fairly settled in the ministry had reference to the mission of the Church in some direction. This poem is purely a play of fancy.

THE FLYING STAR.

I fly ! I fly on my glowing way—
My way of sparkling light ;
I kiss the lips of the fair-faced Day,
The brow of dark-robed Night.
I quench my thirst at the Dipper's brim,
And brave the Northern Bear ;
The torch of Mars, as I come, grows dim,
And Leo seeks his lair.

A glorious path is this I go—
All paved with rarest gems,
And brighter far than ever, I know,
Decked monarch's diadems.
Right royally my chariot wheels
Roll over the glistening course,
And chase the stars through the azure fields,
Away to our far-off source.

My lightning steeds, they never know rest,
But speed me ever on :
With wings of flame and fiery breast,
Their trackless races run.

Wing on ! wing on ! oh, my coursers true,
'Mid the wandering worlds we roam ;
Wing on ! wing on ! through the arching blue,
On to our distant home.

Port Washington, as we have seen, was situated on the shore of Lake Michigan. The pastor's home stood on a high bluff, about a half mile from the water. From here he could look off over the lake and feel something of Emerson's enthusiasm :

"The opaline, the beautiful, the strong."

And it seemed ever to suggest to him the stream of human life or dim countries beyond, either of good or evil. In the verses entitled "Afloat" there is the thought of the Christian pilgrim.

AFLOAT.

Afloat ! afloat ! Adown life's changeless tide
Our barques, surge-worn,
Now softly on the sleeping waters glide—
Once tossed and torn ;
Yet, tossed or gliding, still we onward move,
On toward the haven of eternal love.

Afloat ! afloat ! Above the sky is blue—
The sun-lit sky—
And heavenly zephyrs fill our sails anew,
Our hearts with joy ;
Behind us fade the landmarks on the shore,
That tell us of the days of journey o'er.

Now bursts the storm, and all the sky's o'ercast
With frowning night,
While murky shadows, rushing swiftly past,
Shut out the light ;
On either side the breakers, dark and drear,
Fill all our hearts with hope-destroying fear.

Yet dash we on, nor heed the yeasty grave
That yawns below,
Nor yet the tempest fiends that round us rave
To overthrow.
Our faith in God our struggling barques to strand—
In earth nor air our trust—nor human hand.

Afloat ! afloat ! Above the gloomy shrouds,
O'erhanging drear ;
Above the blinding mists and sullen clouds
Of doubt and fear.
Afloat ! Yet on to Love's eternal throne—
Be there our goal and guide, oh, there alone !

Afloat ! afloat ! The fearful night is gone ;
Our battered boat,
All scathed by sin and sorrow, still, at dawn,
Rides on afloat !
Again we glide, glide onward, till at last,
In God's blest harbor safe, the journey's past.

He made no pretence of possessing marked poetic talent, but occasionally resorted to versification as an amusement, or to express some thought from the pulpit in an attractive manner. These little pieces appear all along his life.

CHAPTER IV.

Few Events—Waukesha—A Trait—Verses—Not a Wire-Puller—Methodism—A "Powerful Man"—A Fast-Day Discourse—Florence Bishop Haddock.

THERE are men whose characters are best revealed in the events with which they have been connected. Such a man was Grant. The only solution of his greatness is to be found in the records of the War and the Presidency. He is only understood in action from the day he was given command of the armies of the North to the heroic struggle on Mount McGregor. Separated from the great events which won him a world's admiration, he is as thoroughly unexplained as when he worked in poverty at Galena.

On the other hand, there are men who create the impression of strength or greatness without the aid of circumstances. We do not see them through events. Events do not explain them. They are in history, yet superior to it. When we have related all the events connected with them our interest remains unabated, but that interest does not depend upon the narrative. Such a man was Washington. As Emerson says, "We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his

exploits." Character, independent of events, has made him the Father of his country.

Had Marcus Aurelius been a peasant instead of ruler of the Roman world, he would still have been a great man. He is "immortal," as Dr. John Lord says, "not so much for what he *did*, as for what he *was*." He would not have been different had he changed places with Epictetus, the Phrygian slave.

This class of men, whether world-known or obscure, are explained from within. Thought, sentiment, purpose, life, combined and acting along the lines of duty, summarize the parts of their character. Of this order, perhaps, was George C. Haddock. There were no events in his life which turned the attention of masses of men especially toward him. The greatest event of his history was his death. He preached the Gospel nearly thirty years, that is all. Yet he left a lasting impression wherever he went. Nor was that impression one of ordinary character. Men said of him always, "That is a living man." His whole life, within its own limits, was a warfare. He opposed wrong incessantly and bravely. He plead with men. He wept with and for them. He appealed to facts, to life, to truth, in his efforts to win them to righteousness. He formed distinct opinions on every question that engaged the attention of the people. He wrought his own beliefs on every problem of man's moral nature. Thus struggling, thus equipped, he went through his life without a pause, shed-

ding tears, massing arguments, feeling for hearts, reaching for brains, lashing evil men with a great prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Men who knew him cannot forget him. There were few events. Few utterances are preserved. He put to paper very little of his thought in complete form. He never published a book. Yet he moved men deeply by sheer force of character. He is his own explanation. "It is his life," as was said by Mrs. Mary A. P. Stansbury, author of "How He Saved St. Michael," "as a whole, with its intense earnestness, its grand courage, its contempt of shams, its quick sympathy with suffering, that we cherish as a precious legacy."

The details of his career are thus generally meagre. The list of his appointments, the number of conversions under his ministry, scattering incidents here and there, almost constant powerful preaching, a debate or two on religious subjects, a campaign or two in political times, a conference trial, a vigorous and outspoken devotion to temperance and legal suppression of the liquor traffic—these constitute the framework of his life. But, while he was of them, he was superior to them. They do not really explain him, they did not make him. Any other set of facts of an equally earnest and religious nature would have fitted him equally as well. His life was the outcome of his feelings, his thought, his motives, and his purpose. Out of these came the man. In any adequate narrative of his life, then, these are the points of greatest interest.

The close of the Conference of 1861 found him on his way to Waukesha, since become a celebrated health resort. This appointment was a step higher. But the society was not strong. During the previous year the church edifice had been destroyed, and the work of rebuilding was part of the labor of the first twelvemonths. Yet there was no cause to demur at this action of the cabinet. And, had there been such cause, he would not have complained. It was a leading principle of his life, as he often said, "to accept the decision of 'the powers that be.' This was the Methodist plan, and as he had entered the Methodist ministry, he would abide by the Methodist discipline." And that rule was the outcome of a deeper—to assume and perform a duty, whatever the consequence. If others seemed to shrink he would not. "Some one must sacrifice; if this is my duty I will sacrifice." Some one must go to charges where slender salary and hard labors were certain. If need be, he was the man. Some one must strike hard blows at evils, and incur the enmity of those behind them. If need be, he would strike. Some one must do battle with a specific error. If necessary, he would draw sword for right, though friends doubted and enemies cursed. Some one must handle the saloon and its blight unflinchingly and truthfully. If others refused, he could not.

He may have erred in methods, but this is a question of men. He must either act as he always acted, or do nothing. He was not a conservative, and he imitated no

one. As said of Logan, "He was no man's protégé, and the satellite of no sun." From first to last he exemplified Emerson's thought: "He who knows that power is inborn, and throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles." So he saw everything on its progressive side, and, relying on himself and his God, advocated whatever he believed in with all the power he could command. And, at such times, he was entirely possessed by the one idea. Hence the impetus of his convictions, to which it has been said "he was terribly true," may have swayed him further in given directions than his best impulses would always approve. This, however, was true perhaps so far as concerned men, not truths, and with reference to methods, not objects. Yet, at bottom, the motive was right. He did not love warfare. It seemed always as though this thought—some one must, if need be, I—forced him shrinking into many undesired positions. It was his philosophy of the Christian life. As he said in song—

"Every soul must bear its burden—
On the cross we all must die,
And no life is worth the living
That hath not its Calvary.
Vain the death of Christ, the Mighty,
Vainly flows that noble blood,
If we yield not up our treasures
With the dying Son of God.

"Out of pain are born earth's fairest,
Out of dying cometh life;
Morning springs from nights the darkest,
Sweetest peace from wildest strife.
Not on lives of toil and struggle
Do the angels drop their tears,
But on erring sons of fortune,
Favored by the smiling years.

"For the ways whence heaven bringeth
Forth to manhood every child
Lead through thorns and rocks and shadows,
Out of tempests dark and wild;
'Midst the flames of many a furnace,
Where the gold and dross are tried,
Out of toiling, weeping, striving—
Thus are mortals glorified."

My father believed thoroughly in the plan of his church. In comparing it with that of some others, he often declared that it was probably as wise as human skill could devise. Some minor points he would, I think, have modified. He would have had the bishops come more familiarly in contact with the members of the conferences. He would have lessened the powers of the presiding elders in some respects. The three-year limit ought, as he thought, to be extended, so as to depend upon the choice of the people. Here, however, he said Methodist pastorates averaged as long as those of other denominations. Some matters, which are not the result of the plan, he would have corrected. But he ad-

mired the polity of the Church as, perhaps, best adapted to its practical work, and the lofty mission set before it. It was to him a great system. Its machinery was second to that of no sister church. Under its operation no people and no minister need remain idle. It provided a "man for every church, and a church for every man." Hence it was always active—like a sleepless engine—a divinely-ordained instrument in the mighty work of salvation.

He also saw in its many ramifications a field for sanctified ambition equalled nowhere else. It was thoroughly democratic in theory. Its offices were founded on merit. The humblest young man, entering its vast field, had the bishopric before him. He had but to prove faithful to secure his proper reward. With brains, spiritual consecration, courage, and devotion, the crown of honor was almost certain. Of course this had reference to the temporal aspects of the case. Those who failed to achieve the so-called success of large appointments were no less in the great work of the Church. The Church little brooked mere ambition; the highest glory came of the ceaseless labors of the whole body of its membership, and in and of this host stood every man whose motives looked beyond personal gratification to the good of men and the glory of the King. It was an inspiring thought that every Methodist preacher who had toiled and sacrificed since the days of Wesley was a brother. What a host had gone before! They were more than pastors of separate churches; they were pastors of all churches,

a nation of priests who had believed alike, suffered alike, labored alike. Sacrifices there were for every man. Christianity was founded on sacrifice. The redemption of the world was by blood. Every great achievement in man's history had come by blood. Heart-throbs of men and tears of women—these were the secret alchemists of progress. Hence, all Christians who had come into sympathy with God's plan for earth accepted this as the law of spiritual development. Sacrifice there must be. Wise the man whose faith transfigured the blood and tears of his life. And yet how trivial the cost! "Sacrifice?" he exclaimed —"Sacrifice? Is it sacrifice to exchange the beggar's garment for royal robes, the shivering waste for the Father's breast, the uncovered head for the everlasting crown?" To the Christian no sacrifice was too large for the final good. "Only a little while," he said, again and again: "only a few days, and then the promised fruition of all toil." This was the doctrine of courage, and this he preached everywhere. It was one of the central thoughts of his heart, one of those rich treasures which every thinking, loving, growing man gathers into the storehouse of his inner self, to which he turned oftener, perhaps, than to any other, for inspiration, faith, and comfort.

Especially, too, were fidelity and abnegation required of the Methodist pastor. In his nervous way, writing to his wife, he said, "The itinerancy demands *grit*, and those who lack it are pitched out very unceremoniously sometimes."

The pastor must lay aside all merely worldly ambition. He must have but one lofty purpose, to assist in the glory of God through the salvation of men. This purpose transcended every other earthly consideration. How often, as he dwelt on the value of a human soul, he gathered from every quarter of life its teeming riches, massing into appeal after appeal all the forms of emotion and sentiment, exhausting all the resources of love and imagination, gathering kingdoms and stars, until it seemed nothing remained to throw into the scale, and, with a voice tremulous with feeling, declared, "All these weigh not so much as an atom against the value of a single soul!" To be the means of saving one such was higher glory than to wear the brightest crown of history, or to write the loftiest song ever sung by human lips. This was the goal of the ministry, this the "exceeding great reward," before which privations and sacrifices sink into utter insignificance. To the Christian minister no toil or pain was too great for Jesus, the King.

It was also a favorite consideration that the Methodist ministry afforded peculiar advantages for the development of tender friendships. The conference was a fold. Each member was bound more or less to every other by this thought. Men passed from church to church as they continued within its limits. A ceaseless circulation went on from year to year. Pastors followed in the footsteps of pastors, churches learned to know and love many shepherds. Young men entered the work, and moved among

the different peoples until heads whitened in the service. After twenty, thirty, fifty years of preaching, the circle of acquaintance embraced a large territory and thousands of friends. The preacher did not forget his members, the latter did not lose sight of former pastors. The friends of yesterday remained, while every year added to the swelling numbers.

And the Conference relation brought men intimately together. They knew each other. They were usually free to criticise, but for the most part they were friends in Christ. Following each other, year after year, meeting at frequent intervals within their districts, or at the annual Conference sessions, they came to a mutual understanding of character, and, in many instances, to a strong feeling of fellowship and sympathy. The tests of the itinerancy were severe : a common lot inspired appreciation of merit. Over all brooded the inspiration of a great work. The extent of the chosen church, its usefulness, methods, doctrines, its history, and its future, were all influences combining to unite with singular effectiveness the entire membership as men are, perhaps, united nowhere else. Here and there, undoubtedly, human weakness displayed itself, jealousy cankered noble natures, enmity embittered generous hearts ; but the great majority loved each other well and sincerely. Nothing caused such profound regret as a Conference trial ; then emotions which men usually strive to conceal attested a sorrow felt by all. And this was not merely a jealousy

for the good name of the Conference and the ministry, but grief over the fall of a brother.

One other feature of his church appealed to his denominational pride. It was a vast school for character and culture. In pioneer days, when the itinerancy was literally a travelling about, when heroes of the highest order "rode the circuit" over large tracts of country thinly populated, and when the opportunities for education were limited, there were men in the Methodist ministry whose main qualifications were a deathless zeal and a robust righteousness. Yet no one could read the history of Methodism without marvelling at the average high grade of its clergymen—men who had no education, in any collegiate sense, yet displayed a fund of intellectual resources and a pulpit eloquence only surpassed by their courageous devotion. That history was replete with evidences of power. The Board of Bishops had always been composed of remarkable men. Thousands of the preachers were great sermonizers. Its lists contained names second to none in scholarly erudition. Its founder was a master of executive, and a learned man. Its book concerns were constantly providing a noble literature. Its most trusted servants were men of strong mental character. Its colleges and theological schools were all of a superior grade. It maintained a great university, which sought to embrace the entire range of human learning. Its religious journals were of the best. And as a part of all this history and equipment, it imposed upon

every candidate for ordination a course of study of practical material and considerable range. Thus the strong tendency of any intimate contact with the Church was toward mental enlargement, the development of intellectual tastes and habits, and the establishment of large character.

In every department, then, he saw consummate wisdom. The Church had wrought out one of the strongest of ecclesiastical polities. Its machinery was vast and complicated, yet well adapted in all its parts. That machinery was as active and effective in Australia as in India, in England as in America, in Asia as in Europe. Its field was the world. Its benevolent system was enormous, and, in a sense, as exacting as government taxation. Yet the Church was thoroughly democratic. It existed for men, and its Board of Bishops were so little autocratic that they could make no move, issue no command, accomplish no plan not provided for in a single small volume—the Discipline. He often declared that little book to be a marvel. The highest in authority were as truly and thoroughly bound by its law as the newest child convert received into the Church on probation. Thus were all tendencies toward an ecclesiastical hierarchy overcome.

These considerations are suggested by this period because he was rapidly developing that earnest attachment to the Methodist Church which was one of the prominent things in his life. He was, even at this time, a robust man, men-

tally and physically, and his aspirations toward a large and vigorous character were built up by the Church he served. He naturally felt in sympathy with such a complete organization, its methods and world-wide purpose. As the years passed these impressions deepened, finally growing to the fulness of this estimation.

An incident, trivial but suggestive, which occurred at Waukesha, is illustrative of the vigor of his presence. He had hired a poor consumptive to cut up a cord or two of hard wood. There were many stubborn knots which resisted the feeble blows of the sick man, and were likely to be left uncut. The young preacher, chancing to observe them, remarked with emphasis on the seeming negligence, and seizing the axe, exclaimed, "Here, let me split that stick!" dealing blows that soon conquered its refractory fibres. "There," said he, after demolishing half a dozen of the worst, "that's the way to do it." "Oh, well, sir," said the astonished cutter; "but you're a powerful man—you're a powerful man!" This was pre-eminently his method of attack. And the foundation of all the forcefulness of his character was in his vigorous, healthy body. He possessed a superabundance of vitality. He was vital at every point. Few men had larger powers of endurance. During more than a quarter of a century of active work he suffered but one sickness, a very severe attack at Waukesha. His muscular strength was remarkable for one of his profession. This was the result, not of heredity, but of con-

stant exercise and regular habits. It was his life-long custom to retire at nine and rise before six, and if he could get to a garden he never missed the opportunity. In early life he had been of slight build, but preaching the laws of moral health had reacted for his physical good. He believed his body ought to be consecrated no less than mind and heart. It was the temple of the living God. To abuse or neglect it was a moral wrong. Hence, he cared for it, not according to a dyspeptic plan, but liberally and regularly. It was the engine which must supply all the material for his life-work. He frequently declared that to do good work a man needed a sound physical basis. A vigorous stomach was second only to a vigorous brain—the two were rarely separated. Writing to his wife, who was at Appleton, concerning the writer, at school, he remarked characteristically :

"You must impress upon him the importance of a sound, vigorous, physical constitution. It is of *more importance* than education. It has been more than half the battle with me—and he had far better begin life without an education than without good health. The great men of the world have, as a rule, been broad-chested and ample-bellied. Brains cannot live on books."

He was, therefore, a generous eater, and this, with an inexhaustible fund of humor, rendered him one of the best of diners-out. His home-table was usually a scene of merriment. A roast of beef well-turned clarified his vision for

the ludicrous. To all this was it due that, during his entire life, he had but few vacations—not more than two or three—unless for a week at camp-meeting or Sunday-school assembly, and that the forcefulness of his presence continued unabated to the last.

During the first year at Waukesha the main work done was the rebuilding the church, on which he performed a good deal of physical labor. In the following year, having been returned, he began a series of revival meetings, which lasted some weeks, and many conversions resulted. There are few incidents connected with this part of his work, at any point, that have been preserved. But he always endeavored not only to build up the various churches to which he was sent among the members, but to gain fresh accessions to the kingdom of God, and at nearly all revivals sprang up, manifesting more or less markedly the Divine presence.

And meanwhile the war was going fiercely on. In this direction there was no abatement of his former utterances. From a sermon preached before the "united congregations of the Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches," at Waukesha, April 30th, 1863, the tone and style of the young preacher, now three years in the pulpit, may be gathered. The text was Joel 2 : 12, 13, 14—the subject, "Our National Sins." "The calling of a national fast at this time appears to me an extremely appropriate and timely act on the part of our chief magistrate. Time was

46.799

when the incumbent of the Presidential chair drew upon himself the contempt of the loyal inhabitants of the country by calling the people to prayer when they had need to be summoned to arms. The Government was then on the verge of ruin. Traitors, North and South, were busy consummating their open-handed treason. Our ships of war were being sent on profitless missions to foreign seas, that they might be out of the way when the plot should be fully ripe; our Northern forts were being dismantled that Southern ones might be fitted up; the arms of the Government were being sent South as rapidly as possible, and such as could not thus be used to add strength to our enemies were condemned and sold; Floyd and his compeers in crime were carrying on in open day and under the very eyes of the President their fell purposes of robbery and treason. At this juncture we looked to James Buchanan as the natural protector of the nation. On him rested the responsibility of saving the Republic or consenting to its downfall. One word from his lips spoken in firmness, and backed up by corresponding deed, and all, perhaps, had been well. Had he stretched forth his arm, and exerted the power which the Constitution, the laws and the people had vested in him, the Secession-imp, then born and being nursed in that ante-chamber of hell, the city of Charleston, had been strangled in infancy, and we had been spared the blood, the tears, the agony, which, in an overflowing cup of bitterness, have been pressed to our lips from that time to this.

But in that hour of peril—that decisive moment when a mighty Republic was to be lost or saved—the humiliating spectacle was presented to the world of the head of a great nation, on the verge of civil war, proclaiming a *fast*, when there should have been proclaimed a *hanging to traitors;* wringing his hands in fruitless anguish, when they should have been employed in hurling a nation's thunder on rebel heads; and calling the crew of the noble Ship of State to prayers, while she, with tottering masts, and deserted helm, and tattered sails, and trailing flag, was drifting swiftly toward the wild breakers of civil strife! Yes, in that eventful moment, when causes were being inaugurated that should roll on, and on, until, ages thence, they should dash their mighty waves of result upon the shores of time or eternity, James Buchanan, instead of fanning by loyal purposes the feeble spark of manhood within him, until, bursting forth to holy fire, it should consume the foul nest of traitors around, permitted that spark to be quenched, and sank down at the foot of the chair of State, a drivelling imbecile, sobbing for prayers, and crying, A fast! forgetful that He whose province it is to hear and answer prayer is pleased only with those who *do* and *dare*, as well as *pray* in the hour of danger."

* * * * * * *

"It is a source of humiliation and shame that now, when our Government is assailed by a mad crew of traitors in arms—when the glorious flag, hallowed by so many golden

memories, is stricken down by those who were solemnly sworn to uphold it— when the dearest right of a free people, that of choosing their rulers by peaceful suffrage, is denied by a warlike faction, who introduce a reign of terror, and endanger the liberties of all our citizens, there can be found in the loyal States any number of individuals who refuse to 'pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors' to the support of the Government; who manifest a most shameful sympathy with Secession leaders; who will do nothing, voluntarily, to carry on the war for the Union, but, on the contrary, do all in their power, consistently with whole necks, to clog the Administration, encourage the rebels, and bring defeat on our arms.

"Oh, this is our chief source of humiliation! That men who have grown hardy under these Northern skies, who drank in freedom from their mothers' breasts, who have become happy and prosperous under the auspices of this mighty Republic, should so far forget what is due to God and their country, to themselves and posterity, as to hang back in this hour of peril, and throw their influence with the enemies of their country. This is the greatest shame; and the word has yet to be coined that expresses the feelings of all loyal men capable of estimating the incomparable magnitude of the struggle in which we are now engaged toward those secret traitors of the North who are plotting unhallowed things, and who by their own acts are

writing for themselves upon the pages of American history *a record of eternal infamy.*"

* * * * * * *

"The existence and growth of slavery has given rise to another great evil in our midst, which also we have cherished, until it has well-nigh ruined us. This is *partisanship*. The slave power built up a colossal political monopoly, fostered by it, and, in turn, fostering it. This, of course, gave rise to opposing factions. Year by year these grew more sectional, more selfish, more malignant, until the once noble science of politics degenerated to a miserable scramble for office, in which, until within a short time since, he who bowed lowest to the slave power received the greatest reward. Patriotism, honor, integrity, truth — all human virtues—disappeared before the wand of this mighty enchanter. If slavery was God, party was demi-God. If cotton was king, party was prime minister—the power behind the throne. If slave-drivers were our lords, party was the oracle to make their wishes known to the people. It mattered not how corrupt the scoundrel presented for the suffrages of the people—if he was the 'regular nominee,' it was all-sufficient. 'Bolter' was the worst stigma that could be applied to an American citizen; to 'split the ticket' was a worse crime than to sin against God! Thus it was that a handful of men—born in corruption, and nursed in iniquity, whose only heaven was the public crib, and whose only God was self—ruled the destinies of mill-

ions of so-called freemen. And I tell you, Northmen, it was all of God's mercy that the noble Ship of State, plunged in the vortex of this fearful maelstrom, did not go down with all on board—sinking to rise no more.

"Partisanship gave rise to another evil, which also we beheld with apathy, until of late. *Political corruption* seized upon every part of the nation, spreading its virus to every vein, debauching the popular heart, rolling a tide of iniquity to every avenue of the Government, until the prophet's description of the Jewish people would apply with amazing fitness to ourselves—'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot, even to the crown of the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment.' Who does not know that for years all the affairs of the country, from the highest to the lowest part, have been carried on by rapine and robbery; that the most gigantic swindles ever perpetrated since the world began have been brought to light, and the guilty go unwhipped of justice; that fraud and venality have been the order of the day; that men have been bought and sold like cattle; that the people have been again and again betrayed by their cheaply-purchased representatives. And to such an extent has this proceeded that hundreds and thousands of our best citizens said, 'It's of no use—we cannot get honest men into office—we may as well give up, and let the politicians have their

own way;' and thus matters were rendered tenfold worse.''

These words are in point to-day.

On the sixteenth day of July, 1863, Florence Bishop Haddock was born, at Waukesha. The second name was that of an early friend for whom my father entertained the liveliest regard, A. V. Bishop, now a physician of San José, California. This little girl lived eleven years, as fragile a plant as ever grew on the edge of the grave, and developed a disposition so lovable that her Christian beauty of character was a marvel in our eyes. Here was an object upon which this man could lavish inexpressible tenderness, affection, and solicitude. The very weakness of his child, never entirely free from pain, appealed to a heart ready enough without, and the love he put around her was the rarest thing of his life. Her suffering and death gave him a new view of human existence and a larger sympathy with mankind.

> "Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
> Who never spent the darksome hours
> Weeping and waiting for the morrow—
> He knows you not, ye unseen powers.''

And all along his life a theme which continually colored his sermons, and especially his familiar talks in the social meeting, was this revealing power of grief, so that without it no man could know his fellows or understand the

wide purpose of life, and with it all must cry, with Siddârtha :

> " Oh, suffering world !
> Oh, known and unknown of my common flesh,
> Caught in this common net of death and woe,
> And life which binds to both ! I see, I feel
> The vastness of the agony of earth,
> The vainness of its joys, the mockery
> Of all its best, the anguish of its worst."

CHAPTER V.

Desire to Enlist—Clinton Junction—The War and Providence—Preparation—Religious Struggles—Mental Characteristics—A Poem, "Autumn Leaves"—A Clairvoyant.

THE Conference of 1863 was held at Waukesha, Bishop Scott presiding. Several of its patriotic pastors had left their pulpits and gone to the war. My father also earnestly desired to enter the ranks as a private. The nation needed fighters more than preachers, he said; but, for the only time in her life, probably, my mother could not be induced to consent, and he relinquished the idea. While he was yet contemplating this step he struck one of his thumbs a severe blow with a hammer, bursting it open, and fainted at the sight. This was a serio-comic argument which she never refrained from using, and which he never, of course, could well answer. Twenty-three years later the destiny which overruled his desire to enlist was revealed in his death. In the last struggle with duty the wife rose to the Christian woman, and bravely encouraged him to follow his convictions, regardless of results.

At this Conference he was appointed to Clinton Junction, a small town in Rock County. The "charge" was of about the same grade as the preceding, and its member-

ship represented little wealth. "Hard times" and a meagre salary brought some discomforts.

But the man was growing, spiritually and mentally. The life-work was swinging into line. Habits of thought were forming. Beliefs were ripening, convictions deepening, faith springing up. Meanwhile, the usual pastoral duties were performed, his power as a preacher was recognized and devotedly used, services were held at a school-house some miles distant, revival meetings were carried on with good results.

And away South are the scenes of war. The history of no earnest, active man during the past thirty years can be written without constant allusions to that conflict. He was even then regarded as an able man; his sermons on the condition of the nation and the battles going on had been so loyal, outspoken, and forceful as to attract general attention. We therefore find him again selected to preach before the united congregations of the village. Both this and the discourse at Waukesha, a few months before, were printed at the request of the people, and after more than twenty years are preserved, specimens of his patriotism, his thought, and his style at that time. The war was a fruitful source of illustration during his entire life. Its four years of battle were sublime demonstrations of Divine Providence, and he used the thought with innumerable applications. A sermon on Judges 14 : 14, written years afterward, affords a typical sample :

"The history of our world probably never presented a clearer illustration than our great Civil War, inaugurated by unparalleled selfishness, madness, and wickedness, on the one hand, and maintained to a successful termination by the most exalted loyalty and heroism on the other. The older members of my congregation will remember that at the outbreak of the Rebellion there was just one simple issue, of a purely political character, on which the appeal to arms was made. That was the dissolution or the preservation of the American Union. No other question was raised at that time but the right of a State to secede from the Union without the consent of other States, which was claimed by the South and denied by the North. Mr. Lincoln, in his inaugural address, knowing that his words would soon be read by the whole civilized world, distinctly announced that his only purpose was to maintain the union of the States, and nothing was further from his thoughts than to interfere with the institution of slavery where it already existed. This was kept prominently forward in Mr. Lincoln's administration during the first part of the war. His generals were instructed to return such slaves as should come within their lines, and the utmost pains were taken to assure the people of the South that their darling institution should remain intact.

"But, above all presidents, cabinet officers, and generals, was One, wiser and stronger, who had permitted the passions of men to involve them in war, knowing that the

results would be wider and greater than any of the combatants dreamed. Heaven raised the issue between the North and South. The legions of the skies mingled with the blue and the gray, and at the close of a four years' bloody contest the unseen parties were the only ones whose original purpose had been entirely fulfilled. The event which both parties had agreed should not take place did actually transpire."

Under the routine duties of this pastorate the man is stirring, and coming somewhat to himself. It is all preparation. Is it an error to say he was chosen by God to die for a righteous cause? Reviewing this history, we see clearly that during the first ten years he was getting ready to go fully into the battle—years in which the cause of temperance was learned; the last ten moved directly on to the last event. At Port Washington, Waukesha, Clinton Junction, Oshkosh, he is developing the inner man. Then come a few minor labors to clear the way, and finally an absorbing, inspiring devotion to one thought, only second to the Gospel work of spiritual salvation. From 1870 to 1880 he was constantly engaged in preaching temperance sermons, delivering temperance addresses, making temperance speeches. During the years 1866 to 1878 he held a commission as Deputy Grand Worthy Chief Templar for the State of Wisconsin. In the fall campaign of 1881, when Theodore D. Kanouse, long Grand Worthy Chief Templar, was Prohibition candidate for Governor of the State, he

entered actively into the work, laboring with the latter, and Hon. T. C. Richmond, Chairman of the State Central Committee, and on that tour earned the title "The Prohibition War-horse."

At this time, however, the religious foundations are being laid. The two preceding appointments were undoubtedly novelties, and this fact must have given bright colors to those pastorates. Now this feature is wearing away. It is so in every new departure of men's lives; but there comes a time when the impetus of untried work stops, and the man is thrown solely upon the native resources of his character and the enduring qualities of his purpose. This seems to have been my father's state here. Factitious elements have disappeared: his religion is tested. In these war sermons we see how fierce the fires burned within. It is, therefore, a long, severe struggle. He needs abundant grace. He is battling tremendously with himself, crushing out little by little the lower nature, striving heroically to realize some portion of the moral beauty of Christ. This year does not crown his efforts, but the direction is taken, the growth is begun, the hope is inspired. It is all good. And the entire scene—composed of the details that will not bear relating—is pathetic—the strong man bowing in self-abasement, tearfully broken with his own weakness, yet clinging to the God of his refuge. He expresses something of this in three verses found on a page of one of his early sermons:

"Oh, holy Prayer!
Thou art the Wings that bear
The soul toward heaven;
When sorrow's cup brims o'er,
And blessings seem no more
In mercy given,
Upward the spirit springs,
With thee, strong Wings, bright Wings.

"Rock firm and fast!
'Mid storm, and night, and blast,
Climbeth the soul on thee;
Out of grief's wild wave,
Over despair's deep grave,
Above death's icy sea—
Climbeth 'mid gust and shock,
On thee, great Rock, firm Rock.

"Arm true and strong!
That guideth safe along
Life's dangerous ways;
That shields 'mid ravening foes,
That leads 'mid darkening woes,
That keeps and stays
Through all earth's hurt and harm,
Keep me, strong Arm, true Arm."

Yet, in all this, a part of the sublimest achievement of life, moral masterhood, is slowly coming to him, and through all is growing a "frank, fearless, honest, yet truly spiritual faith, of all things," says grim Carlyle, "the rarest in our times."

And he has also been steadily working his way through the Conference course of studies. He had had, as we have seen, in early school days, something of Greek and Latin. But two things now appear indispensable, information and discipline. He sets about securing these with seeming desperation. As I remember him he is always with a book. As in his religious, so in his mental struggles, he is almost defiant of his deficiencies, and will overcome against all the assembled powers of darkness. He will know what the oracles of God are saying everywhere. He reads books imperatively, and seems to say to the printed page fiercely, "Yield!" And this manner never left him. He made the prescribed course his own, absorbed it, digested it, destroyed it so far as to need no further reference to it by volume and page. This was true of any book he read afterward; when he had finished it he knew its contents.

One of the main characteristics of his mind was its closely logical power. It was a favorite method of enforcing his conclusions to follow a train of reasoning by saying, "That's the chain, link by link; break it if you can—break it if you can," or to propound a series of questions, each involving two equally difficult positions, and lead from one to the other with the interrogation, "If not, why not?" Accurate thinking was his prevailing habit. If he erred, it was because his premises were wrong. Whether dealing with philosophical theories, theological doctrines, social reforms, or political questions, he always impressed men

with the incisiveness and logical force of his reasoning. While this was true of his sermons, it was more apparent when he met an opponent in debate. Then, perhaps, he was at his best. He instinctively felt the weakness of an argument, and his habit of analysis enabled him to state the flaw and the affirmative opposing argument quickly and forcibly. On this side of his intellectual character he was relentless. He often returned from his pulpit to his family saying, "Well, I went in sledge length that time," and in discussions he never "went in" in any other way. His logic knew no mercy. Several times he engaged in public debates, once in a conference trial; and on each of these occasions he handled his adversary so skilfully, with such persistently telling reason—so remorselessly, in fact—that the very stress of his attack engendered sympathy for the weaker man. It was with him purely an intellectual contest, in which the impetus of inflexible logic sometimes carried him beyond his feelings. He saw only the error.

This fidelity to reason was fearless and independent. He would have no Pope. He would stultify no faculty of his mind. Physically, he feared suffering; mentally, he knew no fear. Often, when confronted by apparent consequences, both in practical affairs and in thought, he would say: "That is the logic of the case; the results must take care of themselves." His position on the question of Prohibition illustrates this fact. "License," he said, "is a recognition of an evil. I will not consent to such recognition.

Prohibition may or may not be impracticable, but that is the only treatment of the liquor traffic which I, as a Christian man, can approve. Prohibition is right—I can't help it if other difficulties attend it." As a result, his thought was independent, both in its positions and in its processes. In the realm of fact he utilized the results of other men's labors freely, but in the realms of theology and speculation and religion he determined his own ideas and constructed his own beliefs, relying little on authority, and acknowledging no man's mind as better in these directions than his own. This was merely the self-reliant fibre of his nature. "God comes to see us without bed," says an old proverb. He felt that he needed not help into the truth, and the possession of powers within and resources without seemed enough. He would think his own thoughts and fear nothing, and trust and value them. Hence he was never guilty of that weakest of ministerial weaknesses, "unconscious absorption." To that defence he simply said, "Humbug! A man ought to know his own property."

And he was vigorous rather than elegant. His mind was like his person, compact, forceful, finely proportioned, striking, but not of the drawing-room style. He gave little literary finish to his ideas. He did not live in a literary atmosphere. His thoughts were more likely to be huge than cultured, in the artistic sense. It was, as Hawthorne said of a brother author's works, "as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth." There seemed to be

no time for art. So long as he had the substance, the form was of little moment.

These features have a good illustration in his study-room. That room remained substantially unchanged for many years, in general appearance, notwithstanding constant moving. All the furniture was of the plainest kind, and gave the impression of a workman too much absorbed in results to waste time on the tools, so long as they were in place and serviceable. A common pine table, book-shelves, composed of small boxes, set one upon the other, ready to be packed and shipped at a moment's notice ; a few chairs, a worn pen-holder and inkstand used ten years ; a case of tin for his sermon notes ; a few plain pigeon-holes ; his books—everything out of order, apparently, yet convenient to the worker—these made up the study. It was not particularly sacred from intrusion ; any one might enter it, from his wife down to his grandchild, and if he returned in the mean time, he would wait till the poacher's business was done. But its contents and their arrangement were matters in which he would brook neither dictation nor change. This room was a type of his mind, plain, open, free, for every-day use. Both, like Justice Clifford's style, were his own.

Thought was to him only an instrument. His beliefs were old, usually settled, always well worn. The tools and processes were all homely. He never paused to finish off, in any classical sense, the results. No sooner was a result

secured than it became a means, and thenceforth was in constant use. If it lost value it was discarded and forgotten, however important it may have been in the history of his soul. He had no time to chronicle that history—it must take care of itself. Restlessly progressive, he never seemed to pause and survey the inner courts of his life, to put them in order and write thereon "finished," but his eye and thought were always on the future, the unattained, the unperformed.

A mind of such nature does not borrow : it is in a sense self-creative and independent. Had he not all the facts possessed by other men? The predilection for quotation seemed almost entirely lacking—except in rare instances of forms beyond his own power. These he used because they had acquired a vitality born of life itself. A few words or scenes from Shakespeare, a verse or two from Holland, or Whittier, or Bryant, a line from "Thanatopsis," "The Psalm of Life," "In Memoriam"—poems of that order—these he used often, not to add grace to his thought, but to convey a thought itself. He would have assented to Emerson's statement, that "quotation is good only when the writer, whom I follow, goes my way, and, being better mounted than I, gives me a cast, as we say ; but if I like the gay equipage so well as to go out of my road, I had better have gone afoot."

Yet, while it is true that he had no penchant for other men's thoughts or ornaments, he ever sought that beauty

and power "which the clear spirit doth raise." After all, his mind seemed to me a deep fountain. The imagery of his ideas was versatile, often splendid, sometimes terrible. He was full of information, and he drew on this as no other man I have ever heard. But he habitually rose above facts into the independent world of imagination, and frequently the coloring and juxtaposition of his figures were very striking.

But life was not all work. He could play with the keenest relish. His thought was not all reason, duty, worship. He could linger over a fancy for the mere pleasure of the thing. The following poem shows one of the outer eddies in the strong, rapid flow of his thought :

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Brown, and yellow, and red,
Around me falling ;
Rustling beneath my tread,
The past recalling,
Behold the leaves of the year,
Blasted and faded and sere,
Severed and tossed by the fierce autumn gales,
Robing with beauty the hills and the vales.

Yellow, and red, and brown,
Covered with glory ;
Each comes fluttering down,
Telling its story,
Whispering beneath my feet
Memories bitter and sweet,
Reviewing the sorrows, the hopes, and the fears,
That long have been buried with buried years.

Red, and crimson, and gold,
The same as ever
They fell in days of old,—
I the same never.
No more for me is the light,
No more for me is the sight
That came to my soul with the leaves that fell
When my boyish hurrah rang out through the dell.

Russet, and brown, and pale,
Falling and lying ;
Like leaves we ripen and fail,
Like leaves we're dying ;
Stricken by frost and blast,
We fall to the earth at last,
Severed from life by the winter-king's breath,
Severed and cast 'neath the footsteps of death.

Brown, and mottled, and white—
The Master's coming ;
We wait in the fading light,
The autumn gloaming ;
Like the leaves we must die,
Like the leaves we must lie,
Till the touch of spring shall loosen death's hold,
And robe and crown us with purple and gold.

He was apparently not a wide reader of books, yet his information was singularly extensive. Where he obtained it was his own secret. I once asked him how he managed to get along with so few books, for his library was comparatively small. His answer was characteristic, " I make my

books." This, of course, did not apply to the literature of fact. The latter constituted almost entirely his library. A few years before his death he purchased the American Encyclopædia, and read every volume, with the exception of some highly technical and other minor articles. Few men could do that with any safety or profit ; no man not mentally settled could do it. His life was an absorption of facts from every quarter. These facts he used. Some time during the last five years of his life he began a thorough study of the missionary work of the Methodist Church. When he had completed his investigations he constructed, on cloth, a map of the world some thirty feet long, and with this delivered lectures to his churches on that subject. This is mentioned as an illustration of the workings of his mind. He was not widely read, yet widely informed ; not a philosopher in the scholarly sense, yet a philosophical thinker ; not a learned man, yet a " full man," as Bacon has it ; not a theologian, yet versed in creeds and doctrines ; not a scientist, yet acquainted with the ancient and modern theories in science.

It may be that it was for this reason he was a self-composed man, not dependent upon accident or surroundings. Emerson's injunction, " Abide thou in the simple and upper regions of thy soul," was his habit. He was a good man, and his thoughts were pure and companionable. He once said of a Methodist minister, " He's a thorough Methodist, but I don't like his language." He lived among worthy

things. It was a favorite conceit that he had a title-deed to the good, the true, and the beautiful, by right of appreciation : " the earth and the fulness thereof " were his. Life was his infinite treasure trove. Hence " his mind to him a kingdom was," with Byrd. What men call loneliness I think never disturbed him. Asked by the writer's wife once if he was never lonesome, he replied, with a laugh, " Never. A man must be mighty mean to be lonesome with himself !" He often passed many days entirely alone—except as he met his people—with books, papers, writing materials scattered everywhere, a Crusoe monarch, yet so absorbed in the pursuit of the hour as to feel no lack of society. He communed with self, and through self with his God, and realized some measure of the words of David, " In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul."

It was a marked feature of his mental character that when an important matter engaged his attention it absorbed him almost wholly. His mind was tenacious, his power of concentration great. During the war his thoughts ran largely in the direction of the conflict. A little later he held three public debates with spiritualistic leaders, and, while thus engaged, the subject filled his mind almost entirely, overflowing in sermons on the marriage relation, the rights of woman, the nature of angels and of heaven, and the psychologic aspects of human nature. Similarly on the occasion of a debate on Universalism. He read in every

direction on these subjects. His library was literally lumbered with the vagaries of human thought. And as he engaged more and more in temperance work, he became more and more absorbed with it. It cropped out continually, everywhere. During the few weeks of the last contest he could not speak in the social meeting without alluding to it. He preached and prayed and talked about it. It destroyed his sleep, was with him day and night.

I think the inception of the first of these undertakings arose at this village, Clinton Junction. There was a small nest of spiritualists in the community, one of whom, a young woman, claimed to possess extraordinary clairvoyant powers. The stories related of her "second sight" and its achievements were wonderful, and without consideration. The young Methodist pastor hated shams and humbug. He saw in this error another type of "that image vile of fraud" with which the world is filled, and he had no hesitancy in investigating and exposing what he believed to be a monstrous deception. We shall see how the interest there awakened culminated.

CHAPTER VI.

Oshkosh—Threats—Temperance—Anecdotes—Among the Young People—A Successful Pastorate—Revival Services—The Pastor's Wife—Camp-Meeting Incident—Practical Holiness—Home and Social Life—Recreation.

AND now, after four years in the Conference, and at the age of thirty-two, he received an appointment to Oshkosh. This was a great advance upon all previous responsibility. The city was the second or third in the State, and contained large wealth, as its main business was the manufacture of lumber. The church had a membership of several hundred, and was a strong organization, financially and spiritually. Outside of Milwaukee there was no more important "charge" within the Conference. The action of the Cabinet in

GEORGE C. HADDOCK, AGE 33 YEARS.

committing to his hands this work was justly esteemed by him, both as a reward and a call to greater labors. He was already beginning to acquire that reputation for talent in pulpit oratory which soon declared him to be one of the strongest preachers in the State. That his pastorate here was successful was attested by the fact that he remained the full three-years' limit.

This history will, perhaps, bear one more allusion to the war. The end was now at hand. The Union army, seven hundred thousand strong, under the consummate generalship of Grant, was rapidly forging that hammer of destiny which was soon to crush out the Rebellion. The famous campaign of Sherman, in which Chattanooga, Atlanta, Columbus, and Raleigh fell, was in rapid progress. The capture of Mobile, by Farragut, and of Fort Fisher, by Porter and Butler, were completing the blockade of Southern ports. The siege of Petersburgh, by Grant, was going on with victory assured. These events were not without effect upon the man who had been so outspoken before. There was little reason now why the pulpit should not utter thanksgiving to God. It was impossible for him to keep silence. It was equally impossible that his voice should be other than vigorous and clear. Naturally, his words offended a class of men who, as he had expressed it in a sermon preached at Waukesha, extracts from which have been given, claimed to be "supporting the Government, but were down on the Administration." The same freedom of

speech was exercised on all occasions, and, at last, so incensed a citizen that he threatened to horsewhip the speaker. But the latter merely said, "What does he think I'll be doing about that time?"

On the question of temperance he was equally earnest. He handled the liquor traffic thoroughly and fearlessly, in sermons and in lectures, in the prayer-meeting and in Sunday-school. He denounced it in unmeasured terms. He described its beverages as poisons, and substantiated his terms by a frightful list of adulterations in common use. He cited from chemists, physicians, jurists, to enforce his condemnation. He portrayed its known results in all the colors his imagination could command. He appealed to history, to social science, to the moral law, to the Bible for judgment against it. As it was evil, and wholly evil, he denounced all church members who connived at it, or consented to it, or failed to oppose it. As he thus condemned these, he assailed those who were engaged in carrying it on without evasion and without pity. Their business was a curse. Their saloons were drunkard factories. Knowing these facts to be indubitable, they were necessarily bad men. If there were any among them who were too ignorant to know better, the evil was too gigantic and time was too short to make excuses for them; they ought to be educated, and this was a good way to do it.

I select at random here from his numerous lectures on this vastest evil of earth. Some of them were written

then, some later; but he had reached the most advanced position on this subject even before this period, and whatever he said at one time was generally representative of his thought at any other time.

"I would as soon favor licensing murder, robbery, prostitution, gambling-houses, prize-fighting, as to favor licensing liquor-selling, because all these evils follow from strong drink, and to advocate license is to indirectly license them all. Alcohol murders men and makes murderers of men. Alcohol takes a curly-headed boy from his father's knee and sends him to the gallows or the felon's cell, takes the pure girl from her mother's heart and transforms her into a thing unfit for decent society. It would require hours of time, and the knowledge of an angel, and the skill of an orator to properly depict the fearful things to which the demon of alcohol is constantly giving birth. The liquor-seller deals out alcohol knowing its tendencies. The State licenses him to sell this alcohol knowing its nature, and the voter approves the license law knowing it leads to what shall make the devils laugh and the angels weep."

"Whenever a dog runs mad it is shot, because it is dangerous. Whenever a bull becomes unruly it is killed, because it is dangerous. Whenever a man enters upon a vicious career, and commits robbery, or murder, or becomes dangerous, his life is taken or his liberty curtailed."

"The same rule applies to any business enterprise. Whenever it becomes dangerous to people it loses the right

to exist. If railroads produce more evil than good, that will be a reason for the extermination of every railroad in the United States. If churches are more hurtful than useful they ought to be destroyed, and make room for something which can give a good reason for occupying a place in the world."

"Now, these facts give us a right to challenge that great monster called the liquor traffic, and demand a reason for its existence. Why is it tolerated? What can it show to offset the long, dark catalogue of crime and woe for which it is justly held responsible? Is there anything in the nature of these drinks, for which so much money is paid, that can justify the maintenance of this fearful business? Ignorance says, Yes. Science says, No. Ignorance says, Alcoholic beverages are useful and valuable if taken in moderate quantities. Science clearly shows that alcohol is a dangerous substance, which, while it may be useful in the arts and industries, yet cannot be habitually taken into the human system as a beverage in any quantity without harm."

"We are in the midst of another contest, with a power more formidable, more reckless, more relentless, unscrupulous, and dangerous than any with which we have ever contended. In the issue of this contest hangs the momentous question, whether the American people will be in the future a sober people and a free people, or whether they will be a nation of drunkards, groaning under a bondage infinitely more dreadful than that against which our fathers

rebelled, or that which Lincoln, with the Emancipation Proclamation, backed by the boys in blue, confronted in the South."

"Liquor-selling is a crime against God and man, hostile to all the best interests of society, and therefore ought to be placed under the ban of law, like all other offences against the public welfare."

These are fair samples of his utterances in a cause to which he was year by year becoming more devoted. Even at this early period we hear the mutterings against him of that so-called "business" which he styled the monster. A burly saloon-keeper of the city took exceptions to this war upon his trade, and exhibited his anger in public, accompanied with threats similar to that of the irate politician. No other result could be expected. The liquor traffic is the most intolerant power of history. It rivals the iniquities of the French Revolution, and brooks opposition with less complacency than the slave power of the South or the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. At its public conventions it sneers when reform is mentioned, and blasphemes God with the holiest of human words on its lips. In politics it buys votes with the assurance of conscienceless wealth, manipulates legislatures, dictates nominations, and, like Robespierre, Danton and Marat, cunning, brutality, and monstrous selfishness, threatens death to all who oppose it. Its growth is one of the marvels of our annals. It is compactly organized, and has but one aim, its own perpetuity,

regardless of human rights and divine law. Its wealth is only surpassed by its unscrupulousness. It is a sober fact, borne out by a hundred years of development, that the liquor traffic will pause at nothing to accomplish its ends. What do anti-Prohibition organizations mean? What the resolutions in conventions assembled to oppose every candidate for office in either party who favors Prohibition? What the boycotting of temperance men, the burning of property, the assaults upon the persons and the murder of the advocates of total abstinence and legal destruction of the trade? Those who fail to see that this power is gigantic and absolutely relentless are blind to history, and ignorant of facts that are occurring daily everywhere. And as this traffic can destroy and corrupt and slay individuals, it will overturn the Republic, for that Government cannot exist with the saloon undermining every principle upon which it rests.

My father did not pause at this first threat. His fearlessness was based upon conviction, but the texture of it was wholly natural. His blood was always susceptible to sudden quickening. He could control his anger; to quench the fires of indignation was perhaps a more difficult, certainly a less desirable, task. Many instances are recalled where the instincts of the father started up swiftly and fiercely. At one time he confronts a bully who had abused the writer, then a mere boy, demands his name, and asks, "Was it you, sir, who struck my son?" and on the reply, "Yes;

what are you going to do about it?" knocks the insolent interrogator down, and coolly waits the issue. At another time he is met by a vigorous blacksmith, who had taken offence at his utterances on intoxicating drinks and moderate drinkers, whom he had condemned for their pernicious example, and drunkards, whom he had scourged for the misery caused to wife and children, and on being informed that he must submit to a castigation, accepts the only alternative remaining, doffs his coat, and soundly converts to temperance, by the sheer example of total abstinence as a means of muscular development, his would-be punisher.

But the same vigor and white heat of action were manifested in all his labors. In the Sunday-school he was especially interested. It was one of the practical doctrines of his life that the work of the Church should be unsparingly directed toward the boys and girls, and he was, therefore, constant in his efforts to secure the conversion of the young. In his sermons he endeavored to lure them by the attraction of truth. As superintendent of the school he sought to interest them by every legitimate device, inaugurating singing-classes and holding public entertainments on elaborate scales, and instituting revival services at every opportunity. His methods were lively and familiar. The Bible was then taught from its own pages—the Sunday-school drank from the original fountain instead of what may be called the tin dippers of lesson leaves, and the scholars committed vast numbers of verses (a method about as valuable, however,

in general, as the memorizing of Kent's "Law Commentaries"); for this work he frequently offered prizes, and on one occasion, when the prize had been earned, but forgotten, he requested every scholar, during the ensuing week, to shout at him, wherever he might chance to be, "Cards! Cards!" As a pastor he was, therefore, specially loved by the members of the church and school. He met all, freely, frankly, jovially, and was always in demand for a time of merriment or a vigorous speech. Once he was reprimanded by a young friend for growing a mustache. He replied with a laugh, "The young ladies of my church are so anxious to get married that they have taken to practising kissing upon me. I am forced by obvious considerations either to carry a revolver or let my mustache grow. It is against my principles to bear arms, and I have chosen the latter alternative." The real reason was the fancy that it would benefit his eyes.

Yet this freedom with his young people was always based on a purpose. He learned to love them, and sought to win them to the faith of his own life. Hence he lost no opportunity to teach, to exhort, to inspire. He was especially quick to seize any incident affording an illustration of the right or truth. In temperance he was already a "fanatic." That readiness and that character are seen in his remarks on the opening of the school one Sabbath afternoon. He had noticed a man drunk wandering feebly about. He used the incident as text for a sermon: "Ugh!" he exclaimed;

"I would as soon drink a glass of the filthy water drained from a barn-yard!" The remark only feebly expressed his aversion for alcohol.

All things conspired during the three years of this pastorate to render it eminently successful. The church gave him a hearty support, and attested its affection and esteem in every way. On his arrival, and while temporarily stopping with a member, Mr. George Rogers, his daughter Florence was taken sick. For ten weeks all the resources of this house were placed at his disposal, and when he tendered remuneration it was declined. When my mother was stricken with what seemed destined to close her life, this people were unwearied in attention and friendship. When his family gathered at the usual Christmas festivities they showered all with gift tokens, on one occasion literally filling a bushel basket with costly presents.

Revival services were held during the winter of each of these three years. One series was of peculiar power and interest. The people rallied, to use an old and favorite phrase of their pastor, "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." All things were ripe for apostolic times. The preacher seemed unusually successful in his pulpit, where every night for many weeks he uttered words of fire and love only to be inspired by the Gospel. There were many conversions, of a very thorough kind, especially among the Sunday-school children: it seemed as though the school was converted bodily. They

were brought into the church, gathered as a hen "gathereth her chickens," with solicitous tenderness, and the pillars of that society number many to-day who were formed in the years of this pastorate.

His methods in these meetings can never be forgotten. The deep, living earnestness of his prayers! The outspoken yearnings of his heart! The power of his words! The joy of his soul! He moved among the "seekers" with a gentleness that was inexpressible, breathing the kindliness of the world's Saviour, forming and whispering prayers for those who knew not how to pray, with naught of the awful, with all of the merciful, in the religion of love and forgiveness, and pointing the way with broken voice and tearful eyes. Remember, these were the years when he was earning the title "Iconoclast."

Such scenes, such work, could not fail to vastly benefit himself. As the entire church was renovated, enlarged, lifted up, so was the pastor. He gained a power he had never known before. Every element in his character was elevated, inspired, strengthened. And there came a time when this incoming overpowered the vessel, and the stress of worship sublimated the worshipper. During one of these meetings so profound was the feeling, so vivid the Divine presence, that the place seemed like Pentecost. The interest was most solemn. Many were seeking to know the truth. The pastor was raised above himself. He suddenly shouted forth a loftier praise, and then sank to the

floor, utterly speechless. It was some time before he recovered consciousness, and if the recollection of such states has any value at all, this was not nervous prostration, for he brought out from that experience a testimony which was to him indubitable, of the power of God in the human soul. Once or twice at other times during his life he passed through the same phenomena. They fixed forever with him the reality of spiritual things.

In all this special work my mother stood faithfully by his side. In the world of religious experience a remarkable woman for many things, her steadfastness, her courage, and her faith were of priceless value to her husband. He was often depressed, subject to gloom and discouragement, sometimes restless, and tempted to leave the ministry ; but she comforted as only a wife can comfort, and resolutely restrained any desire to go out from his life-work. Religion only was to her essentially real. Her faith was a marvel. Her prayers were exaltations of soul. Her life was a heavenly journey.

We have seen casually the struggles of the young preacher, almost just out of the printer's office. He has now got himself on a rock, and is in some sense a Christian philosopher. An incident is in point. A camp-meeting was always an attraction to him. It was thoroughly Methodistic, and there was a vein of the natural man in his character to which the woods and unconventional life of the camp strongly appealed. No opportunity therefore was ever

missed of visiting the camp ground. While at Port Washington he travelled with his family twenty miles to the tented church, and though "the rains came and the floods poured," so that one side of the white circle was swept by a miniature torrent, laughed and enjoyed it. On this occasion it was arranged that the families of the pastor and a brother William Wakeman should tent together. The latter relates that early Monday morning he started for the woods, to assist in putting up the building. It was raining hard, and he lost his way in the woods, seeing no sign of the ground. After wandering about some time, he finally heard some one whistling, and following in the direction of the sound, found his pastor. The building was partly up, having a roof, but no sides. Within stood the stalwart preacher, coat off, sleeves rolled up, hatless, and hammer in hand, alone, whistling "at the top of his whistle," while the rain poured down in torrents. This was Christian philosophy. No aphorism of Seneca or Marcus Aurelius contains more wisdom than this simple scene.

And while he could say terrible things on the platform against intemperance, it was not as the Pharisee, but the good Samaritan, that he advocated total abstinence. Returning home one night, he overtook a man whom he knew, so badly intoxicated that he had fallen into the gutter, where he lay utterly helpless. The iconoclast stepped from the walk, lifted the man upon his feet, and steadying him with both arms, helped him home, several blocks away. A

similar scene occurred years after in Racine. Neither is specially remarkable, but both throw light upon the character of a man who was as tender as he was logical, and as considerate as he was courageous.

He valued religion for its practical influence. And to him the most practical aspects of the Christian life were the most exalted, as the highest conception of holiness of character was no less the duty of men to seek and no less imperative than the plainest precept of the moral law. It was a mistake that "perfect love" was a state in life which the Christian could take on or not as he chose. God had said, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," as truly as He had said, "Thou shalt not steal." There was therefore nothing remarkable in this doctrine. Holiness was the natural state of a child of God. "There are not two standards of moral attainment set up for God's people, a low one and a high one, a standard which admits of some measure of sinning, and a standard which tolerates no sinning at all. Nay, there is one standard for all in the thought of God." That standard was the character of Christ, and through Him all may become holy, within the finite limits. "We are to be holy in our measure as God is in His. We are to be morally perfect in a finite degree, as God is perfect in an infinite degree." And this holiness is not merely consecration. That is, indeed, the first step. But "an individual who professes to be consecrated, yet is never ready to do anything for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, is of

no sort of use to God or any one else. Consecration means set apart for sacred uses, devoted to religious employment. If one is not thus employed he is not consecrated." Hence it is more than consecration, considered as a setting apart. It is a doing and being, and these will be the results of the entire love given over to God. Even here there will be incompleteness, because man is a finite being; but now comes in the atonement of Christ. This condition he endeavored to attain. But it was not such a special thing that it needed any extraordinary publication. He regarded much of that which is sometimes connected with the doctrine of holiness as religious flummery, and resolutely declined to be drawn into the braying of horns over an experience which he professed but regarded as a simple duty. On a number of occasions he declared a firm belief in the doctrine of holiness: he believed in holiness, but not in the "mean kind;" no one could very well be holy and mean, or dishonest, or bitter in spirit, whatever the piling up of words or the noise of proclamations.

Of course this is not the history of a saint, yet there is nothing to extenuate. He was a man among men. His religion was thoroughly of a manly type, without pretension, honest and conscientious. Life was a growth of the mind as well as the heart, and of every power and attribute of the whole man. This involved a natural development in a natural way, and such a development ought to be free from all self-deception and sham. Religion was the most

natural thing in the world. And so he said of the Great Type: "Some regard Christ as an altogether miraculous man, impossible to be duplicated: none like Him shall ever appear on the earth again. I do not so regard Him. Christ had no organ or faculty or attribute or element of power that all men may not possess, or which is not at the command of every human being. Of course I am speaking of the human Christ. He is your brother, and my brother, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul. The difference between Him and ourselves consists in degrees of development. He is the perfect specimen of mankind, all that God and man can do together in the realm of human nature, while we, if we truly believe in Him, are surely on the way up to this supreme summit of manhood. There is a tremendous moral distance between our present selves and our possible selves as revealed in Christ. It may be long and toilsome. But eternity lies before us and God is above. All the resources of the skies are pledged to our help, and we have the promise that we are all His sons."

Hence he endeavored to be a manly Christian. His contempt for tinsel wrought out in his character a consistency which exhibited itself in his private life. A man who could "whistle in the rain" alone could be a good man with his family. There were times when his mind was overcast; but usually his voice and eye were clear and lighted. He was a good deal of a boy in this place of perfect liberty. Dignity was not a quality to be "bolstered

up." "Some have thought it a sin to laugh or jest," he said, "or indulge in innocent pleasantry, or dress attractively, or to sing any but religious songs, or to have any kind of social gathering in a church, or to engage in any species of recreation or amusement. I have known many ministers who seemed to think there was a kind of merit in groaning and sighing, and who immediately checked themselves if they were betrayed into a laugh. The most of their people have thought, perhaps, that this was a sign of piety, whereas it may have been dyspepsia or rheumatism. Certainly it was not Christianity. Such ceremoniousness is not religiousness. Solemnity is not necessarily devotion to God." "We may fill our lives with groans and tears, and yet know very little about Christ. The prevalence of this sort of thing in times past has given people false ideas of religion, and kept many away from God. They have been made to believe that religion is not a thing to be enjoyed, but endured—that it is a kind of bitter pill to be taken for the soul's health, not an agreeable experience to be sought after.

"Now, I maintain that all this is a sad mistake. Genuine Christianity is the gift of its giver. Christians, of all people in the world, have the best right to rejoice. There should be nothing to mar their enjoyment except the dreadful fact that many men rob themselves of the choicest gifts heaven has at its disposal, and live and die without God. The Bible clearly teaches this truth, and gives no counte-

nance to that spurious type of religion sometimes denominated sour godliness."

All of this belief entered into his home and social life. He was the best of companions. He overflowed all day with wit and humor. Nothing grotesque escaped him. At his table he was uniformly funny. Such phrases as "wedded blister," and the "padlock of matrimony," "you can't most always sometimes tell," "it is my rule never to do to-morrow what I can put off to-day," "the gentle ways of soft women," "when I was cook on a steamboat," are samples of an inexhaustible fund with which the home conversation was garnished. The remark of that famous Methodist class-leader who had been disappointed in marriage, "Wives be like pilchards; when they're good they're only middlin', but when they're bad they be bad," afforded him infinite amusement. With all this humorousness went a deep, serious kindliness, and an evenness of temper that seldom varied.

This spirit was carried into his social life. In his prayer-meetings he was earnest but pleasant, sometimes touching tender spots of wrong here and there, sometimes "going in sledge length," as he said, but uniformly genial and natural. In pastoral visitations he took the same course. As a diner-out he was superior.

He seemed to live a dual life. One was the life of the public man, strong-flowing, deep, purposeful, fearless, devoted to God; the other was the life "off duty," in a

sense boyish, headlong, rollicking, and thoroughly restful. His vacations were a year long, because he reposed in the hour that he worked. If there was a garden accessible he went into it before the birds. So, when he had investigated spiritualism, he "set up" the copy of pamphlets written on the subject himself, for the liking he had of his trade. Many times he turned his attention to Sunday-school exhibitions, laboring with hammer and nail to build platforms and pagodas for Liberty, and all the furniture of a good stage-setting. He was something of an inventor, and this afforded similar recreation; but he never neglected his church in such matters, and seemed contented in the manual construction without becoming absorbed in any money-getting scheme of patents. Any church member who possessed a carpenter-shop became forthwith a friend in need, for with coat and hat off he could follow the calling of the Son of man, working with tremendous energy with plane and saw, while meditating on the great themes which never seemed exhausted.

These are the phases that reveal men.

CHAPTER VII.

POEMS.

"A POET," says Emerson, "is no rattlebrain, saying what comes uppermost, and, because he says everything, saying at last something good, but a heart in unison with his time and country." All the verse words of my father except two, which we have seen are purely things of fancy, were in unison with his work as a minister. He indulged in this method of expression partly to gratify an inward taste for rhyme and rhythm, but more as one of the many means at hand of teaching the truth. That was the value of these poems in his life, and they are gathered here, not for literary worth, but as illustrations of another side of his character not visible in discussions or on the platform. There is a religious tone in all.

WHAT THE SOUL IS SAYING.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters."—Isa. 55 : 1.

Oh, this is what the soul is saying,
If we will but heed its cry—
Ever longing, hoping, praying,
"Feed me, feed me, or I die!"

Earth is but a desert dreary,
Arid waste and burning sand;
I, a pilgrim, faint and weary,
Perish in a lifeless land.

Who'll reveal the fountain flowing?
Who will bid me drink and live?
When shall end my fruitless going?
When my fading life revive?
'Tis for bread that I am crying,
'Tis for rest and peace I sigh;
Father, hear, and save the dying—
Feed me, feed me, or I die!

THE HAND AND VOICE.

I see a Hand you cannot see;
I hear a Voice you cannot hear;
That hand doth upward beckon me,
That voice invites to yon bright sphere,
Where clouds nor mists obscure the sight,
Where day no more gives place to night.

Oft as I tread the rugged path,
Where dangers rise on either side;
Oft as I brave the tempest's wrath,
While tossed on life's unrestful tide,
That Hand my trembling steps doth lead,
Or helms my bark in hour of need.

Oft as the siren songs of sin
Would lure my soul from righteousness;

Oft as the world's unceasing din
Would drown the words of sweet-eyed Peace,
That Voice I hear within me say,
"Come hither, child! I am the Way."

Oh, heavenly Hand! be Thou my Guide—
Oh, heavenly Voice! be Thou my Friend;
Oh, Voice! Oh, Hand! Whate'er betide
My pilgrimage, still let me find
The Hand of God, the Voice of Christ,
To lead and lure to endless rest.

BELLS.

A POEM FOR CHRISTMAS.

Hear the music of the Bells—
Christmas Bells!
What a world of happiness their melody foretells;
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the air of night—
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the Heavens seem to twinkle
With a strangely glowing light—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sweet, angelic rhyme
With the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the ringing and the singing of the Bells.

Oh, the merry Christmas Bells!
Silver Bells!
Peace on earth, good-will to men, their harmony foretells;
Through the balmy air of night,

How they ring out their delight,
With their liquid-silver notes ;
And all in tune,
What a charming ditty floats
Up to the moon !
Yes ! from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously swells,
Loudly swells—
Softly dwells –
To the angels how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing of the Bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the Bells.

Oh, the happy Christmas Bells—
Golden Bells !
What a wondrous story from each throat divinely swells,
Of a God who man became,
Of a babe in manger lying,
Of a spotless victim dying
On a cross of shame—
Of a resurrection morn, and triumphal march to Heaven,
Of a sceptre and a crown, and rare gifts to mortals given ;
Oh, the glory
Of the story
That the angels sang to men,
And the bells ring out again !
Sound it higher ! higher ! higher !
Let it to the Heavens aspire !
Like upleaping tongues of fire !
Send it up to throne of God—
Ring it all the earth abroad ;

Christ is born—
And Christ hath died—
Christ is risen,
Is glorified—
Christ is with us here to-night—
Sheds on us His holy light.
Hear the story, thrilling story, in the music of the Bells—
Christmas Bells,
In the sinking and the swelling,
In the rising and the dwelling
Of the voices of the Bells,
Golden Bells,
In the ebbing and the flowing,
In the coming and the going
Of the anthem of the Bells,
Silver Bells,
In the rhyming and the chiming, in the ringing and the singing, in the glowing and the flowing of the Bells.

THE LAST WEDDING.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his Wife hath made herself ready."—Rev. 19 : 7.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!"
Crieth a loud-voiced angel, flying
On flashing pinions all round the great earth—
Crieth to the living and the dying,
O'er the bier of death and the couch of birth,
O'er the bones of the sea,
O'er the dust of the lea.
"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!"

And the voice rings out like a marriage bell,
Inviting to light, inviting to cheer ;
And the voice tolls out like a solemn knell,
Calling to darkness, and calling to fear ;
Voice of joy, voice of woe,
Voice to all that's below.

Wide stand the palace portals !
Forth cometh the Prince, first-born of the King,
Cometh in all His strength and His glory,
While the angel choristers grandly sing
The song of all songs—earth's rarest story—
Calv'ry's Lamb, Judah's Lion,
Joy of Heav'n, Light of Zion.
Forth from His palace portals,
Attended by all the holy ones,
Sweet as the dew of the early morning,
His countenance flaming as the sun's,
Gems bright and many His brow adorning,
Comes the Groom for His Bride,
Comes the Son for His Pride.

" I seek the brightest and fairest !
Betrothed to Me in Time's morning hour,
When from the peace and the light of the throne
I went to gain for My Bride a dower,
And save with My blood the kingdom Mine own—
Went to deadliest strife
For a world and a wife !
I seek the brightest and fairest !
She who retaineth the bloom of youth—
Fadeless and spotless forever and ever—

For her bread is from the hand of Truth,
And her cup is filled at the crystal river;
So young and so fair,
So bright and so rare.

"Oh Earth, give me my Constant!
She who hath ever been loving and true,
E'en when the issue was shrouded in doubt,
And none but God and the Seraphs knew
The foes of the Prince would be driven out,
And the battle be won
By the conquering Son.
Oh Earth, give me my Constant!
Tried by the siren voices of Sin,
Tried by the arts of the Prince of Evil;
Tried and true hath she ever been,
'Mid all the efforts of man and devil.
My Bride, so faithful and true to me,
I come in the hour of triumph for thee."

Behold the royal procession!
Moving onward toward the jewelled gates
Of the City of Light, where the palace stands,
And the King invites, and the Feast awaits
The Son and the Bride, and the heavenly bands—
Waits the Lamb and his Wife,
And the Heirs of Life.
Behold the royal procession!
Marching along through the shimmering ways,
'Midst the tow'ring homes of the Great Immortals,
Who herald with shouts the Ancient of Days,
As He leads His train through the gleaming portals,

And sits down at the Feast
With the pure and the blest.

Oh, the joy of the marriage supper!
Joy of the Prince in His lovely Bride,
Joy of the Wife in her beautiful Lord,
Joy of the Sire in Him at His side,
Joy of the Hosts in the Incarnate Word
Who steeped in His own royal blood
A world, and gave it back to God.
Oh, the light of the marriage supper!
Light of the Father, light of the Son,
Light of the throne with holiness burning,
Light from the face of each saintly one,
Light from the sword which, ev'ry way turning,
Keepeth the heavenly home,
That darkness never may come.

Never within, forever without,
Where the foolish ones knock and entreat,
"Rise and let us in to the light and cheer
Of the marriage feast—our need is great—
We perish of hunger, and cold, and fear;
Though our coming is late,
Rise and open the gate."
"Never within, forever without!
'Tis love for the cheer, and not for the Lord,
That maketh thee stand at the gate entreating;
Thou didst ever refuse the Living Word,
When He stood at thy gate, and waited thy greeting:
Then was love's eternal test,
Now is love's eternal feast."

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

ADAPTED FROM LONGFELLOW.

It was the season when, through all the land,
The birds return and build, and building sing;
As on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The vanguard banners of the coming spring.
The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be.

But thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crows,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woes;
And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price on every feathered head
And winged marauder who, in lieu of pay,
Levied a tax on field and garden-bed.

And then a dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran,
While the young died of famine in their nests.
The summer's sun rose high, and every bird was dead.
No song was heard in meadow, dell, or glade;
But hosts of insects all the earth o'erspread,
And made a desert without leaf or blade.

That year the Autumn bare and fruitless came,
  Without the light of his majestic look ;
A few lone leaves blushed red with grief and shame,
  And drowned themselves, despairing, in the brook.
The winds went sadly mourning everywhere
  A slaughter to be told in sighs, not words,
Lamenting the dead children of the air--
  The very St. Bartholomew of birds.

'Tis thus God ever sendeth loss for sin,
  And pain close on the heels of wrong doth press :
Each deed of blood conceals its breast within
  The Heaven-appointed measure of redress.
Bethink, oh, man, what beauteous things are these
  Which ye would ruthless slay. Bethink who taught
Their throats to trill those songs of many keys,
  Sweeter than melody by man e'er caught.

Ye women, teach your children gentleness,
  And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For life, which, in its weakness or excess,
  Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence.
Ye heartless boys, thin not the happy throng
  That fills the air with joy from morn till even,
Nor rob the homes that perch the leaves among,
  Like half-way houses on the road to heaven.

Sometimes he went song-making, writing both words and music. One is here given, in this case without music. It may be sung to the tune on page 96, Songs of Redeeming Love.

"March on! march on! march on! ye sons of righteousness!
Amid the din and smoke of battle strife;
Fear not, but trust in God, the Friend of all the true,
And He will lead thee gayly forth from death to life.
Chorus: Sing on! swell the chorus!
Fight on! the star of hope is shining o'er us!
March on! just before us
The mighty God of battle points the way.
Glory, glory, hear the everlasting throng
Shout triumphant as they boldly march along!
Faithful soldiers we will be,
Battling, bold, for liberty,
Holding high the banner of the pure and free.

"Sail on! sail on! sail on! ye weary voyagers,
Nor heed the storms that gather on the way;
Hold fast and firm the helm, and ye shall guided be
From tempest, flood, and dreadful night to glorious day.
Chorus: Sing on! swell the chorus!
Sail on! the star of hope is shining o'er us.
Strive on! just before us
The mighty God of tempests points the way!
Glory! glory! etc.

"Hope on! hope on! hope on! ye toiling ones of earth,
For ye shall have a sure and just reward!
Tho' hard your lot, and faint your soul may often be,
Toil on! and ye shall share the glory of your Lord.
Chorus: Sing on! swell the chorus!
Work on! the star of hope is shining o'er us!
Pray on! just before us
The mighty God of harvests points the way.
Glory! glory! etc."

A number of times during his ministry he led the Sunday-school in elaborate exhibitions of declamation, dialogue, and singing. Once or twice these entertainments took the form of oratorios. The body of none of these is preserved, but some of the poems, adapted to music and interspersed through the narrative, remain.

KNELL OF THE BILLOWS.

Not 'neath the willows—bending willows,
But 'neath the billows—bounding billows,
Slumber our countless dead ;
Not where the green grass gently waveth,
But where the Great Sea softly laveth,
Lieth each quiet head.
Chorus : Sweetly sleep on the Ocean's bed,
Under the crested billows,
On their white coral pillows—
Rocked by the rolling billows,
Cradled on coral pillows,
Calmly sleep all the Ocean's dead.

Vainly the tempest wildly rageth,
Vainly the storm-war madly wageth
Over these calmful graves ;
Hushed here the world's cries, sadd'ning, madd'ning,
Past now the world's scenes, madd'ning, sadd'ning—
Peace reigns under the waves !

Here are no great bells, deeply tolling,
Here are no loud pipes anthems rolling
Up to the misty dome ;

Here come no mourners, bending, weeping,
Love's sleepless vigils faithful keeping,
Over the holy tomb.

Yet are the billows watchful, loving,
Evermore marching, grandly moving
O'er the graves of the Sea ;
Funeral dirges sweetly singing,
Funeral anthems softly bringing
Waiting ones on the lea.

Beautiful flowers—deep-sea flowers—
Festoons gathered from secret bowers,
Heap we over our trust.
Watch we evermore, rolling, tolling,
Till the last trumpet, loudly calling,
Waketh the sleeping dust.

THE MOTHER.

Dark waves, good ship, bring home my boy—
The boy that saileth. Dark waves, say,
Wilt thou ne'er give me back my joy ?
Must I here wait, fore'er, for aye ?
The dark waves, as they roll away,
Murmur, "Forever and for aye."

Thou murderous sea, give me the child
For whom I linger on this shore !
God, shall the storm-fiends, dark and wild,
Rage in my heart for evermore ?
The waves a moment cease their roar,
And softly say, "Forevermore."

Oh, ship, oh, sea, thou mighty sea,
My weary soul is faint and sore,
Waiting the boy so dear to me ;
Shall I embrace him nevermore?
The billows roll each other o'er,
And whisper, "Never, nevermore."

Thou lying waves ; I tell thee, now,
I'll have my darling, live or dead ;
I fly to kiss once more that brow,
And on my bosom rest that head.
Lo, at her feet a corpse is cast.—
One look, one wail, one gasp—'tis past.

THE GUESTS ARE FEW.

The Holy of Holies is solitude,
The tongue of flame is burning alone,
And up from the midst of the multitude
There cometh within the veil but one—
One heart to its fire and one head to its crown—
A thousand without, but within only one ;
And a great voice answereth, sadly and true,
" The bidden are many, but the guests are few."

But few who behold the beckoning hands,
But few who answer the earnest call,
But few who come up to the table-lands,
Tho' the skyward paths are free to all.
Full large is the board, and full rich is the cheer :
The call of entreaty is heard far and near,
Yet the great voice answereth, sadly and true,
" The bidden are many, but the guests are few."

But few who can boast of the eagle's eye,
  Few who rejoice in the lion's heart,
But few who are ready to dare and die,
  So they may win them a Godlike part.
How few are the brows that are fitted for crowns,
How vast is the number of slaves and of clowns;
And still the voice answereth, sadly and true,
"The bidden are many, but the guests are few."

Broad and easy the way of common things,
  Brimmed to the full with a common mass;
Wide and worn is the gate that downward swings,
  Smooth with the touch of the crowds that pass.
Rare to see are the men of exceeding worth,
Plentiful are the base-born clods of the earth;
And the great voice answereth, sadly and true,
"The bidden are many, but the guests are few."

THE SKELETON GUEST.

Oho! What is this but a senseless crowd?
  How stupid and blind is each reeling pair.
They see me not one, though I laugh so loud,
  Nor dream that a skeleton's dancing here!
    My shroud defies
    Their blinded eyes,
  But I see their hearts all filled with lies.

'Neath that smiling face that appears so fair
  There couches a monster from mortals hid;
In the breast that's heaving so calmly there
  I see a dark cavern, all filled with the dead;

My burning sight
Floods in its light
Upon each loathsome rot and blight.

The fop is whispering meaningless words
In the gentle maiden's willing ear,
The flirt is snaring her fluttering birds,
And each one believes the other sincere ;
But it's all a lie—
Each smile and sigh !
These mortals are fooled, not I, not I !

The demagogue flatters the simple tool,
Lavishing promises many and fair ;
The host to his guests seems a noble soul,
But they, as they taste of his princely cheer,
See not the red blood
That lies on his food,
Nor the broken hearts that his tables load !

Oho ! What a wonderful feast is this !
What painted smiles and what treacherous arts ;
A skeleton's lips do these faces press,
His hand is laid on these poisoned hearts,
Yet dreameth none,
While whirling on,
Their partner in life is a skeleton.

BE OF CHEER.

In the battle-field of life
Be of heart and cheer ;
'Mid the din and smoke and strife
Never, never fear ;

For 'tis God upholds the right,
And 'tis God protects the true ;
Needs but two to win the fight—
But God and thou.

Sailing on this sea, life-wide,
Boldly hold the helm,
Knowing this : beyond the tide
Waiteth princely realm
For the hero of the seas,
Who 'midst driving storm and flood
Never shrinks nor fails, but stays
His soul on God.

In the rugged mines of earth
Seeker bold be thou ;
Fortune's hand nor goodly birth
Shall deck thy brow ;
Deeply delve with pick and spade—
Gems are for the one who cares ;
Brightest is the crown that's made
By him who wears.

Courage, soldier in the fight,
Trav'ler on the way ;
Courage, toiler of the night—
Tossed one of the Sea !
All the brave a crown shall wear,
All the true of God be blest,
All the souls that do and dare
With God shall rest.

THE CROSS OF GOLD.

The Cross of Gold! See, in its breast
Doth ever throb a heart of love,
That pulseth Hope, and Peace, and Rest
To every soul its love doth move,
And bears its messages to God,
Along the way by Seraphs trod.

The Cross of Gold reveals that way
Of heavenly light that gusheth forth
From out the jewelled Gates of Day,
And, coming all adown to Earth,
Rests calmly on the Cross of Gold,
Pointing alway to joys untold.

The Cross of Gold! See how it burns,
As burned the Bush on Horeb's brow,
With inward fire that outward turns,
With hidden Life that must o'erflow,
As flowed the Life from Cross of old,
Ensymbolled by the Cross of Gold.

O Cross of Gold! Thy light be mine,
To cheer me all this wide sea o'er,
And mine to share the Life Divine,
And safely gain the stormless shore,
Where noontide ray shall e'er unfold
The glories all of Cross of Gold.

CHAPTER VIII.

Appleton—Temperance Address—An Anecdote—A College Town—Made "Master of Arts"—Temperance Politics—"The Suicide"—Discussions—Spiritualism.

THE great wheel of Methodism, in October, 1867, transferred my father from Oshkosh to Ripon, where the Congregational Church of the State maintains a college of considerable strength and undoubted excellence. This pastorate continued two years, but there is nothing which would be of interest to these pages connected with it.

At the Conference which made this change a temperance session was held. Several speakers addressed the meeting, and finally the audience called for "Haddock." Responding to the call, he went into the pulpit, and in a speech of some length on "The Blessings of Whiskey" delivered ostensibly a "Plea for the Liquor-Dealer," beginning in a humorous vein, but soon working into a telling address against both the liquor and the dealer.

"My sympathies," he said, "always go out for the under dog in the fight. He may be a poor, worthless cur, fit only for death, but the fact that he is the under dog touches a tender chord in my heart, and causes that organ to vibrate in response to his dying yelp of distress.

"Just now the saloon man is the under dog in the fight. His business is assailed from every quarter. Religion and science unite in denouncing him. Great railway coporations are demanding total abstinence from their employés. More stringent laws are being enacted to regulate his trade. New societies are constantly being formed to make war upon his saloon. And I say that if there are any people in the world who have any feelings of compassion for the persecuted and distressed, now is the time to show these feelings, and come to the relief of the down-trodden liquor-dealer."

"It may be thought that no arguments can be adduced to prove the glories of license and the follies of such a law as Prohibition. But I beg you to listen patiently while I present my plea in behalf of whiskey-punches."

He then proceeded to say that it is a well-known propensity of the American people to eat too much. "You must bear it in mind," he said, "that more than one hundred millions of bushels of grain are used every year in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. Now, if all this grain thus wasted were being made into bread and other articles of food, people would be expected to eat it, and there would be more work for the stomach and liver, and hence an increased danger from overeating. But we are saved from this peril of too much food by the destruction of millions of bushels of grain manufactured into drinks. These men, therefore, who effect this vast destruction ought to be

regarded as benefactors of the race, because they save people from eating themselves to death."

This vein was followed for some time, but each point made was closed with a direct argument against the drink trade, whose fallacies and prostituted reason are without parallels in the history of humanity. The idea was afterward put into the shape of a lecture, and the latter, from time to time, was changed to meet some of those fallacies as they arose under the spur of a growing public sentiment. Of the personal liberty argument he said that every statute-book contains many infringements upon personal liberty, and that if it was a violation of personal liberty to restrain and destroy the drink trade, the same was true of statutes concerning nuisances, unwholesome food, and the sale of poison. "Let, then, every man sell as much of any kind of poison as he pleases, and to whomsoever he pleases, and without any sort of restraint whatever. Let every man have the privilege of buying poisons and take care of himself. If any one gets killed, that is his own look-out: the experience will teach him better next time. But then we must abolish all laws regulating the conduct of men toward each other, because all these laws strike directly at personal liberty. Let every man take care of his own property, and defend his own person, and guard his own reputation. If he is a weak man, let him arrange with some powerful bully to protect him, and pay for it. Let him not look to the State to protect him, because the moment

the State undertakes to dictate to the people what they shall or shall not do, that moment it interferes with personal liberty. If the State can protect its citizens against bruisers, thieves, and swindlers, it can protect them against saloons. If saloons prove to be dangerous institutions, it can suppress them as it can suppress others. And, after we have been favored with other forms of interference with personal liberty for the general good, we cannot consistently object to this. We must, therefore, go back to the first principle of a state of nature—every man for himself. We must show the world that the idea of the basic principle of our government, the "greatest good for the greatest number," is all a mistake, growing out of the ignorance of the men who established the Government, who supposed that it was to be for the many, not the few, whereas the fact really is, if the whiskey arguments are correct, it exists for the two hundred thousand people engaged in the drink trade, not the fifty millions engaged in other occupations.

"It is well to understand that the saloon is one of the most sacred, supreme, and paramount institutions in the world. All government is for is to foster the drunkard factory. To this one end and object in life the papers of the day must be dedicated, the pulpit must be consecrated, political parties must be devoted, politicians must be pledged. All our sheriffs, common councils, legislatures, and courts must swear allegiance and bow the knee to the saloon. Every other liberty must be borne down and destroyed for

the one inalienable, glorious right to become a drunkard and to make men drunkards. This right must not be touched. Compared to this, the right of woman to a sober husband, and a full purse, and an honorable son, is nothing! Compared to this, the right of children to sober fathers is nothing! Compared to this, the right of tax-payers to an economical government is nothing! All sinks into the merest insignificance in the presence of this mighty, glorious personal liberty of King Gambrinus! The State may, through a license law, confiscate the avails of the industry of thousands of men, and depreciate their value as heads of families and as citizens, and put the millions of dollars that ought to go into their homes and pockets into breweries and distilleries and saloons. But the State may not, through a Prohibition law, confiscate nor depreciate the property of brewers and distillers, and turn the thousand streams of wealth that are making them rich and powerful and corrupt back to the homes whence they have been originally diverted.

"What is home compared with a brewery?

"What is a happy wife compared with a rich distiller?

"What is the right of children to have a respected father compared with a man's right to be a drunkard, or another man's right to make him a drunkard?

"Thus we see what a grand business this is—above the family! above the will of the people! above the State! above all the laws of God and man!

"How beautiful it would be to see the pulpit, the press, the law, and trade—all the elements of strength in Church and State—laid on the crimson altars of the drink trade, a fitting tribute to this one power, which seeks to absorb and hold for itself all the rights that belong to mankind!"

Two years later, in October, 1869, he was removed to Appleton, then a thriving town of about six thousand inhabitants, situated on the Fox River, a few miles below Fort Howard, one of the oldest settlements in the Northwest. Here had been located in an early day a Methodist school, and Methodism was naturally the ruling element among the people. The church was an important appointment, and the college, Lawrence University, under the presidency of Rev. George M. Steele, D.D., now President of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass., was one of the best institutions of learning in the State. An incident in connection with this school will show the character of the training there sought to be given, and the nature of the man who was now to act as pastor. Some years before, at the regular commencement-day exercises, a member of the senior class who was about to be graduated delivered as his oration a production intensely sceptical and necessarily offensive to the audience. He had been forbidden to do so, but, disregarding the injunction, took the case into his own hands, and finished uninterrupted his address. My father was greatly stirred by the matter, and later in the day, al-

though he had been a member of the Conference but a few years, declared, in a public meeting, an unequivocal condemnation of that kind of oratory from the platform of a Methodist college, saying if such were the teachings, or such the permitted utterances of the college, he would rather see every stone in every building razed to the ground, than that it should prosper.

At the time of this pastorate the college classes, especially of the junior and senior years, were composed of men who had been called from books to bayonets. These, with other students, an occasional graduate, ministers not preaching, the college faculty and town residents, constituted the congregation. The demands upon the pulpit were therefore exacting. That the new incumbent met this demand is freely attested. His sermons were strong, logical, full of information, eloquent, and spiritual. Notwithstanding his lack of a collegiate education, the imperative labors of nine years among books and men had rendered him eminently fit to fulfil the duties of pastor in a collegiate town. With the President, Dr. Steele; with its teachers, Professor J. C. Faye, of the Chair of Natural Science; Professor Wilbur F. Yocum, of the Chair of Pure Mathematics, and now President of Fort Wayne University, Indiana, and Professor H. A. Jones, of the Chair of Ancient Languages, he maintained relations of mutual esteem. He never preached a dull sermon, and seldom failed to rise in some particular above the average.

We have seen the deep aversion for anything not wholly real which was a strong trait in his nature. Titles, especially, which were not earned to the fullest degree, were subjects of passing ridicule. He set little value upon such external honors, whatever their merit. While he was an educated man, he was not a scholarly man, and no one understood this fact better than himself. There is no doubt, however, that he had earned any doctorate which might have been conferred upon him, as the matter goes in America, as fully as nine tenths of his brothers who now affix D.D. to their names. At the commencement exercises in June, 1870, he was given the degree A.M. ; but while this may have afforded a momentary gratification, he was too truly self-made, too essentially self-reliant and democratic, to attach any importance to the honor.

During the winter of 1871 revival services were held in the church, at which many conversions were recorded. Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, in many respects a remarkable woman, assisted the pastor. A fine appearance, a pronounced magnetism, and a genuine devotion to her work, rendered the career of this evangelist both useful and notable. But the subject of this book was never a strong advocate of evangelistic travellers, except in some instances where power is beyond question.

Meanwhile, the one subject appeared again and again. As in former years, so now. His pulpit was positive and outspoken upon temperance in all its aspects. And when

the time arrived for political action he had no fears for his ministerial head. It is only occasionally that a Methodist minister need entertain such fears, for that church has long since taken an advanced position against the manufacture of drunkards. As for his clerical standing, that must take care of itself : no man can truly lose who does his duty. This duty covered all the thought of his day, political as well as ethical, and he would act and speak as a Christian in matters of politics as faithfully as in matters of his usual church work. Hence, while the fall campaign of the State for 1871 was going on, he expressed himself freely upon the candidates. Against the candidate for lieutenant-governor he declared himself openly. This nominee was a Republican, but he was a manufacturer of malt, and ought not to be supported by Christian voters who really believed in temperance doctrines. Such utterances aroused criticism, to which he responded in an open letter. "Parties are only useful and desirable," he said, "as they are instruments for the accomplishment of good. For the last ten years I have acted mainly with the Republican Party, simply because that party has been right upon questions which then assumed great proportions and demanded immediate settlement. These questions have been settled. I have long since ceased to hope for anything from any party as such until temperance men take such a decided stand as will command respect from Republican politicians." He believed that if all advocates of total abstinence and temper-

ance legislation would unite and vote consistently, that course would be the means of administering a stinging rebuke to political rings, and in the end secure the enactment of laws in some degree adequate to the needs of the hour. Nothing in the history of the last fifteen years has occurred to detract from the value of those words. It is indubitable that whatever temperance legislation has been obtained in the North is to be attributed to the method there suggested. It is indubitable that the Democratic Party in the North is committed to the drink trade, and that the Republican Party fears it. It is, therefore, equally indubitable that temperance men are driven to rely solely upon temperance men. To active exhibitions of such reliance is largely due the fact that on the 14th October, 1886, the possibility of an Anti-Saloon Republican Convention became a reality. That convention voiced one phase of the question to-day, when it declared what no sane man can deny that "the saloon has entered politics—with its own methods and weapons. It has allied itself with the Democratic Party of obstruction and reaction, and to-day rules that party with a rod of iron. While thousands of Democrats are hostile to the liquor traffic, their voice is silenced and their wishes ignored. The machinery, resources and votes of a powerful organization are thus enlisted to defend and perpetuate this cancer of our civilization. The prestige, resources and championship of a great historic party are needed on the side of the home and the public welfare."

And the Republican Party, as a national organization, occupies an equally unenviable position. It is significant that an orator whose marvellous eloquence has transformed memorial addresses into campaign documents should now declare : "The Republican Party seems to have no definite aim, seems afraid to grapple with the questions of the day, afraid to express an opinion ; and we have got to that point that the principal men in the Republican Party are seeking office—that is to say, are trying to see what the people will do for them, instead of endeavoring to do something for the people." And, as if to force decent men into offensive attitudes, the liquor trade in all its modern conventions resolves substantially "that whatever restrictive and prohibitory enactments do exist, every possible measure be taken to *oppose, resist, and repeal* them," and "that politicians favoring prohibitory enactments who offer themselves as candidates for office be everywhere strenuously opposed." What are the American people going to do about it?

At this time Professor T. Martin Towne, now of Chicago, was at the head of the musical instruction afforded by the college. Of a song written by this earnest advocate of temperance the Professor says :

"While Brother Haddock was stationed at Appleton, Wis., it became a notorious and painful fact that a young man and talented physician had become a confirmed drunkard. The Temple of Honor persuaded him to join its lodge, and for a time he kept his obligations, but was soon

in the toils again. The members rallied around him, and he was persuaded to re-obligate himself. This time he confided to his intimate friends the statement that if he fell again he should put an end to his wrecked life. He fell! Procuring a revolver, he visited the saloon several times, for the purpose of first killing the wretch who had coaxed him to drink, and then putting an end to his own life. The saloon-keeper seemed to feel that there was danger in the air, and kept away. At about 9.30 P.M., while a large audience was gathered listening to temperance speeches from Theo. Kanouse, Geo. C. Haddock, and others, the report of a pistol was heard, and Dr. —— was dead! The next morning the Good Templars joined hands in their own hall, gazing on the dead man's body, that was laid out in his room directly over the saloon where he procured his liquor, and vowed eternal enmity against the terrible rum traffic!

"In a day or two I requested Mr. Haddock to write a song on the event, and he promptly responded."

THE SUICIDE;

OR, RUM'S VICTIM.

At the last it biteth like a serpent,
And stingeth like an adder."

Like a wrecked craft am I,
Broken and shorn;
Prone on the sands I lie,
Helpless and torn;

Each day bringeth weeping,
Each night bringeth sighing.
Oh! what is there left for me other than dying?
Welcome the steps of death,
Welcome the fiery breath,
Waiting, just waiting to die!

Gone all the hopes of life
Down the dark stream;
Ended the bitter strife,
Faded each dream;
Lost all that was dear,
That men fondly cherish,
But one thing remaineth, the courage to perish.
Rings on the night my hail:
Where away, boatman pale?
Waiting, just waiting to die!

Ye who by law decree
Slaughter for gain,
As ye shall gaze on me
Whom ye have slain,
Oh! think what thou'lt plea
When the King, stern and just,
Shall come to the living, make quest for the lost!
See, the boatman draweth near!
Hark, the summons now I hear!
Hasting, yes, hasting to die!

Out in the night's deep gloom
Lieth the dead;
Spreadeth the tale of doom,
Pitiful, pitiful, dread!

By the fiend of drink slain!
And the weltering blood
Crieth out from the ground for the swift wrath of God
On the merciless band
In which hand joineth hand
Helping a brother to die!

But a new question now arose, which for some time engaged a large part of his attention. There were at Appleton a considerable number of spiritualists, some of whom were otherwise intelligent, and all of whom were then active in disseminating their doctrines. A discourse by the Methodist pastor on the "Inspiration of the Bible" precipitated matters, and a joint discussion was arranged between the latter and one of the defenders of spiritism. This occurred just prior to the appointment to Appleton. It is conceded that that discussion effectually checked the error at this point. Early in 1870 another apostle of the creed of ghosts challenged him to a discussion of the resolution: "That the Bible, King James's Version, sustains modern spiritualism in all its phases and teachings." This was declined, and a substitute offered, as affording a more complete handling of the subject: "That modern spiritualism is worthy of the confidence and support of the people," which substitute was accepted. The discussion occurred at Fond du Lac during that year. Other similar battles were had at Omro and Prescott. The results were disastrous to the cause of spiritism.

His lack of mercy, in these and other debates, was often carried to a tremendous extreme. His audience frequently felt that "after a man was down" he ought not to be "ground into the dust." But the object he had in view was never mere personal triumph. He believed spiritualism to be a pernicious error. For this reason alone he left his pulpit occasionally to do fierce battle with it, and when he had defeated his antagonist he felt that he must, as far as possible, make a final end of the false doctrine. This he would crush, mutilate, utterly destroy, if within his power. If his opponent went down with the error, he, too, must suffer with his fallen principles.

The skill of his methods was a noticeable feature of his power as a debater. With a large fund of information on any subject he discussed was united a logical acumen which easily detected the fallacies of an argument. He was also master of a great store of homely illustrations, and with these he carried a strong penchant for sudden and incongruous juxtapositions; he was thus an adept at repartee. All these forces he brought to bear upon an opposing argument with consummate skill and enthusiastic vehemence. If the tide appeared to be setting against him, he usually managed, with some pertinent allusion or apt story, to win the favor of his hearers. At other times a question, sharp, double-edged, and decisive, was a favorite weapon. During the debate alluded to at Omro, a very nest of spiritualism, his opponent was an able scholar of Boston, and on the last

evening of the discussions was evidently getting the better of him. He endured this for some time, but finally, seeing the necessity of a rally, sprang to his feet, called a halt, and launched a characteristic question at his antagonist. It was essentially relevant, but involved considerable risk to the questioner. The speaker failed to meet it, hesitated, and lost the day. At the close of the evening the chairman called for a vote upon the merits of the discussion. The advocate for spiritualism objected, but the orthodox preacher, wishing to secure a decided expression for truth and morality, insisted on a rising vote as in strict accordance with the preliminary agreements. No one rose in favor of spiritualism.

When these several discussions had closed, the former printer was in possession of a large amount of material on the subject which was without form, except as reported in newspapers. He therefore brought his old trade into use, and, partly as a recreation, partly because this was the quickest method, purchased a font of type, and composed and printed a series of seven tracts, entitled "Spirit Intercourse Examined," "Blasphemous, Atheistic, and Immoral Character of Spiritist Literature," "Inconsistencies of Spiritism," "Spiritism and the Marriage Relation," "Testimony Against Spiritism," "Grotesque and Absurd Character of Spiritist Literature," "The Bible *vs.* Spiritism." A few extracts will show the nature and style of these tracts, and reveal some characteristics of their author.

"It is claimed by those who style themselves Spiritualists that it is the privilege of the inhabitants of earth to hold intelligent conversation with *departed human spirits*, by means of certain ones who are called media, or mediums; and they aver that all spiritists do thus converse at will with the *spirits of their deceased friends*, and other *human spirits* which have 'passed on.' This is the foundation of the spiritist religion. If this is disproven, or is not sustained, of course the entire structure must fall—based as it is on nothing. On the other hand, even if this could be proven, it would not follow that spiritism is worthy of the confidence and support of the people. Its friends would still be under obligations to show that these communicating spirits are good and wise spirits—able and willing to lead the children of men in the way of all truth. This would prove a more difficult task, even, than the first."

"Now, it must be understood that, according to the spiritist notion, the spirit spheres envelop the earth—the first or lowest being next to the earth, and the higher spheres at a great distance from the earth. These lower spheres *next to the earth* are filled with savage, half-savage, uncivilized, ignorant, and selfish spirits. *All spirit messages must come either from or through these lower spheres, thus occupied. There is no other possible way!* if the theory of the seven spheres is correct; and Dr. Potter, with his *fifteen years* of observation and experience, insists that all messages to and from the higher spheres *must be*

received and retransmitted by a medium in each sphere BELONGING TO THAT SPHERE !"

"Dear reader, are you a believer in spiritism? How many messages will you take coming from such a source? Would you go to a savage on earth for information on scientific or social questions? Would you go to a depraved, selfish, egotistical, mischievous man on earth for information concerning morality and religion? And yet you propose to go to just such *spirits* for information on questions of the greatest importance, for you cannot get your information from the spirit-world in any other way. These lower spheres are *next the earth*, and all messages from above must run the gauntlet of their depraved inhabitants—in fact, must find among these depraved beings the channels through which to be conveyed to you, and you must make them your *mouthpiece* in speaking to your friends in the higher spheres. Oh, savory *mouthpiece!* Oh, excellent *mouthpiece!* Truly, I envy you not your *mouthpiece!*"

On a spiritualist's assertion, "I believe that all things, all thoughts, and all souls, are immortal," he remarked: "Does not this idea explain the well-known fact that communications can be received from inanimate objects just as readily as from spirits? I know of individuals who have received messages from haystacks, breaking-ploughs, mad dogs, sticks and stones, or from any object they chose to call up in their minds; and these communications, so far from indicating that they had proceeded from a low order

of spirits, which is the spiritist method of meeting the awkward fact, showed just as much intelligence as those which emanate from a Bacon or a Newton. In fact, they always measure up to the intelligence of the circle which receives them! The above message, however, solves the mystery. Tables, haystacks, breaking-ploughs, etc., possess the attribute of immortality, in common with human souls, and these communications afford a demonstration of their immortality, just as a communication from a departed friend demonstrates the immortality of the soul. Moreover, as seeing mediums behold the departed in the dress they were accustomed to wear on earth, that demonstrates the immortality of woollen goods, silk stuffs, and cotton fabrics, precisely as the seeing of the spirits demonstrates their immortality. Really, spiritism is demonstrating more things than its advocates have counted on."

As to the doctrine concerning the marriage relations held by spiritists, he exclaimed: "How utterly cold-blooded and selfish these fellows are! No matter how many family circles are torn asunder by their devilish teachings; no matter how many names are covered with odium; no matter how many children are thrust out upon the tide of life, to drift along as best they can, without the help of their natural protectors; no matter anything, so that they may gratify their unholy passions, and advance their crude notions and absurd theories, and destroy all the outer defences of the Christian Church. Even as Nero fiddled

while Rome burned, so they, to gratify their spite against the Church in the destruction of its cherished institutions, would involve the whole of society in remediless wreck and ruin, and then would gloat like fiends over the destruction they had wrought."

And finally, "When spiritists find themselves hedged in with unanswerable logic on every side, their last resort is to say, 'Your arguments are materialistic, and will destroy Christianity as well as spiritualism.' Not so. Christianity is based on the supernatural. There lies behind all its phenomena—back of all that is marvellous in the Bible—a supreme, conscious, omnipotent WILL—an infinite, divine personality, to whom all forces, all things, all creatures are subject. Thus an *adequate cause* is assigned for everything in the Christian system. On the other hand, the great mass of spiritists reject the doctrine of a personal God, and deny that God has anything specially to do with their phenomena. All is performed through human agency alone. Now, it is very evident that nearly all of the phenomena claimed by them—involving, as they do, a suspension of the laws of nature—are beyond the power of human beings to perform. Therefore the *cause* assigned for spiritistic phenomena is *inadequate*. Christianity, then, is based on an adequate cause—spiritism is not. The one is possible, in the nature of things—the other is not. Consequently, the phenomena of the one can be established by testimony, while those of the other cannot."

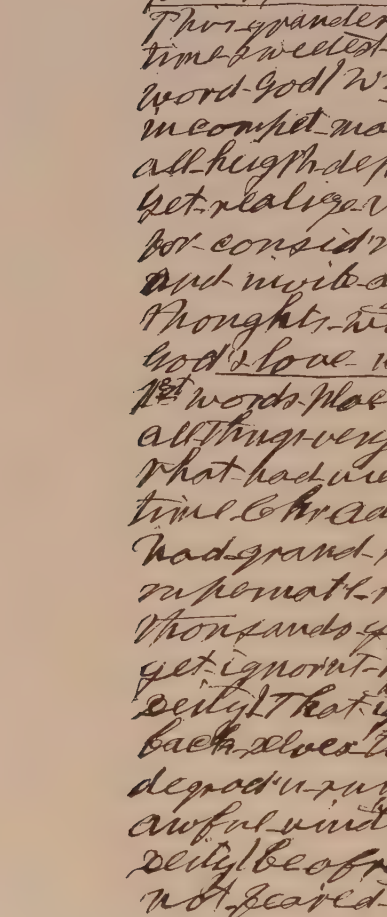
These are but a few excerpts. The tracts were designed for popular reading, and did not aim at philosophical exactness of treatment. In the discussions the entire grounds were covered, through all the windings of a close contest. The object was to deal hard blows at the error, in a manner understood by the people. That object was accomplished.

CHAPTER IX.

SERMONS.

AFTER ten years of uninterrupted experience in the pulpit, George C. Haddock is now recognized as among the ablest preachers in the Wisconsin Conference. "Rev. B. P. Raymond, D.D., now President of Lawrence University, but who, at the time of the first Appleton pastorate, was a student at that institution, having, with many others, left the school for the war, and at its close returned to finish the collegiate course, said, 'Up to that time he was the strongest preacher I had ever heard.'" His sermons were almost always replete with information. He handled great thoughts, and aimed to preach on great themes. Into all his discourses he carried a vigor, zeal, and healthy spirituality that gave to his words intense heat, and to his thoughts a high elevation. An eloquence often fiery, as often tender and tearful, was therefore a prevailing trait of his pulpit work.

More than most men, perhaps, he embodied the negative of Coleridge's aphorism: "He who begins by loving Christianity more than truth will go on to love his church more than Christianity, and end by loving himself more than his



FACSIMILE OF SERMON NOTES.

church." He loved his church, because it declared the truth, and he believed in Christianity because it was the truth. He was therefore a reasoner in his pulpit. He seemed to have in mind the basic principles of thought continually. These were his tests. These were the shuttles with which he wove his sermons. Although his acquaintance with theology was extensive, as might be expected of a man who knew well the foundations of his faith, he seldom preached on doctrine merely, and when he did so it was with clearness, warmth, and interest. To speculative questions in philosophy he gave little attention in his pulpit, except so far as they were practically related to actual and near human interests. While not a scientific student, he was yet a jealous guardian of Christian truth, and, so far as any theory seemed to antagonize revealed religion, he opposed it fearlessly. He was an evolutionist in the Christian sense, but he had no hesitancy in saying that the nebular theory is by no means proved. He was, I think, without knowing it, in philosophical terms, at least, an ideal-realist ; but the practical basis of his mind freed him from vagaries. The brain was the ruler of the man, that inner light which, reinforced by the Divine Spirit, he believed was designed for the purpose of guiding and establishing the outreaching faith of his nature ; while his heart, naturally trustful and reverent, supplied the power which carried him through nearly thirty years of philanthropic labors. Love and reason were the two ministering angels sent to lead the human

race. "Love is the true interpreter of God's Word, and the best creed maker." "When the world gets a creed that comes like sunshine into the soul of the true Christian; that is gladly, cheerfully, spontaneously accepted by the heart and the head as the true exponent of God's Word; that is in all respects perfectly consistent with practical Christian effort, prompted by hearts imbued with love for God and man, *that creed will be true.*" "The Gospel is not a threat, but a promise; it bears in its hands not the weapons of war, but the emblems of peace; it is clad, not in sombre robes, but in white garments; and its invitations are to a feast, not to a funeral—to a banqueting hall, not to the house of death. Christ came from heaven to win a world and a bride; and His plan is not to gain her, Roman fashion, by force of arms, but to woo her gently by the power of love, by the attractions of His person, by the sweetness of His words, by the glory of the Father's house."

"Reason and revelation are both of divine origin, and the one is as sacred as the other. Reason must not be prostituted to faith, nor faith be trampled under foot by reason; but both should work in harmony for the discovery of truth. Man is to believe what there is good reason to believe, and reject what there is good reason to reject. It may be said that this exaltation of reason is dangerous; but it is hardly more dangerous than the dethronement of reason. Superstition, which spurns reason at the supposed bidding of faith, is no less objectionable than irreligion, which

tramples on faith at the supposed bidding of reason. Both of these extremes are inimical to the best interests of society, and should be avoided. I believe that it is possible to construct a theological system that shall be true to the Holy Scriptures, and at the same time commend itself to the consciences and judgments of enlightened men everywhere. It must be so, if the Bible and the human mind are God-given. *Mind in right action and Scripture rightly interpreted must agree.*"

It is possible that the constant habit of logical thought, occasioned by a masterful desire to get at the exact truth, and this by a directness that was always noticeable, was the main cause of a style that was almost wholly without extraneous ornamentation. His "preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom,"

"But high and noble matter."

His working vocabulary was not large. While his familiarity with English was extensive enough, his practical use of it was limited by the actual necessities of the case. He sought out the shortest possible words—rather, the shortest possible words came without bidding. His style was Saxon more than classical. If his sentences were sometimes involved, his language was brief and his thought clear. He thoroughly despised affectation, and with him literary ornamentation could have been affected only. What was the simplest, clearest, most effective expression of thought

seemed to be his test. He lived in his own age. Of what use the borrowed finery of ages in their cerements? The present was here, living, imperative. That present was to him the marvel of time. Who could limit its possibilities? It was "doing a great work;" it was big with purpose; it was mighty in energy! And men were dying everywhere! And truth had taken on the "voice of many waters!" And great questions were standing mute like the statue of Memnon, waiting some inspiration that should give them voice! And life was short! He therefore had no time for smooth periods and pretty words, but the problems that surge, hoarse with impatience, through the soul of humanity, caught him up, as it were, and made his sermons desperate with effort, and his life fiery with zeal.

He had only one idea: to overthrow error and establish right. "Small souls," he said, "sneer at one-idea men. They call them hobby-riders, fanatics, impracticables. But the trouble with this class is, they haven't even one idea. They haven't heart enough to be enthusiastic, nor have they brains enough to conceive of the greatness of a truth, or the vastness of its importance, so as to be carried away with it."

He was pre-eminently a one-idea man. He carried this characteristic into the ministry. He believed in reforming men inwardly as well as outwardly. Hence, with the plainness and almost fierceness for which his pulpit utterances were noted, he declared: "I would rather work forty

years to get one man soundly converted, so that he should live a godly life the remainder of his days, and enter the heavenly gate at last, than to tie red ribbons on a hundred thousand men, or do any amount of work for any other purpose. It's a bigger thing to bring one heart to the Cross of Christ, so that he shall be saved by the flowing blood of the Son of God, and become a king and a priest unto the Most High, than to reform any number of men on the outside."

Yet with all this plainness and forcible directness, pure nuggets of truth are scattered all through his sermons. These sermons are remarkably full of practical truth, for it was his life-long habit to produce a new discourse each week, and such incessant activity could not fail to result in many crystallizations. Following along a line of thought in which nothing was new, he seemed to be seeking some basic principle which controlled the subject, and he would often consume considerable time in bringing his audience up to it, as if in preparation; but when the process of this preparation called for the complete truth to which all related, it was then forthcoming in clear terms and sometimes almost faultless form. A few illustrations will suffice.

"The Indian is the incarnation of egoism—a living, breathing, walking illustration of the personal pronoun."

"Personal liberty is the essence of rebellion."

"The Saviour of the world was exclusive—He offered but one way of salvation."

"No man can labor successfully in a moral plane that is higher than that he himself has attained."

"No man can labor vigorously for that which is not embodied in his own faith."

"The Spirit of the Infinite is tireless, never wears out, and never ceases to act."

"Conversion is the bringing of men under new conditions."

"Let it be understood that divine manhood is the sole and only test of fitness for heaven."

"If there is one who needs help more than another, be sure that is the one toward whom the great heart of God goes out with strongest desire."

"There is more light than shadow on man's pathway, if we associate with him the Fatherhood of God."

"A star blazes over every cradle, an unseen power hovers over every soul."

"Men never surpass their standards."

"Take care how you rush against the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler!"

The number of such sentences is very large. They were truth deposits in a mind which was always in a state of nervous action.

As it was the aim of his preaching to impress truth upon his hearers, he sometimes clothed his thought in unexpected form.

"It is easy enough to play at religion, to fool around

with it and make some pretension of a move in this direction, but to succeed—that is to say, to enjoy deep piety, to live useful Christian lives, and at last gain an abundant entrance into everlasting glory, requires concentration of purpose upon one idea."

"Some people think that if they barely get into heaven they will be satisfied, and leave the abundant entrance to others who have a high spirit of ambition. But it is possible that those who drive a close bargain with heaven will just fail—be left just outside instead of just inside."

"The best way in the world to determine a man's real religious status is to find out where his sympathies are in a great conflict between opposing forces."

"When faith is weak in the Church, unbelief will be strong out of the Church."

"Ankle-deep salvation is the curse of the Church."

"You might as well undertake to stop a cyclone with a paper parasol, or quench the Chicago fire with a teacup, as to attempt to achieve any victory in any given direction without recognizing the governing law of concentration in the work of the Church."

"The only possibility of failure (for a Christian life) lies in refusing to make the investments, sitting down like a hen on her nest in the midst of religion."

"If a man claims a great love for home, and wife, and children, and spends all his evenings in a saloon squandering his earnings in drink, we should say that the proof of

his love for his family was poorly shown. If a man should claim that he had good eating at his house, and go prowling around his neighbor's back door hunting for bones and potato-parings, we should say he was a poor provider, or his wife was a poor cook. So if people who profess that religion is the one thing needful, the pearl of great price, their all-satisfying portion, and yet are seen to be just as intent upon earthly things, as little absorbed in heavenly things, as those who are out of the Christian fold, it tends to convey to the minds of the latter the idea that religion is a mere superstition of no practical value."

"The owl is a very solemn creature, but it is not a proper emblem of religion."

"If the Christian cannot have a good time here, death will not help him."

"A life of sin is all loss and no gain. Genuine Christianity is all gain and no loss."

"I think no more of men who manufacture drunkards in Sioux City than I do of men who burn houses at Lamars."

"You can't change the nature of the devil by dressing him up in broadcloth, and calling him His Satanic Majesty. He is the same old devil he was before. You don't change the nature of a yellow dog by putting a silver collar around his neck, and calling him a colored specimen of the canine race. He is a yellow dog still, good for nothing but to be shot."

Sometimes such startling expressions were uttered in the midst of the most impassioned eloquence, as if to enforce what he was saying by the very shock of the contrast. In the privacy of his home he would throw himself on a chair and laugh like a boy over the amazement thus produced. But he did not do this aimlessly : there was no sham or trickery about his pulpit. It was natural with him to see things in this way, and he believed an occasional shock was beneficial to his audiences. He never preached for the mere sake of preaching. He said he had faith to believe that God would use every sermon for the salvation of some soul. Hence he endeavored to reach men, if not in one way, then in another ; reached they must be, it little mattered how. This faith, with all the varied qualities of his mind, induced an eloquence that was often of the highest order. As he worked into his theme his thoughts acquired a richness, a profuseness of meaning, a plenitude of illustration, a glow and loftiness, that do not appear in the printed page. The printed page, the translation of his notes, full as they were, connectedly as they read, is never what the thought really was as spoken. There was an addition not only to the form, but to the substance as well, and this addition was not merely a thing of delivery. In the pulpit the entire man stood forth, back of the theme, and giving it life and power. Then his words blossomed, and his language seemed charged with a vitality between the lines issuing from brain and heart lifted up.

It was often said that his sermons were loaded with facts, but the use of facts always had a moral or spiritual aim. The thought was not built up for its own sake. His ministry was too sacred for mere display. He would help men, and enlighten and guide and inspire. His sermons were, therefore, elucidations of texts, into which he saw deeply and clearly, and from which he elaborated in each case a wide range of thought. He seemed to be thoroughly familiar with religious truth, for in his preaching he displayed a wonderful diversity and capacity of ideas, and there was no slow process of construction, no guessing, and no groping, but distinctness and luminousness, and a movement, without deviation or hesitancy, on to the necessary conclusion, which always produced the impression of completeness and power. Nor did he deal with half truths. I think it was pre-eminently true of his sermons that he suggested or presented the whole thought in hand. He impressed men as having "thought all around his text." He never preached upon a theme he did not understand, nor consumed time in stating what he did not know. "What I don't know," he said, "is of no consequence." Negatives were not favorites. He dealt with certainties, on which his utterances were positive and straightforward. It was always entirely clear what he meant and what he believed.

A prominent characteristic of his preaching was its suggestiveness. His words again and again during a single

discourse would electrify heart and brain. It was as if unseen wings brushed through the audience. And yet his hearers seldom fell to making sermons while he was speaking. He engaged thought, but he carried his congregations with him.

And there was a marked tenderness about his words which was wonderfully softening. It was the "Heavenly Father," our "Elder Brother," a "little child," the "tears of love," the "depth of compassion"—the thought of gentleness running all through his ministrations. His conception of God was inexpressibly gentle. He portrayed heaven as the place of rest. He spoke of forgiveness with the softest thought.

Yet always was heard the note of battle. The Christian must be no man of easy peace. The world is the scene of a mighty conflict between the angels and fallen spirits, with humanity for the prize, and in this contest every true Christian should be engaged heart and soul. Here the man delivered his life-long doctrine of heroism, and voice, tone, gesture, thought, took on daring and energy.

These are but suggestions. The effect of his preaching lingers in all his appointments after the lapse of years. He sustained a high level Sunday after Sunday, and impressed men everywhere as a tender, bold, powerful pulpit orator.

But especially he preached upon the difficulties disclosed in individual cases, so that his work in the pulpit came very close to his people. He was interested in the living things

of society. When he entered Iowa, he said, "What is going on here? I will preach about that." Speaking of the violation of law as being common, he said, "We see the same tendency in such violations of law as are not accompanied by acts of spoliation or the shedding of blood, simply because no attempt is made to enforce the law by those who are elected, sworn and paid to look after the interests of the people, and see that the law is respected.

"For instance, there is a law on the statute-books of this State (Iowa) for the observation of the Sabbath. Yet the law is openly violated in all the leading cities of the State fifty-two Sundays every year. *And the officers of these cities know the fact.*

"There is also a law for the suppression of gambling. Yet the law is perpetually violated in Sioux City and elsewhere. *And the officers in every place know the fact.*

"So, also, in regard to the sale of alcoholic beverages. No one contends that this demand is for the general good. All know that it is forbidden by law. Yet the law is openly violated in Sioux City every day of the year. And I say that this is not the good of the many. It is not the welfare of the majority, but the passion of the few. It is not the voice of law, listened to and obeyed, but the wild clamor of the besotted mob, with brains poisoned with drink, and hearts set on fire by the flames of hell."

In such a passage as that his words burned with all the intensity of a fearless nature, and gesture, manner, voice,

and the aroused heart and brain, all combined to give the utterance vastly more meaning and power than the mere language can convey.

This feature was not confined to attack. The impetus of the man produced rapidity and earnestness. All the great themes of religion grew upon him constantly, and he never seemed able to express the full thought in hand. He impressed men as having a reserve force. At times he summoned his entire powers to give utterance to his ideas and emotions. These were occasions which were the despair of tenderness, or triumph, or wrath. But they were sublimations of thought in the man.

"There is nothing outside the Church that can approximate, even to a faint degree, such a work as this, the work of saving an immortal soul; a work which sweeps through all the farthest reach of time, which sweeps on as nations rise and fall, while countless generations come and go, yet sweeps on when worlds become decrepit and die, and other worlds are born, and live and fail, through the æons of eternity, multiplying forever, until only an angel might comprehend the result, still to stand the monument of your fidelity, and to tell to all the universe its eternal tale of human labor and sanctified loyalty reinforced by divine power."

In a sermon preached in 1882, at the Conference held at Fond du Lac, in place of the Bishop, Wiley, the exaltation above alluded to occurred to a marked degree. After he

had spoken a few moments his notes were blown from the desk by a passing breeze. He had already forgotten them. He rose above himself. For more than an hour his thought flowed on with the great themes of the atonement and redemption: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." Probably he had seldom before reached the level he attained at that time. Men who had belittled his power yielded to the imperious demand of the fact, and at the close of the services freely conceded that it was a "wonderful discourse." I give a single selection, which affords but a suggestion of the discourse as a whole:

"The best material heaven could give had to be used to accomplish man's salvation. Think of the work to be done! The interests committed to millions of human souls for time and eternity were involved. In accordance with the great law of cost and compensation which underlies and permeates all things, God only could render the vast equivalents that were necessary to a perfect and effective atonement. So great a work could not be intrusted to one who was merely human, for man had failed, and might fail in this. Nor could it be safely intrusted to an angel of heaven, for angels had failed, and might fail in this. An infallible being must undertake the mighty task in order to insure success. We know there is but one infallible being—God. Hence, God enters personally the redemptive scheme. This is the certain foundation of salvation. It is because of this that there

is no room for doubt as to a complete salvation for all who care to avail themselves of the proffered mercy of heaven. It is because Christ was divine that He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God through Him. It is because Christ was divine that He is able to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. It is because Christ was divine that we feel perfectly safe in pointing humanity, lost in sin, to the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' The greatest angel in glory would be filled with affright at the very thought of attempting to save one sin-stricken soul, and filling it with the 'peace of God that passeth all understanding.' But Christ, looking out upon the troubled sea of human life, stretches forth His hands over its surging billows, and says to the myriads of drifting souls, stricken and torn by bolts and blasts, 'Come unto Me—I will give you rest.' Only God would dare say that. Only God could fulfil that pledge. And in the midst of all these solemn truths the greatest is that it was God in love. It is love, not wrath, which we see in the blood of Calvary. It is the olive branch of peace, not the sword, that is held out in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. Across the darkness of heaven that covered with its inky pall the dying Son of God, behold the wondrous legend, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.'"

An unfinished later sermon on this text in John's Gospel displays many of these characteristics to which I have alluded. After declaring it "the grandest, and, at the same

time, the sweetest utterance of the Word of God," he speaks of the revelation of God in Christ, so different from all previous conceptions of Deity, showing that, as the starting-point of all thought of the divine nature must be human nature, those conceptions will inevitably be distorted and false without the aid of a special revelation. The religions of the ancients "were looking-glasses, in which they beheld counterparts of human society." Of the heathen: "It seems to me not unreasonable to suppose that God has given them some revelation, but that it has been interpreted by themselves, and so their gods are hideous because their own moral natures are hideous, and their religions are degraded because they are the embodiments of their own wickedness."

"Now the purpose of God in Christ was to give to men a true revelation of Himself in a visible form, and at the same time to give a key-note which should interpret that revelation aright. That is the underlying doctrine of the Christian philosophy of a Divine Incarnation. God desired to reveal Himself to men as a God of infinite love, and to make that revelation tangible, so that all should understand it. Therefore He clothed Himself with humanity, and lived among men as a perfect human being. Thus was translated the language of heaven into that of earth. As a sermon spoken to an audience in an unknown tongue might be translated by an interpreter into words familiar to every person in the congregation, so the perfect human nature of

Christ is a translation of the divine revelation in words which all the world may understand. God had spoken for ages of the love of His nature, but men would not understand. He had talked to the Hebrew people of His character as a long-suffering, patient, and merciful God, but they had failed to comprehend Him. And now, in the fulness of time, He sends His Son as the interpreter of all the past revelations of His love and mercy, as the interpreter of all the divine attributes, and as the interpreter of His dealings with the children of men through the ages of earth's history.

"Whoever carefully studies the teachings of the Son of God, and enters into the true spirit of His life, character, and mission, will see but one word expressed in everything, and that word is Love. Observe the pains which Christ incessantly took to place the Divine Being in the most attractive light. He represents Him as a Father, having infinite love and compassion for all His children, even when wayward and careless, and who causes the rain to fall and the sun to shine upon the just and the unjust. He knows the needs of all His offspring, even the smallest and meanest. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. And how much more will He observe, with loving care, those who, having immortal souls, are of more value than many sparrows. Observe how Christ cautions parents to pattern their conduct after that Heavenly Father. They are to be kind and merciful, because the Father is so. They are to

be unwearied in patience and tireless in forgiveness, because thus are they to become perfect even as God is perfect—that is to say, perfect in love. Observe how Christ emphasizes His teachings by a life of unfailing forbearance and tenderness, a life in which love to God and men is a prominent feature, as conspicuous as a mountain, as strong as the sea, as beautiful as a starlit sky. Having an infinite abhorrence for sin, He lives in the midst of the worst manifestations of sin three active years, and never an expression of impatience or anger escapes His lips. Having the clearest appreciation of the crudeness and coarseness of His disciples, He bears with their follies with unwearied kindness, and never, under the greatest provocation, administers other than the mildest rebuke, where common natures would have poured out the strongest invectives. Driven from place to place by the jealous leaders of society, who were constantly plotting His doom, He never lets loose that resistless power which reposes in His soul for their destruction, but even on the bitter Cross, in the midst of the awful agony and dreadful shame which their hate has imposed upon Him, lifts to Heaven a cry for their forgiveness which must have astonished even the spotless angels watching the bloody scenes of that eventful hour. Observe how love stands forth with the same bold and startling distinctness in the mission of Christ. He declares He came not to punish men for their sins, but to rescue them from punishment by saving them from sin ; He came not to condemn, but to redeem ; He

came not at the demand of wrath, but in response to the call of love. It was not the genius of hate that bound the writhing victim to the altars of justice, but it was the spirit of love that caused Him to lie down on the altar of earth, and to suffer gladly, and to die exultingly for those lost ones whom He had adopted as His brethren that they might be joint heirs with Him of eternal life. He was not drafted into the struggle between God and the devil for the possession of a world, but He was a volunteer who rushed to the front and buried in His own bosom the awful strokes of sin and death. And so the declaration of the text is evermore to stand out in letters of blood on the sky of human thought that 'God so *loved* the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"This word 'so' is the measure of an infinite compassion. We can see only the earthly end of that measure as it stretches down from the skies, an end that reveals just these two burning letters, but they reach up on high to the everlasting Deity. They give us glimpses of an infinite lovingness which we cannot comprehend, because we cannot know how much God can suffer, or what sacrifices God can make for those He loves, and we can only take the sacrifices and sufferings of our human love as a starting-point in our efforts to give practical meaning to the word 'so' in the text.

"We may consider, then, how human love expresses

itself with unmistakable emphasis when it parts with those things which are dearest and most precious in order to secure the welfare of the object of its quenchless passion. God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son for its redemption, and the Son so loved the world that He gladly turned away from the worship of angels, the delights of Paradise, and the joy of the Father's presence, in order to save that fallen world, and bring it back to the Father and to the Heaven He left behind when He entered upon the great mission of redemption.

"Then, again, we deem that human love reaches its highest and most forcible mode of expression when it does not shrink, even in the hour of death itself, in order that those that are loved may be rescued from dreadful peril. And Christ suffered such a death as no other human being ever did or ever could endure, because back of the visible scene of Calvary there was another scene which only God and the angels could witness. Beyond the human horror of the Crucifixion was another pain and horror infinitely more dreadful. That was the unutterable load of the world's guilt which bore down upon the quivering soul of the Son of Mary with such mighty pressure as to force the blood from every pore of His body, and to crush the life of this strong young man before the wounds of the nails had time to complete their deadly work. We are to take into thought both Gethsemane and Calvary in order to obtain any true view of the sacrifice, sufferings, and death of our

Saviour. Calvary was the victory of Satanic and human wrath. Gethsemane was the triumph of divine and human love. On Calvary men and devils were the victors, in Gethsemane angels and the God-man only. In Gethsemane Christ enters upon the fulfilment of His prophetic words, 'Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again.' Then and there the sacrificial offering for the world's redemption began. On Calvary His enemies thought to prove the error of His declaration when He said, 'No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.' But they found that He was already dead. Love had taken the noble spirit, and left for human hate and Satanic rage only a lifeless body."

CHAPTER X.

Fond du Lac—Incidents—Temperance Resolutions—"The Temperance Worker"—A Sunday Picnic—Discourse on the Sabbath and Marriage—An Incident—Uses of the Pulpit—A Discussion on Universalism.

IN the Conference minutes of 1871, under the caption, "Officers of the Conference Missionary Society," appear the names M. Simpson, President; G. C. Haddock, Vice-President. Twelve years later these names are again associated in an inestimable souvenir presented by the Bishop at Burlington, during the session of the Iowa Conference.

GEORGE C. HADDOCK, AGE 41 YEARS.

The appalling disasters of the Northern Wisconsin fires are recalled in a paragraph of the proceedings: "The touching proclamation of Governor

Fairchild, calling for aid for the sufferers in the northern counties of our State, was read and received with tears and applause." On the second day of the session a meeting was held in the interest of these sufferers, which was addressed by my father. On Sunday morning he preached in the Bishop's stead. There are no reports of either occasion.

We have seen his position on the candidacy of the Republican nominee for lieutenant-governor of the State. As Chairman of the Conference Committee on "Temperance and Tobacco," he crystallizes his opinions on temperance in politics in the report of that committee. The entire report reads as though it were designed for the present day.

"1st. Intemperance is one of the greatest evils that afflict the human family.

"2d. As long experience has clearly demonstrated that the constant use of alcohol, internally, is injurious to the human system, and as the appetite for strong drink grows with its gratification, until at last it gets to be uncontrollable, therefore the habitual use of alcoholic beverages, in any quantity, is an intemperate use. The only safe and rational course is total abstinence.

"3d. The foregoing propositions being true, it necessarily follows that the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is not a legitimate business. It is demanded by no interest of society. It brings no benefit to individuals, families, or States. It entails intolerable burdens and in-

numerable woes upon the body politic. Therefore it has no right to existence, and is entitled to no toleration on the part of the people.

"4th. As it is the business of the State to protect its citizens by law in the enjoyment of their rights and privileges, and to guard them against evils by means of which the good of society is imperilled, therefore the State ought to *prohibit* rather than *license* the liquor traffic.

"5th. All the friends of temperance are under the most solemn obligations to labor unceasingly and with all their might to bring about this end; and in the mean time they should demonstrate their loyalty to the temperance cause by supporting temperance papers, lecturers, and organizations; by refusing to deal with those who sell alcoholic beverages; by voting only for temperance men; and by giving their voice, their example, and their influence, always and everywhere, in favor of temperance, and against the liquor traffic.

"6th. In all elections where no great moral principle is directly involved Christian men will show their Christian manhood, and their consistency as temperance men, by selecting the best men who are in nomination, irrespective of partisan consideration, or by voting for good men who have not been nominated by either party, rather than by voting the straight ticket, regardless of the character of the candidates. We cannot but regard it as wicked and grossly inconsistent for men professing to be Christians and tem-

perance men to vote for individuals who are in sympathy with the liquor interest. In the present status of political affairs there is no question before the people that can at all compare with the suppression of the liquor traffic, with all its attendant evils ; and when we are brought to the point where loyalty to party is treason to temperance and morality, there can be no doubt as to the course which temperance men ought to take. They must be true to their highest moral convictions, whatever may become of parties or politicians."

This was considered a remarkable document. Rev. C. R. Pattee, then a member of the Conference, now of Cherryvale, Kansas, writes :

"It shows how far in advance of his times he then was. Not, perhaps, in advance of the sentiment in the Wisconsin Conference, for it was unanimously adopted, I think ; but no other man could so have voiced that sentiment. I look upon it as one of the most remarkable documents ever presented to the people. I well remember how that famous sixth resolution stirred the Conference, and was felt all through the State outside of church circles."

From this Conference he was appointed to Division Street Church, Fond du Lac, and he almost immediately engaged in the work so dear to him. His course was characteristic. He never took residence in any place but forthwith he seemed to reconnoitre society to discover what was going on, and what special evils were prevalent. On completing

the investigation, if the thoughts uppermost in men's minds were important, if the evils were arrogant and aggressive, they were soon forced upon him as his business for the time. It was so during three pastorates when traitors swarmed everywhere. It was so when he found spiritualism rampant around his people. The same challenge came to him here.

A few months after beginning his work in Fond du Lac the legislature of the State enacted what was popularly called the Graham Law, substantially the Bond Law of 1849, and essentially a civil damage law. A vigorous public sentiment sprang up in the city, and popular interest continued unabated for many weeks. Mass meetings were held from time to time, and crowded houses and enthusiastic addresses demanded the enforcement of the law, while hundreds of pledges were signed. During this agitation the Methodist pastor was tireless and outspoken. He addressed these meetings, and preached from his pulpit, and lectured in surrounding towns. He canvassed the evils of the liquor trade from every standpoint—startling statistics, psychological aspects, social and economical phases, the business itself, from barkeeper to adulterated poison, political questions, the demand upon moral character and citizenship.

Thoroughly engaged, he began, with others, the publication of a paper called the *Temperance Worker*. This little sheet soon became so trenchant as to invoke criticisms from

party men who conceded temperance to be well enough if not carried too far, but who entertained grave fears for the safety of the nation in the event of a Republican defeat. It is singular that the same danger which appears to be imminent to-day lurked fifteen years ago in the independent temperance vote. There is this difference, however: then the trouble was mainly with the vote, while to-day the trouble rises from the vote and the Christian churches. Yet this paper was not designed as a political organ—there was no real third party in Wisconsin then—but to "explain and uphold the new law." In an open letter in which this object was avowed the editor stated, "Whoever says it is a party paper, or that it will be during this campaign, lies—under a mistake." Then, referring to the Democratic candidate for President, he said, "As for myself, I must say there are some things that incline me toward Mr. Greeley. He is and always has been a strict temperance man—drinking nothing, it is said, but milk, clear. He has been for years an earnest prohibitionist—advocating the principles of the Maine law. He also believes, as I believe, and as two thirds of our American politicians believe, though they dare not say so, that 'Americans should rule America.'"

"The *Temperance Worker* will keep right on in the even tenor of its way until November, as originally contemplated. If temperance men and women want a radical temperance paper that dares to say, and will say, things that need to

be said, but which party papers dare not say—a paper which will show up things as they are, and call things what they are—a paper which is not afraid to expose the wicked doings of corrupt or weak-kneed officials, I invite them to subscribe."

The allusion to Greeley's doctrine that "Americans should rule America" was occasioned by a German picnic and parade which had taken place just before on a Sunday afternoon. The churches of the city had publicly "resolved" against the contemplated demonstration; but, although "the Fathers," when they landed at Plymouth Rock, had kneeled on the shore and dedicated this country to God and humanity, the voice of the churches had no weight against the exercise of "personal liberty"! The better class of society had protested in definite terms; but, while the better class are the guardians of the truth that the preservation of true liberty here depends upon the perpetuity of essentially American institutions, and therefore are the guardians of these institutions and of this liberty, their protestations weighed nothing with the new apostles of freedom! And it will always be so until that Spirit which declared, "This land does not exist solely for slavery," shall rise in its might and also declare: "This land is not God's preserve for any nation, but for the American Republic." The parade occurred, and men asked then, as they will ask for many years to come: "Is America an independent government, or a colony of the German

Empire?" There is rough foresight in Carlyle's hoarse prophecy, and such matters as Sunday parades, under the auspices of "personal liberty" and Gambrinus, give it force to-day: "Cease to brag to me of America and its model institutions and constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world; nothing, or as good as nothing, to men that sit idly caucusing and ballot-boxing on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, 'It is well, it is well!'

"America's battle is yet to fight, and we, sorrowful, though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New spiritual pythons, plenty of them, enormous megatheriums, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight future on America; and she will have her own agony and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of."

The subject of this history foresaw trouble, and spoke promptly and clearly before this violation of law occurred.

"Sabbath laws are needed, and, if needed, they should be impartially enforced, upon Germans as well as Americans, upon the saloon as well as the mill, upon the dance-house as well as the bank and the justice office. . . . As to men's beliefs, that has nothing to do with it. Sunday laws should be obeyed because they are laws, and are for the common good. The State cannot control men's beliefs, but it can control their actions."

We have seen him in his work against spiritualism. He

had observed the inevitable influence of that error upon the marriage relation, and saw with moral recoil the irreligious and destructive tendencies of our divorce laws. The city had been recently inflicted with lectures which were assaults upon the Christian theory of marriage. These considerations were not to be ignored. He preached on the subject in his usual direct manner.

"Twenty-five years ago the devil, through the agency of the Foxey girls, living near Rochester, N. Y., rapped into mundane existence a system of religion which consists for the most part in combined and systematic assaults upon the marriage relation."

"The household is the government in embryo."

"There are three parties to a marriage contract—the man, the woman, and the State."

"I reject the doctrine of affinities. The grandest results in nature are produced by the union of opposites, and so it is in marriage. Nature brings together people of opposite types, and combines these types in the offspring, thus preventing the race from running to various extremes of types and temperaments."

"In Utah a man may have his wives all at one time. In Wisconsin a man must have them one at a time. In neither case is there any restriction placed upon the number. Which is the worst?"

"If people do not live happily together it is because they will not rather than because they cannot."

"If a woman marries a man who drinks, in spite of the ten thousand warnings around her, she simply suffers the natural consequences of her own folly. It is no more cruel to hold her to it than it is for God to hold us all to the results of our own actions."

"The noblest spirits of earth and heaven are not those who have been restive and cowardly under burdens—those who have sought the easiest and quickest way out of troubles, irrespective of any considerations of right or wrong; but those who have borne whatever came to them, and especially whatever they have brought upon themselves, with brave, firm, heroic spirit. These are the heroes of earth and the princes of heaven."

It was with this question, as with many others, a matter simply to be decided in a moral light, and accepted without cavil or evasion. Thus decided, he would tell it to the world, if the world had need to hear it. Men everywhere said, "You always know where to find George C. Haddock." He would not truckle to name, position, or power, and while he was impetuous and possessed of faults, yet remorselessly true to reason and convictions, he would publish his treatise, though he raised the enemies Luther scorned; and his own opponents usually respected the fearless heart and large brain that moved him.

And with all this fidelity to right, fearlessness of devotion, and independence of accidental results, that rare quality, willingness to acknowledge error, was not wanting.

He had little pride of opinion. Concessions sometimes cost a great effort: sometimes he was apparently slow in reaching them. Yet in the end he could do this best thing, fairly and sincerely. And here also he insisted upon the supremacy of his convictions, even in the act of humbling himself. During the latter part of his pastorate an illustration of this trait occurred. A newspaper article had appeared under the initials of one of his parishioners, and he believed the latter had written it. In the course of the usual remarks at a social meeting, he alluded to it in stringent terms, and attributed the authorship to this member. The latter disclaimed any knowledge of the writing, and during the week excitedly demanded a public apology. Here was an outcome not looked for. Saturday night came. Must this thing be done? If right, one course only lay before him. Was it right? He shut himself up in his study, and walked the floor till morning, and then, entering his pulpit, rose and acceded to the demand; but he declined to utter a word beyond what the entire audience adjudged a fair amend. He could humble himself, but he would not abase himself.

The habit of looking over new ground, and entering immediately into its interests and needs, has been alluded to. The great problems of religion were ever present; his first business was with his church. But the political world suggested duties which, as a Christian citizen and public speaker, he could not evade. Similarly with other matters.

He deemed the responsibility of the pulpit far-reaching, covering all the moral interests of man, and resolutely refused to confine his labors to any narrow limits. He was "called" to preach all the truth he knew. His pulpit was an exalted place, too near the Almighty arm for cowardice, too sacred for "trimming," too noble for policy, too holy for the base uses of selfishness. It was his fortress, to be well defended. He dared not shirk its duties. Its privileges he prized above all other considerations. He would not prostitute; but he would not get behind it and make it a mask for inactivity. He would not use its office as an excuse for cowardice. It was holy and high, but it was not too sacred for any use that sought the real good of men. He was criticised for this view and his practice; but when he read the false notion that "ministers ought to keep out of politics or other discussions which men of exalted moral theories and low moral conduct are fond of advancing, he simply walked across his platform saying, almost to himself: "Humph! It's too bad about us ministers!"

During the spring of 1872 the pastor of a Universalist church at Fond du Lac had delivered a series of lectures on the tenets of his creed. These lectures were well received: if they were erroneous the influence must be pernicious. The pastor of the Methodist church believed that Universalism was wrong, and challenged the lecturer to a public discussion through the medium of the press. The challenge was accepted, and, during an entire summer, the

arguments, *pro* and *con*, continued, through nearly fifty columns. A few extracts may illustrate the author of the orthodox side.

After adverting to the apparent convergence in some respects of belief among "orthodox people and Universalists," he said: "I believe that the time is not far distant when the mass of Christian people throughout the world will settle down upon this idea, that in the other world, as in this, character is the source (approximate) of happiness or misery, and that this earth-life is the period for the formation of character. *In other words, the wicked will always suffer, and the righteous always enjoy the natural, legitimate outgrowth of disposition, habits, characteristics, etc., established on earth.* This may be called the religio-philosophical mode of stating the doctrine of eternal rewards and punishments."

"All that any intelligent Christian need claim for the Bible is, that it is a divinely-authorized standard of truth."

"In the moral sphere, as in the physical, the Divine Being seeks the greatest good for the greatest number, and gives laws which are calculated to secure this end. And whatever happiness or misery comes to an individual is the natural result of obedience to or violation of those laws."

"The righteous will be separated, naturally, from many things which tend to interfere with their enjoyment here, while the wicked will be separated, naturally, from many things which afford sensual gratification, and tend to divert

their minds from the consciousness of their moral condition. But in all this there is no God-inflicted punishment. It is self-inflicted."

"This truth (that man is a free moral being) underlies all government. All the laws laid down in the Bible, its threatenings and promises, its rewards and penalties, its appeals and exhortations, are based on this idea. They all suppose that man is, under God, the arbiter of his own destiny. It is for him, by the help of the Divine, to harmonize himself with the laws of his being, and rise to the highest moral attainments; or, on the other hand, if he rejects the highest good, to suffer the consequence of his own choice. These two alternatives are necessarily associated. The power to rise, through virtue, implies the power to fall through vice; and the heights to which a moral being may rise, by reason of his obedience, suggest the depths to which he may fall by reason of his disobedience."

When he comes to the consideration of law he confesses his inability to grapple with the theme.

"Wherever we look, whether in the past or present, whether in the heavens, the air, the waters, or the depths of the earth, we behold Law standing ever before us--one hand filled with blessings, the other laden with thunderbolts —demanding our obedience in the name of Jehovah, and rewarding or punishing us according as we do or do not listen to her voice."

"The heavenliness of heaven consists not in its adorn-

ments, but in the moral beauty of its inhabitants, and this moral beauty has been acquired through obedience."

"If all the inhabitants of earth were to be translated as they are, in one moment, to heaven, it would then be only another earth."

"The plea that God has brought us here without our consent, and is therefore under obligations to drag us to heaven, whether we want to go or not, is a poor, pitiful, cowardly plea. God's government is based on law, and law decrees happiness or misery to the sons of men, according to their relation to it, whether antagonistic or harmonious to it."

"What, then, are the remedial agencies? Christ, in the moral world, corresponds to the remedial agencies which God has placed in the material world, by means of which the results of violated law are sometimes modified, and prevented from working out the extreme penalty—death. 1. He has 'tasted death for every man,' and has thus made 'eternal life' possible to every human being. 2. All who die in infancy are saved. 3. The Holy Spirit is given to all to enlighten, convict, and restrain. 4. Innumerable temporal blessings, growing out of the progress of Christianity, are enjoyed by all who live in Christian lands. 5. Those who have never heard of Christ are saved by obedience to the light they possess, through the atonement."

"Salvation through Christ is not an arbitrary arrangement. It is the natural result of certain causes. God,

through Christ, reveals to man His wisdom, goodness, power, truth. Man, under the influence of the Spirit of Truth, is arrested by the sight, loathes himself, turns away from his sins, consecrates himself to God."

Death produces no change in the soul. "If it is pure death cannot make it less pure. If it is sinful death cannot render it holy."

God desires the salvation of all; but the desire for salvation does not necessitate salvation. God's omnipotence is limited by the nature of omnipotence. "The creation of a moral being who is so hedged about by omnipotence that he cannot act contrary to an overmastering will is a natural impossibility. It is a contradiction of terms."

Then he drops into a series of questions. They illustrate him exactly whenever he assumed the offensive, and it was difficult to hold him to a defensive attitude.

"What do you mean by inspired portions of the Bible? What part of the Bible is not inspired?"

"Do you believe that the angels who 'kept not their first estate' are to be saved? If so, where is the proof? If not, what about your 'reign of universal holiness'?"

If the fallen angels, Satan included, are on salvable grounds, would it not be right to pray for them? If so, do you pray for them? If not, why not? And is it any worse for God to punish forever man than for Him to punish forever angels?"

"Do you believe that drunkards, etc., go to heaven immediately? If not, do you believe in purgatory?"

"If you believe in a Universalist hell, where the wicked are to have their sins whipped out of them, where do you find out about it? How long will your Universalist hell last? How do you know that it will ever end?"

"Do you believe that the existence of sin and suffering for thousands of years is inconsistent with the goodness of God? If it is, why has God permitted it? If it is not, then what period of sin and suffering would be inconsistent with the goodness of God?"

"Do you believe that the inhabitants of heaven are happy now, knowing that some of their brethren are sinning and suffering? If they are not happy now, when do you think they will begin to be happy?"

"Is your belief that all men will finally be saved based on the divine nature alone, or on the divine and human together? If on the former, irrespective of the latter, can you tell why God does not now save all men from sinning and suffering? If on both, does not the fact that millions are yet in sin, in spite of all God has done for them, suggest the possibility that some may always continue in sin, in spite of the goodness of God?"

"Every philosophical mind can see that hell, composed as it is of those who have positively rejected the highest good, and fixed their souls in moral evil, is as much a proof of the love of God as heaven, composed as it is of those who

have accepted the highest good, and established themselves, by the help of God, in holiness. Heaven would be torture to the irrevocably bad soul, as much so as hell would be to an angel. Satan would find his most excruciating torment in the presence of the throne of God."

"Law says of the man who has lived and died in sin, 'He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.' He has established the habits that decide the sphere in which he is to live, and now the laws of his being forbid a revolution, because it is in accordance with law that he has come into a fixed state, with which he is satisfied, and from which he desires not to change. The pressure upon him is not from without, but from within. The power that holds him is not the relentless hand of God, but the relentless nature of sin, which has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, which has permeated every avenue of his being, and poisoned all the currents of his life, until sin is all there is of him, and he has no desire to be other than what he is."

"If man's probation extends beyond this life, this extension must include the righteous as well as the wicked. So that if there is a possibility that any of the latter will rise and be saved after death, there is also a possibility that some of the former will fall."

"I dare not charge God with hypocrisy. I believe that He means what He says, and all He says, in the Bible. Sin is not "needed" by Him at all. He did not order it. It

exists contrary to His desire. The devil is the devil in defiance of God."

"The idea that sin and suffering are the saviours of men is as much opposed by the facts of daily experience as it is by the Word of God."

"Restoration means salvation beyond the grave; but there can be no salvation for the wicked unless good influences are brought to bear upon them from some source; and God has ordered that these good influences (aside from the operations of the Spirit) shall proceed from the hearts and the lives of good men and women. Hence, good men and women must mingle with bad men and women after death, as before, in order to effect their restoration; therefore, the righteous do not go to heaven when they die."

"The restorationist notion of post-mortem salvation is a reflection upon the infinite wisdom and goodness of God. The condition of the wicked after death must be equally as favorable for their salvation as their conditions here, or less favorable, or more so. If the conditions are only equally favorable, what reasonable probability is there that the man who has spent a lifetime in sin—rejecting all the divine overtures, and hardening himself against Christ, year after year, dying, perhaps, with feelings of defiance in his heart and words of defiance on his lips, will, at last, repent and believe in the midst of surroundings which are only equally favorable for his salvation with those he has

always enjoyed? If the conditions in which the wicked are placed after death are less favorable than those enjoyed in this life, then, of course, the probability of their salvation is still less. We are then driven to the third proposition; but we are here confronted with grave difficulties. Two things seem to me self-evident: 1. That God grants to man the most favorable conditions for his salvation at the most favorable period of his existence. 2. The early years of man's existence constitute the most favorable period for his salvation."

"If wicked men are placed by death in more favorable conditions, then it follows that those who commit suicide, those who are executed for crime, and those who shorten their earthly lives by intemperate living, do thereby better their condition, secure for themselves greater advantages, and get to heaven sooner than would have been the case if they had been only ordinary sinners."

The series finally closed with an appeal to Scripture. These extracts afford only glimpses into the papers in full. The latter covered the entire range of evangelical belief on the subject discussed. Plain in style, compact in thought, logical throughout, they at least suggested insuperable difficulties to a final restoration of the earthly wicked, and undoubtedly confirmed the faith of orthodox Christians. They were replete with knotty problems. Again and again questions appeared which probably cannot be

answered. These, with the attacks always permissible in a public debate, gave them an influence for what he believed to be right, which was neither ephemeral nor doubtful. They were radical papers, for the writer was a radical man.

CHAPTER XI.

A Presiding Elder—A Temperance Wave—"The Blessings of Whiskey"—Conference Troubles—"Father, Thy Hand"—Assaulted—A Judicial Farce—The "Iconoclast."

FROM the pastorate to the presiding eldership is, perhaps, as positive a change as from the itinerancy of to-day to that of a hundred years ago. A hundred years ago that itinerancy was emphatically a "travelling connection." Then the saddle-bag was a reality and the circuit a slow, tedious, and weary ride. The Methodist preacher was a pioneer among pioneers. He was constantly moving on from charge to charge. The luxury of a work limited to a single place was seldom known to him. He might possess a home for a brief period, to which he returned from his pastoral visitations; but those visitations extended over many miles.

The minister who goes from the work of the pastor to that of the general superintendent must, therefore, find in the latter field a type of the old travelling connection. He must leave his home for many days. He must sacrifice the comforts of his own fireside for the discomforts of a guest, often welcomed without preparation, or in a religiously perfunctory manner. He must preach to new faces and among

new conditions constantly. If he is at his best in the pulpit, he can seldom be at his best on the district. If his talents are highest as a pastor, then is there little opportunity for genuine pastoral work. And if he is a student, and loves "dear solitude, the soul's best friend," and prefers "to read, and meditate, and write," to the statistics and burdens of supervision, these must be foregone. It is difficult to see how a good pastor can be a good presiding elder.

It was often said, during his ministry of more than twenty-five years, "Brother Haddock is a splendid preacher, but he is not a good pastor," meaning that he was not an adept at visiting. This was true. He did not especially love this kind of work. He did not at first draw men to him, and he drew men to him in the end by the revelation of his mind and heart in the pulpit and the social meeting, rather than by clerical calls. While, too, his religion was a daily experience, he was not given to pious expressions. Consolation and advice he could offer, but it was not his habit to volunteer either without good occasion. To deal out spiritual sentimentalism was with him impossible. Sincerity was a law of his life. Earnestness was his uniform trait. He was in earnest about his ministry, and that earnestness forbade what he could not do in a genuine way. He could not gossip, neither about his own soul nor the souls of others. He could not prattle to any one, in whatever terms prattle might be clothed. Others might possess a different gift. Others did, and it was sacred, to be sacredly

used; for himself, he would use the gifts God had given him.

Moreover, he was a man who lived much within himself. His mind was incessantly active. He could do what few men can do—whistle and think. On his pastoral rounds he seemed to be making sermons, working his way to conclusions, settling problems. He often said to his people that if he was not social, it was solely because he was thinking of his work. Dwelling thus in an atmosphere of intense thought, he was not as open to men as he would have been had he been in almost any respect a different man. If he found a man or woman who also was considering questions, he was often open, responsive, and communicative. To the mass of people he was genial and ready with helpfulness, it is true; he was not a cold man, nor essentially a retired man; but he lacked the easy surface sympathy, the pious phraseology, and the ability to entertain earnestly the small details of daily life, more or less essential to some conceptions of the ideal pastor. To all criticisms on this lack he replied, "I am not in the habit of making many pastoral visits; but this is not because I haven't any interest in the members of my church. I usually act on the assumption that I can trust them, and if you don't find me calling on you every day or two, you may conclude I don't think you need watching. I believe, as a general rule, that one man can do only one thing well. Men who scatter in several directions are apt to be weak in all. I can't succeed in con-

stant visiting and in preaching. I shall have to sacrifice the visiting."

Yet when he was taken from the pastorate at the Conference of 1873 and made presiding elder of the Fond du Lac District, he entered upon the discharge of distasteful duties. He loved his home and his study, however plain, because these afforded freedom and opportunities for undisturbed thought. He disliked cold beds and freight trains, and rising at all hours, and the general tramp life of the district. He believed his preachers knew their work better than himself, and as he would brook no stirring-up of his affairs when a pastor, whatever may have been his duty in that direction as a presiding elder was unattractive. And above all he shrank from the usual begging for the latter's salary. Of the whole matter he writes to his wife: "This sphere I now fill is none of my choosing. I occupy it cheerfully, and I shall leave it just as cheerfully when the way is clear."

But this field afforded him opportunities for the work he loved next to the Gospel. Again he writes: "I went to ——— and preached Saturday. I came here to my quarterly conference. Had a good time. To-night I go to ——— to hold quarterly conference and lecture (on temperance, probably). Then I come back here to stay and help Brother —— three evenings. Friday expect me home. Friday evening I shall have to take the cars for ———, thence by stage fifteen miles to ———." All this going

about furnishes occasion for temperance work. In another letter this appears: "Held quarterly conference in the evening. Next day went to ———, and held quarterly conference. On Monday night lectured on temperance at ———, on Tuesday night at ———, and Wednesday and Thursday evenings at ———. . . . There is a great wave of influence on the temperance question now, and I want to do all I can in that direction, while people are thinking about it."

Everywhere he battles with this wrong. He covered no truth. As he had said the *Temperance Worker* would do, he now "says things that need to be said," and is not afraid to expose the liquor traffic and "corrupt or weak-kneed officials." And as a result saloon men and weak-kneed officials, or others who possess the same blood, hate his name. In a letter two years before he had said, "To-day is election day. C. is running for the Assembly, and the whiskey sellers and drinkers are doing all they can to beat him. They are pitching into the Methodist Church and me with all their might." They did not injure the Church; they were more fortunate with the man. The hate which he aroused, born of wrong, took the offensive with wrong. All this time he had dealt hard blows at this incarnation of remorseless evil, this Jeffreys without law, this Philip without a plea, this Nero without ignorance, and its allies, prostituted officers of State or municipal governments. Did he expect this could go on forever? He thought he was

under the protection of law and duty ; but the law could prove as little effective against the blasts of the Black Forest as the wall of Rome against the hordes of Alaric, because weakness and treason guarded the law. Hence he was certain to suffer. A traffic which gives to the word "monopoly" gigantic proportions, and puts to blush the malevolent intolerance of mediæval inquisitions, was certain to take in hand this Methodist preacher, who would destroy robbery and protect women and children, and demanded that in a land of liberty the supreme law should be, "The greatest good for the greatest number." It was certain that in fighting Satan he would feel the cunning of Mephistopheles, and in answering Mephistopheles, he would feel the power of Satan.

What was he saying? "We are living in a fast age. Everything goes with a rush. We have lightning lines of telegraph, lightning presses, lightning sailers and trains, and lightning whiskey, warranted to kill at forty rods. Fifty years ago it was supposed that three bushels of corn were required to make one gallon of whiskey. Now, by the aid of strychnine and other similar delicacies, we can make three gallons with one bushel. It took our forefathers thirty or forty years to bring on the delirium tremens ; but now our improved facilities are warranted to grow a good crop of snake-in-the-boots in five or six years. In the slow old-fogy days, when people had nothing to poison themselves with but alcohol, it was often the work

of years to transform a man into a drunkard. Nature had only one kind of poison to deal with, and she made a gallant fight before yielding; but modern improvements are too much for her, and she throws up the sponge in a short time. Now, drunkard-making is reduced to a fine art, and all the poisons known to man are called in to aid those who make this study their life-work."

"If the State is going into partnership in the business of drunkard-making, it strikes me it ought to give the business aid and encouragement. If it is proper to license this work, it is proper to offer premiums to those who will do the best work; say $1000 for the biggest job of drunkard-making in the State; $500 for the finest young man ruined; $200 for the greatest home-blight produced; $100 for the best pair of blear eyes; $50 for the most artistic specimen of nose-decoration."

"Note what good men liquor-sellers are required to be. The liquor-seller must be a good moral man; he must give bonds that he will behave himself and keep a good place for the manufacture of drunkards, in a nice, pleasant, respectable manner; all mischief must be done according to law; the devil must be slicked up and made to appear very gentlemanly and agreeable, so that if people will keep his company they may not be offended by the sight of his horns and hoofs and the smell of sulphur; if people will take the downward track, let them go as easily as possible in a palace-car."

"Liquor-drinking tends to rid men of certain qualities which are supposed by some to be great hindrances to a high moral and religious progress. Man, for instance, fell through pride, an undue desire for independence and exaltation, and from that hour to this, pride and vanity have been among the chief obstacles to religious progress. Now, there is nothing more effectual for removing the cause of pride and reducing a man to a state of abject humility and mortification than strong drink. Men are proud when they possess fine homes and happy wives and well-dressed and intelligent children. Drink robs a man of his home, writes deep lines of sorrow on the face of his wife, clothes his children with the rags of shame, and brings him to a point where he takes pride no longer in any of these things. Men are proud when they have fine forms and splendid intellects. Drink transforms the gentleman into the beast, and makes a drivelling imbecile of the child of genius. Men are proud when they possess farms and bonds and mortgages and greenbacks. Drink transfers the wealth of the drinker to the pockets of the seller. So in every respect. When men are sober they prosper and rejoice in possessions of every kind, and there is a constant liability and temptation in the direction of pride and vanity and covetousness and ostentation—all the vices that are apt to accompany earthly success. But the drunkard is not troubled by temptations in this direction ; not in the least. He never looks down on any one ; not he. He is not a man of aristocratic

tastes and habits ; not a bit. He would just as soon wear rags as good cloth. He would just as soon fraternize with thieves and gamblers as the higher 'upper ten.' Thus all these hindrances—pride, ostentation, aristocratic feelings, arrogance, superciliousness, exclusiveness, haughtiness—are swept away, and instead are dejection, mortification, abasement, humiliation. The drunkard literally and truly adopts the words of the poet, 'I nothing have, I nothing am.'

"Hence we see why some very respectable people are far more afraid of the Church than of the saloon. We often see in the papers arguments on the divorcement of Church and State. I have never seen any reason to believe the Church is married to the State ; but it must be so, because a certain class of orators and editors tell us they ought to be divorced. But we never hear the same editors and orators clamoring for the divorce of the saloon and State. Oh, no ! It is all right for beer-manufacturers and whiskey-sellers to run the State, but not for the Church. The drunkard-makers may meddle with politics, but not preachers. All of which shows how much more deadly the Gospel is than beer, how much more blessed the saloon is than the Church."

And the reward of this kind of work soon came. While he was travelling his district, lecturing on the "Blessings of Whiskey," and preaching like a very Savonarola against the traffic, there came a time when he could say, "I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, say

they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my haltings, saying, ' Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him.' " So reports arose and spread, and finally culminated in an investigation in the district. That investigation resulted in an absolute exoneration; but the end was not yet. When he " went up to Conference," at Oshkosh, in 1874, he found these rumors rife, notwithstanding that acquittal. It is needless to go into particulars. If the evidence at hand were not sufficient, subsequent events would remove all doubt from this case. His own action was a refutation. He rose before his brothers, and demanded a committee. " I have heard dark rumors against me by some members of this Conference. They are not new to me, for a regular committee has duly investigated the case, and the verdict of that committee was my entire acquittal. Nevertheless, these stories and breaths of scandal are being zealously circulated from mouth to mouth, from house to house, and some of my brother ministers have given them wing. Now, I have nothing in the world but my reputation, and that reputation is more to me than lands or gold. It is in the hands of this Conference, and I either want that body to send me forth spotless, or take my parchment away from me. I demand a committee to sit on my case." A district committee had done this. A guilty man would have used that fact; but an innocent needs no shield. The Conference committee, composed of Revs. H. Bannister,

G. M. Steele, J. W. Carhart, and J. Anderson reported "imprudence." He confessed imprudence before the Conference, but protested this was the utmost limit of the truth. By a rising vote his character was then passed.

It was a trying ordeal; for while he was radical for right, he was sensitive to all features of this attack. He feared it would interfere with his usefulness and "lower his appointment." No man was more willing to sacrifice for his King than he; but a "charge" second to those he had been given before would be a "cloud on the title" of his vindication. If vindicated, he was entitled to the same grade of work he had hitherto received. He would "go forth spotless," or lose his connection with the Conference. He therefore openly asked for a "location;" but his brothers, by another rising vote, requested him to withdraw that demand.

This matter was the first blow received from the liquor trade. That it originated in the malevolence of the saloon is no more doubtful than that the assault at Sheboygan Falls or the assassination at Sioux City originated in that spirit. It was the conclusion of the district committee that the matter was a conspiracy. Rev. W. W. Case, then a member of that body, writing to him five years later, when the same rumors were again charged by a similar spirit from another source, declared, "I think I know about as much on this matter as any other third person. I am convinced, and was at the time, it was a matter cooked up at the first

instance by the saloon-keepers and beer-guzzlers, against whom you dealt many severe and unmerciful blows. I well remember that Brother (J. W.) Woodhead (who said of the same affair in 1880, 'The devil is not dead yet, is he?') expressed himself as of the same opinion, which I firmly held, that there was an ungodly conspiracy against you on the part of bad men on account of the liquor question."

But the affair burned in his soul. He said in a letter, "I do not see what there is to be done, except to bear what is and take what comes with patience and fortitude. I can afford it better than they can. I shall live it down, as I have other things, and come off at the top, if God wills." That was the man's prevailing spirit. All through life his reliance was placed on the immutable justice of God. As he had written a year or two before, so he could say now, "Father, Thy hand"—"even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

"Father, the hour is dark—
So wild and dark!
The sun hath set in gloom,
And in its room
Tempest and night are come;
In doubt and fear I stand—
Father, Thy hand, Thy hand.

"Father, the way is hard—
So long and hard!

The thorns my flesh do tear,
The rocks my feet do wear,
My head to heaven is bare ;
Father, in this dread land
Give me Thy hand, Thy hand.

" Father, the fight is fierce—
So hot and fierce !
My foes do press me sore,
Swarm all my steps before,
Besiege me more and more ;
Amid hell's fiery band,
Father, Thy hand, Thy hand.

" Oh, keep my hand in Thine—
My hand in Thine !
And then, tho' dark the hour,
Tho' storm and flood do pour,
Tho' legions press me sore,
Fearless and firm I'll stand,
Grasping Thy hand, Thy hand."

Nor was this the limit. Other events occurred during the summer of 1874 which revealed another phase of radicalism. On the night of April 30th, at a little village called Sheboygan Falls, he was waylaid and assaulted by three armed men. He had just delivered a characteristic lecture on temperance. That lecture was of the same tone and spirit as all his utterances on the subject. There was a strong feeling in the community against him, for the pre-

dominating element was foreign, and the liquor interest was dear to most of them. The saloon men hated his name. As his arguments could not be answered, physical force must be resorted to.

Having made his address at the Methodist church, he started for the pastor's home. The night was dark and chilly, and he wore his gloves, and his overcoat closely buttoned. As there was no walk, he took the road, and when about a block away from the church was struck a violent blow across the face by what he believed to be a "billy." Turning to repel the attack, he saw there were three men. He instantly struck one of his assailants, and then began a hand-to-hand fight which continued several minutes. Not a word was spoken. He was not prepared for such an encounter; he could not get off his gloves or coat, but he fought with all the fury of a strong and enraged man. At one instant he was down, with all his assailants upon him. At the next, positions were reversed. Meanwhile he was receiving terrible blows with some blunt instrument, and giving what he could with gloved fists. He could lay hand neither to stick nor stone—the road was utterly bare. His hat had fallen off. His hair hung over his eyes. Blood streamed down his face. At last he discovered that one of the ruffians had a small pistol, and then he shouted out into the darkness a cry of fear and alarm. At this the fellows turned and fled in different directions. One of them he followed, shouting to

SCENE OF THE ASSAULT AT SHEBOYGAN FALLS, WIS.

a passer-by, "Stop that man, he has tried to murder me!" The man ran into a saloon, at the door of which appeared the burly proprietor, and when he demanded that the scoundrel be given up, the liquor-dealer, true to the instincts of his class, assumed the defiance of scoundrelism, and retorted with an angry refusal. This was as wind to the flames, and the panting pursuer exclaimed, "If you fellows who are there will come out and defend yourselves one by one, I will whip every man of you!"

"The town," writes Rev. C. R. Pattee, pastor of the M. E. church at this place, was largely under the control of the liquor power. I had inaugurated some temperance meetings for the purpose of creating, if possible, sufficient temperance sentiment to elect a town council of temperance men. The issue was, *license* or *no license*. It was at the time also of the *Woman's Crusade*, and the women were quite active. With Mrs. Pattee at their head, they had met for prayer, and visited the saloons of the place, passing through all the experiences incident to that movement. The liquor men, angry, but trembling in their boots, made every possible effort to stem the tide that was setting in against them. But the temperance cause gained ground rapidly, and a large number had signed the pledge. A council was elected, a majority of whom were supposed to be temperance men.

"The liquor party was greatly incensed, and the usual threats of incendiarism and personal violence were made.

No overt act, however, was anticipated. In the midst of this state of things brother Haddock came down to our assistance. We hailed his coming with joy, for we greatly needed just such help as he could give. Although rumored threats had been heard, we did not expect that any attack would be made upon him. He delivered three of his most effective lectures. He put into them all his marvellous power of pathos, logic, sarcasm, and invective. He never did more effective service. No liquor-dealer could sit at ease under his terrific arraignment of the traffic. After the third lecture the women tarried at the church to transact some business pertaining to their work. I stayed to accompany my wife, and your father started for the parsonage, several blocks away. When we reached home he was not there. Fearing that something had befallen him, I was about to go in search of him, when he came in, hatless, his clothes covered with the dirt of the street, his head cut open to the bone in several places, and the blood flowing over his face and neck. It was a terrible sight to behold. He had been attacked on his way to the parsonage by three hired ruffians, armed with a pistol and clubs. One of them stole up behind him and struck him with a leaded rattan or something of that kind. Your father, hearing a footstep behind him, turned a little to see who it might be and to let him pass, which caused the blow to overreach its mark. It struck him in the mouth, knocking out a tooth, and cutting through one lip. This blow was doubtless in-

tended to render him helpless. He turned immediately upon his assailant, and would soon have put him *hors de combat* but that the other two rushed to his assistance. A short but terrible struggle ensued. Your father was an active, muscular man, and knew how to handle himself in such a contest ; but, unarmed, and with his overcoat and muffler on, he could not cope with three armed men. The pistol was fired but once, the bullet passing through the rim of your father's hat. It was then used as a club, until wrenched from the grasp of the assassin. In that effort your father lost his hat, thus leaving his head exposed to every stroke of their clubs, by which he was repeatedly felled to the earth. Finding himself overpowered, he called for help, when the cowardly villains broke and ran in different directions. Wild with excitement, and determined to know who they were, he gave chase to one of them, until the flying miscreant took refuge in a saloon, to which your father was refused admittance. Accompanied by a passing citizen, he then returned to the scene of the conflict, where he picked up one of the clubs which had been used upon him, and came to the parsonage, as before stated."

In relating this scene, his feelings always alternated between tremendous indignation and amusement ; but when asked if he prayed there in the darkness, while desperately defending his life, he answered, " Pray ! No, I never thought of praying ; but I did think that was a very clean

road." There can be no doubt as to the object of this attempt. A club and "billy," with the pistol, were afterward found on the spot, and he was seriously injured, for many weeks feeling the effects of the savage blows about his head. It was said then, as it was said with reference to the last tragedy, that the intent was not to kill, but merely to punish. To all such abuse of reason and evidence, the fact stands as answer that men do not use deadly weapons merely for the purpose of whipping.

A warrant for the arrest of these men was immediately sworn out. The investigation was a farce. The justice, a true type of most Western justices, and a perfect sample of that class of men who hate temperance, had not even the wisdom to conceal his prejudice nor the loyalty to the Church of which he was a member—the Methodist—to act without prejudice. On the adjournment of the case this magistrate expressed the opinion that the prosecution would fail, for the defence would prove that "Haddock struck the first blow." On being asked if that theory seemed reasonable, he began to abuse his presiding elder, declared himself "outraged" at the latter's temperance utterances, and "that it was a shame to preach temperance with the elements of the Lord's Supper before him. He had declined to partake of the sacrament. He believed the preacher had brought the assault upon himself, for he had disturbed the whole community by his miserable temperance talk." At the close of the remarks by counsel,

when the case was again called, this miniature Jeffreys read his decision from a written paper, prepared before the appearance of parties. The prisoners were discharged in the face of evidence sufficient, beyond a reasonable doubt, to hold them, and personal liberty was amply vindicated. The justice was subsequently subjected to a church trial for bribery in this case, and expelled.

Another attempt was then made. The defendants were re-arrested on a charge of simple assault and battery, and brought before a second justice. From the latter the case was sworn away to the first, and here the defence declared that "His Honor" was an "important witness," and there must be another removal. "His Honor" thereupon proposed to send the case to a third "guardian of the law," and when the prosecution remonstrated on the ground that the latter had been counsel for the prisoners in the first examination of the charge of assault with intent to kill, and while it was arguing this strange point in justice, informed the defendant's attorney that he might "make out the papers" for removal to this whilom counsel. And this also was personal liberty.

The case came at last to a trial. The accused were fully identified. The weapons were produced. The complainant's testimony was corroborated in all essential particulars, but the prosecution was poorly conducted. No one, from district-attorney to jury, desired a conviction. The district-attorney was "assisted," but the "assistance" had

forgotten Brougham's rule of fidelity to his client. The jury was largely German, and biassed. The verdict was, "Not guilty."

Yet the mouth of this fearless man was not closed. Only death could do this. He soon avowed his determination to return to the place and speak on the same subject; and he did. His friends remonstrated with him, and expressed fears for his safety. His answer disclosed the man and his motives: "If there is a spot in all this broad land where free speech is denied, that is the place I want to go to!" Rumors came to him that he was to be arrested at this place —on what grounds does not appear. He wrote his wife in June, 1874, on the matter:

"I saw a man from the Falls. He said they were calculating to arrest me when I went back. This need not alarm you in the least; I shall be safer in jail there than out of jail, and the result finally will be for my benefit. Whoever arrests me will have to smart for it at last. Be prepared to hear of my arrest, but do not let it worry you."

It has been said that he was intolerant, and an iconoclast; and it is true that in the early years of his ministry he did not, perhaps, sufficiently discriminate, so far as the outreaching of his thoughts was concerned, between intolerance of error in the abstract and of evil in the concrete. He never at any time abated from his position that bad men cannot be separated from their wicked practices, but he later learned that while this might be firmly held as a

gauge of action toward them, yet in thought and moral sympathy the scoundrel had still an immortal soul to be saved, if possible. This truth came when mind and judgment matured, and spiritual experience had enlarged.

On the purely intellectual side of his nature he was never intolerant. More and more, too, the concessions of mental charity became something deeper and broader than mere tolerance, assuming a phase of pathetic generosity familiar to every thinking, self-knowing man, affixing to the right of belief a higher function than a mere right, finding in all honest, noble opinions something essentially truthful, akin to the truth, God-touched, if not God-filled. His condemnation of rascals was magnificent. It was this discrimination and this stern, fiery indignation against obstinate scoundrels that inspired hatred among men of darkness everywhere. Why should a minister of Jesus Christ burden his lips with tickling words, and smile in the presence of criminals, and handle them tenderly? Does the world pass timorous judgment upon Judas Iscariot, or upon Robespierre, or upon Benedict Arnold, or upon Booth? When he came, therefore, to deal with a trade which is knowingly all for evil, he appealed only to truth, and having made the appeal, dared not sacrifice one jot or one tittle. All the sarcasm, all the invective, all the hot wrath of his soul, was roused and arrayed against it. No one can explain his early espousal of this work, except through his own nature. He had never suffered any special wrong from the

traffic, but he saw its inconceivable depravity, and as he had been called of God unto all good works, he took up the cause of temperance, and having done so, paused not for friend or foe until death took away his shield and laid aside his sword.

And if he was an iconoclast, it was well.

> "God's will alone he seeks to know,
> The law of right his only goal."

But it was in this sense only. The true iconoclast is distinguishable from the persecutor. The destruction of religious enthusiasm can never equal the ruin of bigotry. The breaking of images can never equal the breaking of human limbs. The burning of works of art can never equal the burning of men and women. The mistakes of iconoclasm can never measure up to the atrocities of the Inquisition. No iconoclast could ever become Philip the Second of Spain. He was an iconoclast, but he would destroy evil that men might live. He would destroy the saloon that the saloon might not destroy the home, the Church, the State.

He never struck too hard against the rum business; and if in other matters his impetuous onsets seemed intolerant and harsh, we may well ask, as Trollope asked, "Who, when the lash of objurgation is in his hands, can so moderate his arm as never to strike harder than justice would require?" And all this had its obverse side. Sympathy

RACINE M. E. CHURCH.

for sufferers, as well as considerations of the general welfare, inspired his actions. When he really thought of bad men as erring children of the one God-Father, all the wrath died out of his soul, leaving not so much as the smell of fire, and tears rose from his heart, and the prayer, "Father, forgive them." It was not uncommon for him to pass from one mood to the other in an instant—now towering like a demi-god of judgment, now melted to broken tenderness. Weeks before his death he prayed for the men who were cursing him with threatenings, who finally killed him, alone, in a city of Christian churches.

CHAPTER XII.

The Law—The Alcoholic Ring—Remark of Logan—Racine—Death of Florence—"Up the Stairs"—Appleton—Lawrence University—"Work and Play"—An Apostolic Watch—Politics—A Debate—Shot at—Extracts from Sermon—Third-Party Preachers—Conference Sermon.

AFTER the legal farce just narrated the complainant entertained a profound contempt for civil law as generally administered. He saw, what is true, that most lawsuits are games of chance. In the first place, it is always uncertain what the law is until courts of last resort make it. The great underlying theory of the common law, that courts do not make but simply announce, has long been, in America at least, a travesty on common-sense. He knew that litigation is little more than a contest as to the best and shrewdest man; that it is largely carried on without the slightest regard to the abstract question of right; that its aim, from summons to judicial opinion, is to secure victory, whether right or wrong, and that judicial opinion is quite as likely to withhold substantial justice as to award it. He discovered that a vast network of technicalities had been woven around the ancient body of the law as laid down in Coke and Blackstone, and that the tendency of this network is, year by year, to kill and corrupt substantial law itself. He observed

that unscrupulous men were everywhere in the profession, and that the profession, honorable in theory, is largely dishonorable in practice. He was convinced that laws were enacted and declared fully as much in the interest of gigantic corporations and the liquor traffic as for the mass of the people. He read daily reports of lynching and mob law, and saw that the proportion of men punished without "due process of law" was becoming greater every year, because it was becoming more and more difficult to convict undoubted criminals. To him, therefore, the law as it exists and is practised and administered was anything but what it ought to be. Whatever might be said and admitted as to the causes at work and as to good laws and honorable lawyers, the fact still remained that most of our laws need reforming, and that thousands of our lawyers ought to be disbarred.

The unsatisfactory condition of law to-day in its practical aspects is nowhere more clearly shown than when it comes to deal with the liquor traffic. Everywhere statutes regulating the sale of intoxicating drinks are openly violated. No statutes are more difficult to enforce. The great alcoholic ring of America publicly avows its determination not only to resist the enactment of restraining or prohibitory laws, but to violate them when enacted. Why is this so? Why should any power dare make such an avowal? Because it is made with the knowledge that it has the power to wage an awful battle, and that fear and truckling are

sure to attend any legal steps against it, while perjury, violation of official oaths, and a prostitution of reason which is the despair of moral progress, are always within easy reach of its money, with lawyers thick as the pests of Egypt ready to sell brains, education, and experience, without scruple and with pride. The history of litigation in this country connected with the saloon is the history of Machiavellian cunning, of genius turned Iago. It is an interrogation point at every step. Is beer an intoxicating liquor? Can local prohibition, properly secured, extend to licenses granted prior to the law? Is liquor handed through a back window, to be drank on the seller's back steps, a violation of a law prohibiting the sale of such liquor to be drunk in the house, outhouse, yard, or garden? Does the unconstitutionality of part of an act affecting the sale of intoxicating beverages defeat the remainder, itself constitutional? In a provision for local option, can a conviction for giving away be sustained? A law provides that selling might be prohibited on the petition of a majority of the inhabitants within three miles of a school-house; can two points or centres be designated in the same petition, signed by residents within three miles of each other? Is a law prohibiting the sale between 11 P.M. and 5 A.M. constitutional? Is a law punishing all persons who shall sell or give away, upon any pretext, malt, spirituous, or vinous liquors applicable to wholesale dealers? Is a law prohibiting the sale which excepts wine manufactured from grapes

grown within the State unconstitutional as a discrimination against foreign grapes? Does a law which declares that no person, company, corporation, or association shall deposit or have, in his, her, their, or its possession, embrace an incorporated club? Is a law prohibiting the sale in certain specified localities unconstitutional because of limited application? Is alcohol within the prohibition against intoxicating liquors? Is a law giving a lien on buildings to secure the payment of fines imposed for selling liquors in violation of its prohibitory provisions constitutional? Is an act prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors unconstitutional as having more than one subject? Or in a city, or within five miles of a city, to minors and people of color? Is a law prohibiting the sale of imported liquors by any other than the importer constitutional?

Such are samples of the ingenuity of the liquor traffic, aided by unscrupulous lawyers. It is safe to say that no law with prohibitory features ever ran the gauntlet of legislative lobbying and legislative bribery without being finally tested on constitutional grounds. And all the way, from the inception of such laws to their enforcement in the courts, difficulties, quibbles, fallacies, astounding absurdities, are raised for argument, while Delay sits behind the bench, laughing with sardonic glee.

For these reasons my father entertained no high opinion of the practice of law. This case, in which he had a personal interest, was the beginning of this view. Later he

had occasion to familiarize himself in a general way with the rules of evidence, as well as with some branches of law in other directions. He found many things from which he revolted. Hence the remark often made, "What a lawyer George C. Haddock would have made!" was wide of the mark. He could not have practised law and retained his character, constituted as he was, for his character was based upon radical convictions thoroughly blended with moral considerations—a difficult combination for any lawyer—and he could not narrow those convictions nor abate from those considerations.

While pastor at Division Street, Fond du Lac, he preached a political sermon before a large audience, among whom was John A. Logan, who had just delivered an address in the interest of Grant and Wilson. It was a strong, vehement discourse, and at the close of the services Logan is said to have remarked, "That is a strong man; he ought to be in the United States Senate. He would make his mark there."

Yet if God has a place for every man, and if human success, in its highest sense, depends upon occupying that place, he would not have "made his mark" either as a lawyer or as a statesman. In his early life we have seen him wandering about, uncertain and unsuccessful, until he entered the ministry. From that time he never swerved from his Master's calling. In that work he succeeded. He would have failed everywhere else.

And he believed himself in exactly the right place. During the later years of his life he frequently expressed a desire to locate. At times the cause he had loved long and well seemed to demand his undivided attention, and he fancied that if he could devote himself entirely to this one work, he might be more useful. But these were usually periods of depression, and brief. His wife always opposed such a change. For twenty-five years she had said, except with reference to the war, "Do your duty, and decide without considering me." But she resolutely opposed any field other than the ministry. From his entrance into the Wisconsin Conference, in 1860, to the hour of his death, 1886, was an unbroken stretch of pastoral and pulpit work.

His appointment was not lowered by the Conference of 1874; but the Racine church to which he was then sent presented a combination of circumstances and conditions out of which he did not work a success. A letter from one of its members aptly states the case: "I think that your father saw enough while here to convince him that irresponsible building committees—church debts, with ministers who made simple merchandise of their talents—were the most efficient aids of the devil in his warfare against the kingdom of Christ."

And he had now to practise some of his sermonic precepts. The daughter, Florence Bishop, born at Waukesha, eleven years before, died from a combination of head difficulties on the 31st day of March. Eleven years of unre-

mitting sickness! Eleven years in the Methodist itinerancy! This little girl never had intimate friendships, nor the pleasures of health, nor permanent advantages of school. Her home was her school, church, world, and her friends were its inmates. But the robust "iconoclast" was her unutterably tender playmate, and her mother was her pathetically watchful companion. There was, therefore, a growth of Christian character far beyond the usual attainments of eleven years. There is a plant which requires many years to mature its mystery, and, thus matured, its faultless bloom of perfect white lasts but a night. As this child came toward the darkness of death, the mystery of years of suffering in a Christian home unfolded in marvellous spiritual knowledge and beauty. A brief perfect bloom, and then she said, "I want to go up-stairs where Jesus is, and I wish I was there now." A minute later she added, "Oh, the stairs are so long, and I am so tired!" Then she died.

So the things that were hers were put away. The mother made a shrine in her heart, and knelt there to her God; and the father had a glimpse of the Divine Fatherhood, in which are all pure treasures preserved for them that "die in the Lord." He expressed this thought in a little poem, and then seldom spoke again of his child.

THE APPLETON CHURCH.

UP THE STAIRS.

O angel, bright angel, at the golden gate standing,
A little one climbeth toward the upper landing ;
And the stairs are so long,
And the steps are so high—
Hasten, angel of song,
Help her to reach the sky.

O angel, fair angel, see how the toiler groweth
Weary of the journey no living mortal knoweth ;
Vain is our helping hand,
Vain all the tears that fall—
Needeth a seraph's hand,
Pilgrim so frail and small.

O angel, sweet angel, now the death chill is creeping
Upon the tired clay, and we must yield up its keeping ;
Dust calleth for its dust—
But to angel that waits
We lend a sacred trust
Till we stand at the gates.

O angel, blest angel, the climbing all is o'er—
The limbs, straight and cold, shall suffer no more ;
Out of the chilly night
Into the golden day—
From all earth's blast and blight,
Angel, bear her away.

That the Appleton church held the author of these verses in reasonable esteem is attested by the fact that four years after leaving that pastorate he was returned, at the Racine

Conference session of 1875. This appointment, however, may have been due more or less to pecuniary considerations. I was then in the senior year, and would be graduated in the following June.

No special changes had occurred except the replacing of the old church building by a costly edifice, the upper part of which was as yet unfinished. The college was still struggling against many adversities, but it was also doing a splendid work, under the presidency of Dr. Steele. The latter was an able educator, a discriminating disciplinarian, and an approachable Christian man. No head of any school, college, or university was ever more revered and esteemed by students and alumni than he. Authoritative, yet genial, capable of administering the most stinging rebuke, yet as well of offering the sympathy and advice of a friend, a thorough logician, a widely-read economist, a clear and forcible writer, author of a work on political economy, a strong preacher, and a man of commanding character, he brought to his position varied and unquestioned powers which vastly benefited the school, and endeared him in an eminent degree to all who knew him. It is beyond doubt that no president of this institution has done more or better work for its highest interests than he.

The new pastor was again cordially received. There are but few incidents outside of regular pastoral duties which require narrating. There was no abatement in the pulpit, but there seems to have been a lull in the intense activity

of his life. There comes a time in most lives when thought and action take a medium level, and remain there for a time. In the life of Jesus there was a period, surrounded on either side by marvels, when it is said He went about doing good. The pastor here went the even tenor of his way, preaching, praying, visiting. Possibly the next five years were to be largely fallow. Yet when the political field became active, he went on with accustomed vigor in temperance work. "I expect," he writes, "to be away a good deal, for two or three weeks, to speak at various places on temperance, etc., and to dedicate churches." Such sentences were frequent during his entire life.

It is here a familiar sight—the preacher, with a few men —judges, doctors, lawyers—playing croquet. This also is as truly illustrative of his character as any battles he ever fought. When engaged in special work, he could endure an astonishing strain. He was capable of carrying a mental load for months without throwing it off a moment. This was the result of recreation. He believed the mission of work and play were co-extensive, and that an extreme of labor was no less an evil than an extreme of dissipation. He was fond of Holland's "Bitter-Sweet," because it expressed some of these great common truths so finely.

> "God gives no value unto men
> Unmatched by meed of labor;
> And Cost of Worth has ever been
> The closest neighbor."

And play is but the servant of work. A sentence or two from a sermon are pertinent :

" It is the mission of play to prepare the way for more work."

" Too much labor and too little play makes a one-sided man ; and so with too much recreation and too little work. Our world to-day is full of lop-sided people. They are all twisted out of shape, because they have never learned the secret of the co-operative mission of work and play."

" The devil is the most industrious individual in the world."

" Some kinds of mushrooms are good to eat, while others are poisonous. The only safe way is not to eat mushrooms at all. Some wines and beers are said to be light and not intoxicating, yet they all contain the alcohol which has slain millions, and the only way to make sure of never being destroyed by drink is to drink nothing that contains the least alcohol."

The same rule holds good of certain games :

" One who plays cards for fun stands in the same relation to one who plays for money that the crocodile egg does to the crocodile. It isn't hatched yet—that's the only difference. The only way to be sure of never becoming gamblers, and of never leading others to become gamblers, is to let cards severely alone."

Speaking of praise given to young people for being the best dancers or the best skaters :

"It is as if a man were to be puffed in the papers because he can climb a tree like a monkey, or jump like a grasshopper, or stand on one leg like a lone goose." Play is always only a means, and mere excellence in play has no value.

During this fallow time he worked the material obtained from his investigations in spiritualism into a novel of considerable size. It was sent to one publisher, rejected, and immediately used to kindle fires. The book was entitled "The Two Worlds," and as the last leaf burned, he expressed a determination to thereafter "keep out of the creation business."

We have seen that he was fond of hammer and saw. These were his instruments of recreation; but this fondness was due to a penchant for what may be gravely called puttering. The strong body, always surcharged with electric energy, demanded some boyish exercise, and he was as apt to expend as much painstaking labor upon a picture-frame or homely washing-machine as upon a Sunday-school exhibition or a garden.

He awoke one morning at Appleton to find his watch and money gone. This could be borne philosophically, but he would not arm himself, for no burglar would return a second time. The next night a noise aroused him, and he discovered the second visit had come. Thereupon a network of wires, all communicating with a bell, was stretched across every room, and the family retired. But no sooner had all but himself fallen asleep than, hearing a noise, and

forgetting his precautions, he rushed directly against a wire, setting the bell into violent commotion. He was found in the middle of the room, smiling.

I relate these incidents to show the nature of the man, whose brave, persistent battling for temperance and right everywhere would otherwise obscure those phases which were dearest to his friends. Had it not been for those phases such work would never have been done. But the last is connected with another incident. The watch here stolen had been given him to replace a former, lost in a similar manner. The second was soon replaced by one of gold, given by his Appleton friends. While in Burlington, Iowa, the latter was also taken by burglars. This was a refutation of a remark he often made, that "no burglar would ever think of breaking into a Methodist parsonage." But that was again replaced by one still more valuable; and on the inner lid these words are engraved: "*Presented to Rev. George C. Haddock by Bishop Matthew Simpson, in behalf of friends in Burlington, Iowa, September 18th,* 1883." As the bishop then said, this was "an apostolic watch."

The nomination of Hayes and Wheeler on the Republican ticket was a surprise; but as there were no temperance candidates before the people, he was still with the party on national issues which had saved the country and successfully settled some of the greatest questions that ever confronted a government. And he was as radical in his

republicanism as he had always been in his temperance ideas. He feared, whether right or wrong, the influence of the South upon a Democratic administration. He believed, and often said, that as that party had always affiliated with sentiments which made the South politically solid, so it would affiliate in the future. He referred to the Missouri Compromise, and history which grew out of the repeal of that solemn guarantee; to the opinion of Attorney-General Black, that the Government had no constitutional power to coerce seceding States; to that party's opposition to the Legal-Tender Act, when the national treasury was empty and the national credit nearly ruined; to its record on the war; to its action with reference to the freedom of the slaves as a war measure and as a constitutional provision; to its obstruction of reconstruction; to its doctrine of States rights, and to its coalition with the South during its entire history. He was, therefore, anxious for Republican success; and because he believed that a pulpit which is too good for great national interests is too poor for the Gospel, and that a preacher who is so "set apart" that he dare not raise his voice on those questions, is unfit for his office, he immediately cast what influence he possessed in favor of the nominations then made. A meeting for ratification was held by the citizens. It was not arranged that he should take part, but he was present in the audience, and after one or two addresses was called out. It was always impossible to find him unprepared for such an occasion, and

mounting the platform, he delivered a ringing speech, which inspired the crowd with the intensest enthusiasm.

This was the signal for a challenge to a joint discussion on the issues of the day. His opponent was a strong man and a keen debater. Whatever may have been the verdict as to the merits of either side, there was no question but that the contest was ably conducted. One thing, however, occurred, which perhaps showed that his antagonist began to feel his weakness. He undertook to demonstrate that the Democratic candidate sympathized with the North in its war efforts, and produced a letter purporting to have been written by him. Of this the Republican advocate was ignorant, and could say little in return ; but the fact was, the letter had but recently been made public, and was not of the slightest value. To resort to trickery was never one of his methods. He could strike tremendous blows, but his warfare was honorable, even if sometimes merciless.

During all this campaign he took an active interest in the results, and occasionally spoke. In November he writes to my mother : " The excitement continues about election, on account of the uncertainty of the returns. It looks favorable for Hayes. I was fired at in Oshkosh while making a speech, but I do not know whether there was a ball in the pistol or not—probably it was only for a scare."

He regarded the outcome of that election as one of the marvels of our institutions, and believed that it was only the moral character of the people which saved us from ruin

at that time. In a sermon on the value of the Church, he referred to this danger, as well as that of the Pittsburg riots later, and said, "On two important occasions within the last twelve months we have been reminded of the necessity of a high and strong moral sense by the people, and that our security lies not in the thundering of cannon, the gleaming of bayonets, and the marching of legions, but rather in our own capacity for self-government.

"The first occasion was when the result of the Presidential election was doubtful, and an untried expedient was resorted to for the purpose of determining who should administer the affairs of Government during the next four years. How easy it would have been to have plunged the nation into all the horrors of a civil war over this question! How strong might have been the arguments, how potent the reasons, how desperate the struggles on either side! But instead of that, the world was astonished at witnessing a peaceful solution of the problem. The seemingly agitated waters of American society resumed their former quiet, as though nothing had happened. Why? What is the explanation? Because of the strong moral sense possessed by the average American. That moral sense was due to open Bibles and untrammelled pulpits in the United States. These, and these alone, I claim, saved us at this time from another civil war.

"The second occasion was when the labor riots were in progress. What was it that saved us from universal de-

struction at that time? Certainly not the strength of the Government, for this political system under which we live was never calculated to be maintained against the people. It was designed, as the great Lincoln said, to be a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people. So long as the people will, it will be maintained, and whenever the people will it shall die, it will cease to exist.

"The labor riots died out more from a want of fuel than because they were suppressed by the strong arm of the law, and this lack of fuel was due to the moral sense imparted to the masses by the Christian Church. While here and there were restless, vicious spirits ready to excite dissatisfaction and give the authorities trouble, they were not influential enough in any community to gain a serious and permanent victory over law and order. The masses were too intelligent, too virtuous, to be swept away into any forcible revolution by a few godless wretches, who were the mere tools of the French Commune."

"These facts speak volumes; and when we consider the multitudes who are under the religious influences of the Church, an argument like the present is by no means fanciful or far-fetched, but its basis is a solid reality. It is, therefore, my firm conviction that the perpetuity of the popular Government in America, more than anywhere else, lies not in the success or defeat of this or that political organization, but in the power of the Church of God, in a faithful ministry, in the piety of its people. I believe the

great Head of the Church knew what He was doing when He instituted this great agency for human redemption, and that He meant it, under God, to be the hope of the world in all times."

It is significant that while the pastor at Appleton was making political speeches, the Church took no action to condemn that course. The Methodist Church has always, since the schism of the Southern branch, been mostly composed of Whigs and Republicans. Hence it brooked with easy grace war sermons during the war, and few of its preachers have ever suffered for publicly advocating Republican doctrines since. How is it, however, to-day, when a large majority of its pastors are probably third-party Prohibitionists? Already rumors of trouble rise against many who dare sever their allegiance to the Republican Party and openly advocate the temperance political organization. Such a fact is wholly inconsistent. The great denomination which was built on the pioneer idea cannot afford to hamper its servants in this supreme hour of conviction. Those servants can as well ignore any other conviction as this. The question is fast ceasing to be a question of political expediency. It is assuming solemn moral proportions. And when any ministry must keep bitter silence while duty sternly commands on the one hand and a Church threatens on the other, that ministry has lost its value, because the great motor which alone gives it life and power—Conscience—is *dead*. No man less than George C. Had-

dock would have brooked such coercion for one moment; but there are others equally as fearless—a great army who know but one watchword, Duty, extending from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound.

Just prior to the Conference of 1876 he visited the Minnesota Conference, in session at Minneapolis. The church of that city wished to extend a call to him, but transfers were not in favor, and it was not given. Writing of this wonderful municipality, he says to his wife, very characteristically: "I visited Minnehaha Falls. Very pretty, but nothing like the falls you and I used to see when we were boys, and were courting. Black River Falls are twenty times as large as Minnehaha."

Returning from this Conference, he went to his own, held at Waupaca, where he preached a strong sermon on the text, "And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The words primarily refer to Christ; but the secondary theme is the world's hope in its Christ-like men.

"What a waste is here! What a deep necessity arises from the world's woful conditions! As we look around, on every side we behold misery, and want, and wretchedness, physically, intellectually, and morally. We behold ignorance, and superstition, and bigotry, and narrow-mindedness. We behold sin in every conceivable form, and every phase of selfishness, and lust, and violence, and

hate. We see men everywhere wrapped up in material things and pursuing selfish schemes, intent on their own petty desires, and satisfied to gain even a momentary advancement, a temporal success, no matter at how great a cost to their better selves, utterly oblivious of the terrible fact that they are flinging away their lives, and paying more for worldly gain than all the world is worth."

"It is no wonder that some men claim the world is hopelessly wrecked. No wonder, I say, if we think only of the ruins and despair of human efforts, and ignore the vast unseen realms lying all about us, looking only to the material earth and its history of defeat and death."

But "it is said by Christ that we are not to judge by the hearing of the ears, nor the sight of the eyes, but with a righteous judgment. We are thus to set the facts of the spirit over against the facts of the flesh. We are to put the promises and pledges of heaven into comparison with the promises and pledges of earth. Only thus does life take on any great significance." So Christ is the promise and pledge of the possibility to all of a divine manhood, and in this is the world's ultimate hope.

CHAPTER XIII.

Algoma Street, Oshkosh—A Conference Trial—An Old Rumor Revived—Asbury, Milwaukee—The Church and the Masses—Labor and Capital.

THE pastorate at Appleton closed in October, 1877. The minutes for that year read: "Algoma Street—G. C. Haddock." This church had been organized some years before from the old First Church, and he therefore met many of the former friends of 1864–67. Nothing important occurred, however, pertinent to the plan of these pages, except by way of preparation for an ecclesiastical trial soon to follow. And we are now come to a period full of difficulties. It cannot be ignored. It is in the way of his life. It reveals the man, and its end vindicates his motives and his character. As he himself feared nothing, neither shall his memoirs.

Up to this time he entertained only respect and esteem for his presiding elder. The latter had been a member of the committee which, at the Conference of 1874, had been appointed, at his own request, to investigate the rumors then prevalent against him, and had reported with that committee in a manner favorable to his Christian standing. But he had followed him at one or two appointments, and now, as a member of his district, becomes gradually cognizant of matters which compel him, step by step, as he believes in

all honesty of purpose, to bring his superior to trial. There was no undue haste in this. Becoming morally convinced, he begins the accumulation of evidence. We have nothing to do with that evidence, but to him it finally appeared to be overwhelming. Not until many months, however, have been consumed in these labors does the matter take this formidable shape. Then he can induce no one to join him in preferring charges. Meanwhile the Conference of 1879 meets at Milwaukee, and before the bishop he lays the entire matter, saying, "I have carried this thing as long as I can, and I want you to share in the responsibility," to which it is intimated that ——— will probably withdraw from the Conference. But the appointments are read, and no man is omitted from the list.

Such was the beginning. Rising from prayers one morning with his Conference room-mate, Rev. A. A. Reed, to whom he had unburdened his heart, he declared, "I will never take another appointment from the Methodist Church until this thing is settled." He could not rid himself of it. He had but a few years before come out of a severe Conference experience; had he then been a guilty man, had he as an innocent man been less devoted to the cause he preached, he would never have entered this later ordeal. Hence, finding that no one would act, he simply did what it had been the rule of his life to do—"Some one must move; if no one else dare, I dare, and I will;" cut the thread of the sword of Damocles, and trusted God for the

outcome. On the 15th of October, 1879, from Milwaukee, having been sent to the Asbury Church, that city, he addressed an open letter through an Oshkosh journal to his former presiding elder :

" Dear Sir : In your report of your district, made in open conference, and published in the ———, you alluded to certain attacks made upon you by secular, religious, and semi-religious papers, as being worse than Ingersollism, etc. This is generally understood to be a drive at those who do not endorse you and your operations, and who regret to believe, and to be compelled, at times, to say, that your life and character are not in accord with your high profession. Your friends, too, have taken up the matter, and are industrious in disseminating the idea that you are a much-abused and persecuted, yet holy man, and that opposition to you is prompted by jealousy, personal malice, enmity to the doctrine of holiness, etc. I think it time for this matter to be brought to a square issue. ' Either you are very much wronged or you grossly wrong your brethren and others in classing them with infidels and liquor-sellers, because they do not endorse and back you ; and as you have made this public thrust, you cannot complain if it is met publicly and the reasons are given for the want of confidence manifested by so many, and the assaults of the press. Up to the beginning of my last pastorate in Oshkosh, I had respect for you as a sincere man. You remember I defended you publicly in certain matters, and thereby incurred

the enmity of certain parties you had offended. My confidence in you was soon shaken. I found myself involved in an atmosphere that was fetid with reflections on your moral character. I heard so much that I resolved to investigate. An investigation proved so much that I seriously questioned whether I ought not to prefer charges and have you tried. I wrote a paper embracing facts I had discovered, and conferred with some of my brethren. They talked with you just before the Conference of 1878 about these rumors, and you agreed to ask for a committee of investigation at Conference! Hearing of this, I decided not to arraign you, but to visit the committee, lay the facts before them, and let them take the responsibility of deciding what should be done. You never asked for such committee; and as I had not learned then the lesson you taught us this fall, that a man can be arraigned in the middle of a Conference session and rushed to a trial on charges he has never seen until they are presented on the Conference floor—as I had not then dreamed that such an outrage could be perpetrated, and would not be guilty of so infamous a thing—the session of 1878 passed without such a consideration of your affairs as many, to my knowledge, thought should have been instituted. I was removed from your district at my request, because I could not take the sacrament from the hands of a man in whom I had no confidence. The discipline provides that proceedings in the case of a presiding elder shall be instituted by his own ministers—so that I am barred in

that direction ; and as these matters have been brought to the attention of officials without avail ; as you decline to take any steps to vindicate your own name ; as your friends sustain you, and cry ' persecution ' to all who do not swallow you ; as your affairs are a stench in the public nostrils, so much so that you were invited by leading Methodists of Oshkosh to stay away from a great religious mass-meeting held in your district, in a church where you had been pastor, lest your very presence should be disastrous—in view of all these things, I now appeal to that greatest of all earthly tribunals—public opinion—and let it decide whether you are justified in stigmatizing all opposition to yourself as ' worse than Ingersollism,' or whether the many who do not endorse you are justified in their want of confidence.

" The paper I prepared a little over a year ago has grown, as new facts have come to light, until now it lacks but signature and date, with some slight changes, to take the shape of a regular bill of charges against you for immoral and unchristian conduct, with over twenty specifications. These specifications include offences against morality, religion, and law, and abusive and unchristian treatment to church-members, etc. I cannot positively swear to the truth of these allegations, but I most sincerely believe them to be true ; and so firm is my conviction of their truthfulness, that I am ready to sign them, and be responsible for an honest effort to prove them before the proper tribunal, whenever three of your ministers shall take the disciplinary

steps, or whenever you yourself shall ask your colleagues, the presiding elders, to take it up. I am honest and in earnest in this matter, but I bear you no personal ill-will. I do not believe you are fit to preach, much less to be a presiding elder. I believe the cause of religion, and especially of Methodism, is receiving great hurt by your course, and the cause of Bible holiness, I fear, will be retarded for years through the prominent advocacy of such a man as many believe you to be. These, if I understand my motives, are the only reasons which prompt this publication. I know the storm I invite. I had shrunk from it for fourteen months. I do not care to be known as an 'accuser of the brethren.' I do not court the wrath of those who shout your praises. But I believe it to be the duty of some one to lay hands on you; and as all others shrink and decline, I take upon myself the unwelcome task, and await such action as may be inaugurated. Your friends wanted to send you to General Conference 'as a vindication.' It occurred to me they had better 'vindicate' you first, and talk about General Conference afterward; and here is a splendid chance to vindicate you. Let them present me for slander, or ask the presiding elder to proceed against you on these charges. If they are not sustained, you will come out like pure gold tried by fire. If they are true, surely no Christian should want to keep you in the ministry. Are you ready?

"Yours for the right,

"GEORGE C. HADDOCK."

To this letter a brief reply was made, and the matter there rested for some time. At length, however, a district conference convened, and an effort was made to secure a censure by that body of the author of the communication, whereupon it appeared that a copy of the charges referred to was present in the possession of a layman, and the presiding elder demanded a committee. The committee reported favorably to a trial.

Meanwhile the accused, in several publications, charged the complainant with delinquencies on his part, and these were answered through the same medium. Some of these are references to the troubles of 1874, already alluded to, and for this reason enough may be here given to show how unfounded were the vicious rumors of that period. To a statement against his financial honor, he said, "I am now paying debts contracted in preparing my son for the ministry. It is slow work on small salaries, but I am doing it by economy." On an allegation concerning a written confession in the Fond du Lac District matter, he commented: "As to that 'written confession,' he has given me another specification; and I hereby notify him that he will be called upon to produce that 'written confession' of mine at his trial. This matter which he seeks to drag out of the grave was fully examined and honorably settled by the Wisconsin Conference *five years* ago. There were no charges and no trial, as has been intimated; but a committee of examination, *at my demand*, and this, too, after another com-

mittee, *called at my request*, had previously reviewed the same matter on the ground, and found no proof of criminality. He was a member of the second committee, apointed at Conference. He signed the report of the committee, and rose with the whole body of the Conference on the passage of my character. He thereby said that he had confidence in me as a Christian minister, and believed I was fit to receive an appointment as a member of the Wisconsin Conference.

"Five years have passed away. *Two of those years he was my presiding elder.* The lifting of his finger would have brought me to trial at any time, for it is a great deal easier for a presiding elder to arraign a minister than the reverse, as he knows very well. He has shown no disposition to cover up sin, but rather has exhibited a keenness of scent after delinquencies such as few men among us can exhibit. If my memory serves me right, he has had more trials or investigations in his district than any of his colleagues. While he has been presiding elder my name has been called every year in his hearing. If he had 'damaging documents' in his possession, it was his *solemn, imperative duty* to arraign me, either at Conference or in the interim. He was a *traitor* to the Church that he did not. Yet all this time he made no sign, *until he saw that trial on my charges was inevitable*, when all at once he reveals the fact that there was 'damaging evidence' in his possession, which he had kept secret for five years! Any child

a dozen years old can see through this at a glance, the more especially as he persistently refuses to show anybody these 'damaging documents.'"

The committee appointed for the preliminary investigation—Revs. C. N. Stowers, G. S. Hubbs, and G. H. Moulton—reported sufficient evidence to warrant a trial, and the matter was referred to Rev. J. M. Walker, Presiding Elder of the Waupaca District, who appointed as a trial committee Revs. William Cook, A. C. Huntley, J. V. Trenery, W. J. Olmsted, and R. Cooley. The trial occurred in February, 1880, Rev. Samuel Lugg of counsel for the prosecution, and Revs. C. D. Pillsbury, J. W. Olmsted, R. J. Judd, and G. S. Hubbs, for the defence. There were five charges, embracing some twenty specifications, and the trial continued many days. At length the evidence was all in. The complainant, in his address, consumed four hours with what was undoubtedly a terrible arraignment. He touched upon the old suspicion against himself, and showed the unreasonableness of any supposition of truth in that suspicion in view of these subsequent events. He referred to the statement on his financial honor, exclaiming, "I have paid out a thousand dollars to put brains into my son. In two years, by the help of God, I shall pay up all my debts, and then, if no other, I want this epitaph written at the head of my grave, 'Here lieth an honest man.'" The committee brought in as its verdict, "We do not find any of the specifications and charges sustained."

The case was again called, however, during the following Conference session held at Appleton, October, 1880, and after a long and sorrowful session reported, "The select number appointed to try the charges against ———, by George C. Haddock, having heard the testimony and pleadings in the case, found the several charges of dishonesty, perjury, lying, and immoral and unchristian conduct all sustained, whereupon the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

"*Resolved*, That ——— be and he is hereby expelled from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church." All of these charges referred merely to business transactions. The case was appealed to the "Triers of Appeals," and the judgment reversed, during the ensuing two years ; but at the Conference of 1882 the accused withdrew from membership in that body. Thus closed an experience which, had it been fully foreseen, would never have been entered upon. The motives which actuated the complainant seemed unquestionable. . When the verdict was rendered, and every man on the Conference floor kneeled in prayer, he broke down into uncontrollable weeping, and when he returned from the appeal to his church at Bay View, to which he had been appointed in 1880, he dismissed the matter forever from his mind with the remark, "I entered that trial from considerations of duty. I have carried a tremendous burden for more than two years. The court of last resort has reversed the lower decision, and sent

the case back, and my work is done, my conscience is clear."

But however impelled by fidelity to his Church, it was inevitable that the results to himself should be unpleasant. At the Conference which tried this case charges of "immoral and unchristian conduct" were preferred against him. What were the nature of the specifications? The old rumors, which had been investigated in the Fond du Lac District by a committee appointed at his own request, and declared unfounded, and a second time examined by another committee of different men also appointed on a demand made from the Conference floor, and on which "imprudence" was reported—these, and the "open letter" already given. The last committee was composed of Dr. Henry Bannister and Revs. G. F. Reynolds and Joseph Anderson. All charges except the "open letter" were finally ruled out as *res adjudicata*, and trial ordered upon that. To go to trial on such a charge was wholly unnecessary, whatever may have been the merits of the defence. He therefore made the following statement:

"*To the Bishop and Members of the Wisconsin Annual Conference.*

"Dear Fathers and Brethren: My plea of not guilty to the charge of imprudence for writing the open letter arraigning —— was based on the fact that the required disciplinary steps had not been taken to render the bill of

charges actionable or sustainable. On reflection, however, I have thought it advisable not to stand on technicalities, but to make the following declaration: Although the open letter was written under a tremendous pressure of conviction as to the truth of all its allegations, yet, on the whole, in view of all facts and circumstances, I now say that I regret the publication of the open letter as an unwise and imprudent act, and I cast myself upon the unfailing love of my dear brethren, whom I have ever found, in a conference acquaintance of twenty years, to be unsurpassed in charitable kindness and tender consideration."

The Conference accepted this statement, the charges were dismissed, and his character passed. But all this history inflicted a lasting wound. He had obeyed his convictions, but the work of the saloon had been transferred to the keeping of his brothers, and misunderstood, and too self-reliant to go out of his way to win the favor of any man, he suffered the consequences in the same spirit that had possessed him from the beginning of his ministry—a profound trust in God.

The Asbury, Milwaukee, pastorate presents nothing of special interest. The city was largely German in character, and afforded ample opportunity for the study of our American institutions under the most adverse circumstances. A scandal in connection with the management of the Soldiers' Home moved him to characteristic utterances from

his pulpit, which aroused the commander to some extent. The latter, at a meeting with Dr. Henry Coleman, Presiding Elder of the Milwaukee District, and himself, expressed the strongest indignation at these pulpit words, rising to a white heat of anger; but the pastor retained that coolness which, I believe, never deserted him under the most difficult conditions.

He was returned to this place for a second year. On the Sunday before the Conference, knowing that the recent trial had caused some feeling against his return among two or three of his members, he said to his congregation: "I advise you to pray about this matter; ask the Lord to send you just such a man as you need, and then, when you get him, treat him well and help him in every way." Then, with a pause and a smile, "But I don't want you to think this is a bid for myself. I have never meddled with my appointments; I believe God will take care of that if we let Him; I have always had better charges than I deserved, and I believe the Lord will attend to my case now about as it ought to be. Don't worry about me"—grasping his coat collar (he had just donned a new suit)—"I've got on a new suit of clothes, and am all right for another year."

The status of the wage-world was presented to him as perhaps never before. The liquor traffic sapped its strength, selfish legislation ignored its rights, party managers hampered its action, a false political economy distorted its true relations to capital. As he saw the great mass of

workers toiling on simply to support existence, he asked again and again, "*Is* life worth living?" "I tell you, no," he would say; "men do not get what they deserve, and without Christianity in the world, it would not be worth the candle." At times the strong evils of the age, the tyranny of capital, the despotism of ignorance, the fatefulness of crime, the prevalence of political corruption, the inequalities of society, the injustice of law, the curse of drink, oppressed him to a peculiar degree. In such hours progress became a question. What was to be the outcome of this Republican experiment? "Watchman, what of the night?" he cried, as in his favorite song.

There was but one resort—Christ, the Christian Church. The Saviour of the world had been one of the common people. The average of hampering details, dependence upon the day for support, absence of glory, luxury, or pomp, so far as he could be subject to these, were His. In the truest sense Christ was human, the plane of His life was of the common order, viewed without reference to His divine glory, as the world must have viewed Him then. And no part of the history is more important than this. Men need the medium of their own experience to awaken sympathy, to feel thoroughly His sympathy for the common world. Perhaps no view of Christ can be more inspiring of tender love, sympathy, reverence, admiration, than this, which makes Him something near to them, of their own world. The heart is awed by His divine aspects,

dazzled by His divine glory, overcome by His greatest sufferings, lacerated by the thought of His burdens and death. But perhaps love for the historic Jesus has its origin in those scenes where He seems of the average masses, walks and weeps, labors and is ministered to, even as we act and are loved in our obscurity and weakness.

He was not a member of any secret society, unless temperance. He never opposed them, but they did not appeal to his tastes or especially to his beliefs. He remarked once in a sermon, "I belong to the seven hundred and seventy-seventh degree of the Lord Jesus Christ—that's the society to which I belong, and that's all the secret society I want." And of the Church he said in a sermon from which we have already quoted, "The Christian Church is the gift of Christ. Whatever may be said against it by the enemies of evangelical religion, however open it may be to criticism, this much is certain : the Church means all the instrumentalities of the Sunday-school, the open pulpit, the religious press, by which is furnished to the people the only system of moral instruction they have. It is the only organized body whose sole purpose is the gratification, development, control of the most marked element of human nature, the religious nature of man. We have social combinations organized for almost every conceivable purpose relating to material welfare, political interests, and social progress. The Christian Church stands alone for the greatest of all

achievements, man's spiritual regeneration. It is the only body which builds houses, employs instructors, and puts forth efforts to render men mindful of their obligations to God and their moral relations one to another."

But the world of labor has need of something more than theories, even though profoundly true. He was thoroughly democratic—he accumulated nothing because of charities—he sympathized with poor men both as individuals and in masses. In a sermon on Labor and Capital he said: "The best way in the world to determine what is a man's real religious status is to find out what his sympathies are in a great conflict between opposing forces. I don't care much what a man's professions may be, nor what Christian Church he belongs to; I want to know where did he stand in the great struggle between slavery and freedom—was he with the cotton lord or with liberty? Where did he stand in the Civil War—was he with those who were trying to destroy the Union, or with those who sought to save it? Where does he stand in the temperance cause—does he sympathize with the poor oppressed saloon-keeper, whose business is on the verge of destruction by prohibition, or does he sympathize with the women and children made husbandless and fatherless by saloons? Where does he stand in the struggle between labor and capital—do his sympathies run out to the rich or the poor, for rapacious corporations whose money-making has been temporarily interrupted by the stopping of trains, or with the oppressed servants whose life is a per-

petual hardship because of the greed of those who hire them ?"

"We are not called upon to sympathize with violence and anarchy. But, I say, don't pour out your indignation all on one side. Be as swift and fierce to condemn perpetual oppression on the part of capital as occasional violence on the part of muscle. Say to the workingmen, You have our sympathies ; we will aid you to right your wrongs, and to secure for your labor a just reward. This will not prevent you from condemning every act of lawlessness, every wanton destruction of property by violence. Then when this is said, turn round to capital and say with equal emphasis, You must not oppress workingmen. Capital must share with labor a just part of the mutual earnings of both. If you do not bring this about voluntarily, we will throw our influence with the workingmen of the nation, to secure such legislation on the part of the States and the general Government as shall henceforth render it forever impossible for capital to oppress labor, and then strikes, lockouts, riots, and boycotting shall be forever consigned to a benighted past."

In all his utterances on this subject there was apparent a strong sense of equity. Such words may be deemed Utopian, but to the masses of the people they are practical. And he was not content with mere general statements. With reference to all the problems labor is trying to solve, he leaned toward the wants of the many rather than the wishes of the few. In one or two published articles he defined the

only true doctrine in this branch of political economy. Civilization contradicts itself so long as it denies the truth that a laboring man stands on a higher plane than a laboring animal. The generally accepted creed is that labor, like everything else, is to be regulated by the law of supply and demand; "but when we come to test it by the results, we find that it is fatal to the real prosperity of a country. If the price of labor is regulated by the law of supply and demand, then the denser the population of a country is, the cheaper must labor be, and the greater must be the profits of capital. The inevitable result of this at last is, that wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few, while the toiling masses are hopelessly poor. This problem has been worked out in the Old World over and over, and only one end is ever reached—pauperism for the many, millions for the few."

"The true idea is, that the price of labor is to be regulated by the needs of the laborer. This is not, of course, the only consideration, but it is the chief one—the wants of those who do the work of the country, and contribute more than any other class to the general prosperity."

"Labor and capital are equally important, and they should share equally in the joint earnings of both. If the manufacturer grows immensely rich, while those of his workingmen who are sober, economical, and industrious, continue to be hopelessly poor, because their wages barely suffice to maintain them, a great robbery is perpetrated."

"It will be said that a man has the right to carry on his establishment in the cheapest manner. Legally speaking, that is true; but a man has no moral right to defraud a fellow-man simply because he has the power to do so. If he hires a man, he should pay him all his work is worth in view of all the circumstances. All below that is robbery, no matter what the law says. A man has no right to perpetrate a wrong upon a brother, even if that brother is constrained to submit to that wrong by force of circumstances; so that, what labor can be got for, is not the question for an honest man to consider. The real question is, What is labor worth in the last half of the nineteenth century, where the employer is supposed not to be a robber, and the employé is supposed not to be a beast of burden, but a civilized man?"

On the question of convict labor he was equally pronounced: "It is a question whether money put into capitalists' pockets by the contract system, the reduction of wages to scales only possible inside prison walls, and the failure of the true reformatory idea, can be balanced by reduction of prices for articles thus made and taxes thus lessened. Honest labor should not be compelled to compete with prison labor. The system is unjust to the convict and the workingman. The convict should work for the people, not the capitalist. The best good of all demands the abolition of the system."

Every element of his nature was thus in sympathy with

man. He would not only preach the great themes of the Gospel, but would walk with men amid the perplexities of life. He was an advocate of temperance, because his entire nature responded to humanity. It was not a mere hobby —it was only one of life-long efforts put forth in many directions for the common good of his fellows. The liquor traffic was daily becoming more aggressive, more powerful, more defiant of law, and was not only the cause of more suffering, indirectly, than all other specific evils, but was itself, and intrinsically, assuming gigantic proportions. Hence his voice was perhaps oftener raised against it than against other wrongs. But for more than a quarter of a century he steadily battled for every right as he perceived it. He could not remain passive, or speak mildly, with a moral wrong confronting him everywhere. The pulpit had a duty to perform. He dare not refuse "the word of the Lord," but would speak out with all the prophets of old. The "enthusiasm of humanity" was upon him, and he could not resist it. This was the secret and cause of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bay View—An Old Quarrel—Heroic Treatment—Future Punishment Again—A Book—Extracts from a Sermon.

FROM 1880 to 1882 my father's residence was at Bay View, a suburb of Milwaukee. This village is almost entirely sustained by extensive iron works, and its inhabitants are largely "rollers" and "puddlers." The majority of the church-membership was of this class—of English descent, sturdy wage-workers who in "flush times" earn extraordinary pay, and who are thus more or less good livers and liberal. They were therefore vigorous and thoughtful men, who appreciated thoughtful rather than elaborate sermons, energetic moral character rather than elegance, and sympathy with the world of labor more, perhaps, than all else. But no man could preach a discourse too strong or too eloquent for their delight. The pastor soon discovered that here was a people who would demand his best efforts, and the people soon discovered that here was a man worthy their best devotion. This was therefore a successful pastorate.

During the first few months he attended the ministerial meetings held at Milwaukee, but as the atmosphere was not congenial, soon withdrew. Thereafter his pastoral duties,

his preaching services, and his study engrossed his entire time. The results were manifest. The church took a new life in all directions. Although his immediate friends feared he had perhaps reached the high-water mark of his mental powers, or that the experience of the last few years had injured him in this respect, he rose to a level he had never before attained, and really began a new career. No period in his life was attended with happier results.

The parsonage was then enlivened by the presence of his granddaughter Marion. But two years old, she enthroned herself in the place made sacred by the memory of his own child. They were intimate friends, whether in the study or elsewhere, and passed hours together. Tenderness was never more manifest on the part of the one, delight on the part of the other. To see this man, with armor on, assaulting the drink trade left little room for the sufferance of a little child; yet there was hidden beneath the plated mail a spirit as tearful and gentle as inspired the English cynic when he wrote the last of the "White Squall."

He was strongly devoted to this people, and neglected nothing. Having some appointment at a small village nine miles distant, one day, a furious snow-storm came on, and almost immediately blocked the trains, already badly delayed. It was Saturday afternoon, and he was expected in his pulpit the next day. He walked home against a blinding wind loaded with snow-flakes, and entered the house late in the day a true knight of Saint Nicholas.

An incident may illustrate the kind of work he was here doing. For many years two members of the church had been estranged by an irritating scandal. No hope of a reconciliation seemed possible, and the church was suffering seriously. He resolved to cure this cancer. After a good deal of managing he succeeded in getting both men to a social meeting. The scene was impressive. Concluding his usual remarks, he introduced the subject of this quarrel, and brought the two together before the altar. They grasped each other's hands, gazed into each other's eyes with mutual forgiveness, and solemnly declared peace. Then the pastor spoke, commending the union with large sympathy, and closing, said, "Now the hatchet is buried, and it is buried handle and blade, and forever. Henceforth let no man or woman resurrect the cause of this difference. Let it lie buried—buried deep, deep, deep, and the first tongue that wags and the first lip that opens to whisper this buried scandal, let it be accursed by the living God!" As he uttered these words, in the midst of a silence charged with intensest feeling, their import and power seemed supernatural. The dramatic effect will never be forgotten.

This was a labor of love slowly wrought. Another case of a different character was the work of an hour. It is peculiarly illustrative of the fearless courage with which he endeavored to accomplish good. He was passing down the street one day when he noticed a drunkard, and paused a

moment to observe his uncertain movements. It was a member of his church. Drink had mastered the man's will and destroyed his religious life. Here was occasion for pastoral duty with emphasis. No ordinary treatment could meet the demands. He therefore determined, like a surgeon, to kill or cure. The next Sunday morning the recreant member appeared at the door of the church after the opening of the sermon. He was perfectly sober, and walked straight down the aisle toward the pulpit, at the right of which was his pew, within a few feet of the preacher. No sooner had he entered the door than the latter, dropping the sermon in the midst of a sentence, fixed his eye on the advancing figure, and with startling abruptness said, "I saw last week in the streets of Bay View, in broad daylight, a man who is a member of this church so drunk that he could not keep to the walk." Then he went on to describe the unhappy culprit coming down the aisle so minutely, so faithfully, that every person present recognized the man, now seeking refuge from the awful shame in his pew. All eyes turned upon him; but the speaker never paused, pouring out rebuke and condemnation, fierce, sustained, merciless, maddening. The victim sat spellbound with downcast eyes and haggard, agony-stricken face, from the bronzed features of which every vestige of color had fled. Men felt their hearts surge with fear. Women gazed with blanched cheeks. And still the lava stream poured forth, till the speaker seemed to tower there in the pulpit like an

angel of judgment. At last he paused, took up the broken sentence, and finished the sermon as though this scene had never occurred. When the services closed the congregation had no thought but this tremendous humiliation. The man himself was now livid with rage, and with choked utterance vowed to punish the cruel, horrible attack physically and mercilessly. Yet from that time he reformed. He had fallen into the moral lethargy always caused by drink. No means could save him but a shock to nerves, pride, sense of wrong, and anger that should move the utmost deep places of his soul. The pastor had seen this, and resolved, whatever the consequences, to make the trial. Few would have dared to do it. Few could have successfully performed such a duty. To-day this man reveres the memory of his former pastor.

The most important event, perhaps, of my father's pastorate here was an almost entire revolution of his views on the future condition of the wicked. For a time this revolution was indeed complete, but the conclusions he then reached were shortly afterward somewhat modified. We have seen him in a joint debate on the same subject a few years before. The transformation now to take place is no less illustrative than his former advocacy of the orthodox doctrine. This doctrine had never been a favorite theme; his treatment of it had had none of the material horrors of preaching on the subject half a century ago, as we have seen, but he had accepted it as true, and had therefore

defended it on all legitimate occasions. Now, however, he was suddenly confronted by considerations which had not before been presented to him, at least not with marked emphasis; these considerations seemed to startle him; he was moved intellectually as never before in his life, and he immediately began an independent investigation, as unprejudiced as it was fearless. For several months this investigation went on with no other book than the Bible, and with no other thought than his own. The result was a manuscript volume of some three hundred pages, "Hell not Eternal."

In the preface he says, "The writer of this book has been uninterruptedly engaged for more than twenty years in the work of the Christian pastorate in an orthodox church. Until lately he has accepted as true the common doctrines of limited probation and the endless punishment of the wicked. He has never read a work or heard a discourse opposed to these ideas; but through supernatural influences and a thorough and independent examination of the Scriptures, he has become fully convinced that Jesus Christ is God's pledge to this world of the final salvation of every human being. . . . The doctrine of the endless punishment of souls in a hopeless prison-house can give no pleasure to any right-minded individual, nor have theologians ever succeeded in reconciling it with the infinite love and universal Fatherhood of God, as associated with the supremacy of the divine will. It is difficult to believe that God can-

not accomplish eventually the salvation of all men if He so wills, and it is equally difficult to believe that His fatherly love will not constrain Him so to will."

In stating the cause of so radical a change, he said in this preface, as above, "but through supernatural influences." This sentence was originally written, "but solely through supernatural influences," and the word "solely" was erased. The word may have been stricken out as surplusage; but it is probable that the following circumstance afforded the first occasion for the "thorough and independent examination of the Scriptures" which he connected with "the supernatural influences." He was a man of singular religious faith, and may have felt that the occasion was superintended by divine wisdom.

At this time I spent some time at Bay View, and conversation frequently turned upon religious subjects. In one of these he mentioned the name of a member of the church who was then somewhat delinquent in his Christian duties. The pastor had learned that this man did not believe in endless punishment, and in the course of one of these conversations he criticised this "heresy," declaring that a man "wrong in his head was apt to be wrong at heart." I then sympathized with the "backslider" in his faith, and expressed as much. "And what do you believe?" he demanded. The answer was a hope that at some distant period in the course of life there would come the "awful rose of dawn," when the heavens of all being should be

glorious with the great light of perfect love and happiness, and the whole universe of God should be ruled only by goodness, without the "smell of fire" or the shadow of remembered evil upon it. He listened to the close, and then sadly but emphatically exclaimed, "You'll lose your soul!" Motley's story came to mind. The pagan Radbod, when about to be baptized by a bishop of Charles Martel of France, demanded, "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" "In hell, with all other unbelievers," said the bishop. "Very well," retorted the heathen; "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden than dwell with your little band of starveling Christians in heaven." It was not the belief that was wrong, for it was not a rationally grounded belief; it was the hope, and I declared that if the hope was to shut out salvation, I could not help it. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and left the room.

The difficulty then most insurmountable, and which was brought out during subsequent conversations, was the apparent unphilosophical nature of a doctrine which postulated the eternal co-existence of two principles totally antagonistic in character and operation—good and evil; for it seemed that Christian philosophy must finally arrive at the perfect victory of the one over the other. This victory must be philosophical rather than merely mechanical or arbitrary, and that proposition could only be satisfied in any real sense by the complete annihilation of evil. Moreover,

Christian theology, it seemed, had never satisfactorily explained the creation by an all-knowing and all-loving God of a world of beings some of which He necessarily foresaw would pass into endless suffering. The theory that the glory and happiness of the great majority would swallow up all consideration of the pain of the few seemed untenable ; it might be satisfactory from the standpoint of the universe as a whole, but this standpoint neglected the infinite value of the individual and the fact, still remaining, notwithstanding the joy of the many, still a shadow, however unutterable the glory of the whole, that the individual did suffer. Ought not a true theology to consider the question from this standpoint ? God could not regard the universe as a whole more than each being composing it. And the theory, too, that even in a lost condition every soul must prefer its then existence to annihilation seemed entirely factitious. Existence had no value in itself. The value of life to itself depended not on a mere idea, but in its conditions. Simply to be had no attractiveness. Yet if it were granted that a lost soul might prefer existence in suffering to non-existence, this preference might well be nothing more than the product of that fear for the unknown which animates all intelligent beings ; and whether this were true or not, it did not answer the great interrogation forever confronting the creation of any being which should ultimately pass into remediless loss. True, the creating was not determining. True, every soul had its own choice to make, and was free

to choose good or evil. But this only answered the problem after creation. Prior to that, God might create or not as He willed. Why not refrain from creating any soul which He foresaw would eventually pass beyond the power of salvation? Only one answer seemed to meet the question, that in the hidden necessities of the divine nature creation was compulsory. God must be infinitely active as well as infinitely wise or holy. To create may have been a necessity springing from the divine character. He would certainly create as perfectly as might be consistent with the environments, the purpose and the will involved. This would result in free moral agency; we can conceive of no more perfect specimen of intelligent creative power.

These suggestions came up during several conversations. He then went into a thorough and independent examination of the Bible. Months were thus consumed, and finally he wrote out his conclusions in connected and systematic form. From that manuscript a few paragraphs may be given as illustrations:

"There are certain generally accepted truths which may serve as a common standpoint of observation from which to view the various arguments that may be brought to bear upon the question. 1. There is one God, whose will is the supreme power of the universe. 2. This Supreme Being is infinite in love, wisdom, and righteousness, as well as power. 3. He is the Father of all men, and all, being His children, are brethren. 4. He is revealed in Jesus Christ,

who has become a Brother to all, and in some way I will not attempt to discuss, has suffered and died for all."

"If Christ has 'died for all,' then it must be the desire and plan of God to save all. If Christ is the Brother of all, then He cannot take any satisfaction in the loss of any. . . . An endless hell cannot but be looked upon with intense aversion by an infinitely loving God, and it is impossible to see how the two can exist in the same universe—a God of infinite love and a realm of remediless evil."

"The doctrine of an endless hell dethrones deity; for if there is a power in this universe that can permanently defeat God, then that power is greater than God."

"The doctrine of an endless punishment compels us to reject it altogether, or to believe in a God whom we cannot respect because of His weakness, or a God from whom we feel repelled because of His malign disposition."

"The man who loses an eye loses no essential part of himself; it is a misfortune, but not a fatal disaster. A person may be hopelessly diseased as to his body, yet work out a great mission in spite of physical incapacity. Nothing essential to his well-being is gone; the real man is not materially affected by these accidental conditions. But if a man loses God, or becomes bereft of the last spark of the divine element which God has planted in the human mind, then he has met with an inconceivably dreadful disaster, compared to which the loss of an eye for a life-time is as

trifling as the sting of an insect which interrupts for a moment the studies of a philosopher."

"It is as possible for God to save one man as another—as possible to save all as any."

"Calvinism assumes that God has foreordained that a certain number of the human family shall be eternally saved, and a certain number damned. Says its author, 'For they (men) are not all created with similar destiny; but eternal life is foreordained for some, and eternal damnation for others. Every man, therefore, being created for one or the other of these ends, we say he is predestined either to life or to death.' How strange that Calvin did not reach the conclusion that all are to be saved, as a logical deduction from the following sentence penned by him: 'Predestination we call the eternal decree of God, by which He hath determined in Himself what He would have to become of every individual of mankind.'"

"The price of Calvinism is the Fatherhood of Deity."

"The difference between Calvinism and Arminianism may be illustrated by the case of two fathers. One takes two young boys along the margin of a river, where the banks are steep and slippery, and the waters are deep and rapid. It is almost certain that these boys will fall into the stream, and that they will be lost, unless rescued by a skill and power superior to their own. They do fall in, exactly as the father must have foreseen; but instead of exerting

himself to save both, he saves only one, leaving the other to his fate. This man is Calvinism."

"Another father takes his two boys along the same dangerous way; and when the inevitable catastrophe occurs, he flings them a rope, and cries out, 'Boys, I will give you one minute to take hold of this rope; then it will be withdrawn, and if you are drowned, it will be your own fault.' That is Arminianism."

"The divine sovereignty over all carries with it a divine responsibility concerning all; and that responsibility is equal to all the needs of all the beings included in it and covered by it."

"The Divine Being has so constituted man that he will eventually obey the law of his highest nature."

"The divine thought is not to justify the divine administration, but to save the divine family."

"We have two simple, plain propositions: 1. Man is not by nature a depraved being, and consequently deceased infants do not need to be regenerated, but simply to be subjected to such a system of education as will result in the development of a holy character. 2. As God saves so many without any choice on their part, but through a providential arrangement, it is morally certain He will at last save all by means of other providential arrangements which are equally within the scope of divine sovereignty."

"The kingdom of evil, though not ordered directly, or

authorized by the Supreme Governor, has yet been permitted temporarily for a purpose."

"That which ought to be, in the end, will be, as sure as there is a God."

"Be sure that the saints and angels have something to do besides fondling their crowns and singing hallelujahs in heaven."

"Hell is not a place of torment bossed by devils, but a place of discipline."

"If every act of man's life were to be set down as a crime to be punished as severely as men punish the worst of crimes on earth, still there must come a period when all these sentences would be worked out, and Justice would have to let up on its victim."

"What would be thought of a father who, to punish a child for carelessly burning itself, should compel it to go on burning itself?"

"Let us understand that a saved soul is God's vindication."

"A universal atonement calls for universal salvation."

"The preponderance of moral force must in every case be divine, not satanic."

"A perfect training in a perfect state of society will invariably transform a babe into a holy being."

These sentences are no more than statements. The argument was long and exhaustive, both in Scripture and reason. As he neared the end, he asked, "What can be more nat-

ural or rational than the belief that Gospel agencies were introduced simultaneously on earth and in Hades, and that the same glorious work is being carried on in the two realms?" and then exclaims in closing: "How glorious is this doctrine! It dispels the darkness of every grave—for Christ hath lain there, and His coming forth signifies to us that we need not be hopeless as to any of the dead. They belong not to the devil, but to Him who has bought them with His life; and in His own good time will He raise them from the deepest, darkest tombs of evil, and lift them to the land of light. The arch of hope springs over every valley of death, where lie the victims of sin; for however desperate their state, however fallen their condition, yet they were in Christ's thought and purpose on Calvary, and as surely as He tasted death for "every man," so surely shall "every man" reap all the benefits that were in the design of the Father of all when he sent forth his Son to be the Brother and Redeemer of all."

This was the conclusion then reached. For a time it colored all his preaching. When asked why he did not announce so great a change, he replied, "I haven't any desire to pose as a theological martyr. It would only create a disturbance, and a disturbance isn't necessary. I shall not go round it, neither shall I trundle it into my pulpit for a sensation. I can do more good by staying where I am, and preaching the Gospel of love and repentance for sins, than I can by making a church muss. I despise pulpit tragedians."

Yet he did not long hold this extreme view. There are almost if not quite insuperable difficulties in that doctrine. He had suggested many of these in his own arguments years before. He therefore finally modified his belief on the subject so as best to conform to all the facts within reach. It was then as if a vast orange grove, covered with luxuriant profusion of bloom, should fail, by one or two withered blossoms, to bring forth fruit from every bud. It was as if God, in creating the countless myriads of worlds, should foresee that the great system of laws necessitated by the plan would inevitably cast down upon some one of them, and casting thus, spoil as an individual one or two small meteors. The plan comprehended inconceivable glory for illimitable hosts; it comprehended possibilities that a number as small, compared with that host, as one or two meteors in the midst of the universe of nature, might fail of salvation. As the gain is infinitely great, so is the loss infinitely small.

So, a little later, at a district conference, this general subject came up, and to all considerations concerning the scope of heaven he simply answered, "I take no stock in a little two-by-four heaven. I tell you, it's a bigger place than we think, and there will be some tremendous surprises when we get there."

In a sermon on the words, "Are there few that be saved?" this view is expressed in his usual manner.

"In the second Colossians Paul speaks of Christ, 'Hav-

ing spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it.' Now it appears to me that if the devil at last is to have more souls than God, he will have done most of the spoiling.''

"We are not to confound the standard of character which the Bible sets up with the conditions of salvation as tests of fitness for heaven which we find in the Bible.

"The Bible shows us what we may become, what God wants us to be, what He expects us to be, what He will help us to be, at some period of our existence. And the Bible shows us how to begin this work of spiritual development. That beginning is where we are to look to find out a man's condition with reference to the heavenly world. The question is not whether an individual is just such a man in every respect as the law of God requires him to be, but is he a Christian? And what is a Christian? Now, some have a way of answering this question by enumerating all the Christian virtues, all the divine qualities, and making the standard so high as to exclude every one hundredth Christian in the world. But it's all a mistake. A Christian is a disciple of Christ, one who believes in Christ as the divinely appointed model for mankind, and is endeavoring to conform his character and life to the teachings and example of Christ. He may not belong to this or that church, or to any church. He may not in every respect come up to your ideas or mine. He may even be weak and feeble and halting. His life may be full of errors, full

of shortcomings. But if his faith lays hold of Christ as the highest type of manhood, as the connecting link between the soul and God ; if his hopes go out to heaven ; if his desires turn in the direction of divine things—then that man is a Christian, and if he dies with such hopes and desires, and in such faith, God will not exclude him from heaven, even though he may fall far short of measuring up to the high standard of character which the Bible reveals. He dies on the right road and with his face in the right direction, and he will be permitted to travel on this road after death as before."

"It's a mistake to suppose that death works a tremendous revolution in souls, that an imperfect Christian is all at once transformed into a perfect one, and that every one will immediately step into the full blaze of perfect knowledge and perfect enjoyment."

"The Christian after death will resume that business of loving and serving God, of making progress in divine things, of developing a Christ-like character, which was interrupted by death. The difference will be this, that he will find the conditions more favorable for such progress and development, and his soul will rejoice in far greater light and better influences than in this life."

"It's as much a mistake to set the standard too high as too low. It's as great an error to set the gates ajar too little as it is to take off the hinges and pull down the walls."

"If any find their faith too weak to entertain this great

thought of salvation, then they ought to cultivate what they have, and get hold of a broader, firmer faith. If the walls of their souls are too narrow to take in the mass of the human family, then they ought to widen them out till they can hold all the hosts that John saw—else how can they hold God ?"

As a result of such an enlargement of view, he emerged a new man, with brighter cheerfulness in manner and speech, with more earnest, joyful zeal for the work of his life, with a larger, broader conception of human destiny, and with a grander idea of the glorious Being, who seemed thus lifted higher in the heavens of moral existence, the Father of the human race. And his preaching took on a new power. His last sermon before the Wisconsin Conference was an exposition of the fulness of this new belief as to the character, teaching, and mission of the Saviour of the world.

It may be thought that undue prominence has been given to this doctrine ; but its consideration was to him a matter of the deepest importance, and illustrates the independence of his mind. Whether these later, or his earlier, ideas on the subject are erroneous, their statement is simply in accord with his own policy. As he said of the liquor trade, "Let the people know concerning it," so he would say of his life, and of every theory and doctrine, "Let the truth defend itself." He declared that "the old ideas as to the wonderful properties of alcohol are being dispelled by the

strong light of true modern science, in these days of rigid investigation, just as other ancient notions are going by the board. The age in which we live is peculiar for its lack of reverence, its strong tendency to challenge everything that has come down to us from an ancient past. It worships nothing old because it is old. It throws into its terrible alembic religions, science, prejudices, superstitions; all systems and all theories are cast in together and subjected to white heat and scathing tests; and the result is that many old things are tottering and crumbling, many idols are being dethroned. And for my part, I have no fears. I say, let the most rigid investigation throw a strong light upon any and every subject. Let all images be destroyed. Let all idols be made to bite the dust. The result can only be the true, the good, the useful to society."

CHAPTER XV.

Review—Transferred to Iowa Conference—Leaves the Republican Party—Reasons—Extracts from a Sermon—A Third-Party Prohibitionist.

THE work for Wisconsin was now closed. Twenty-two years before he had appeared at the Conference door and asked admission. Two years later he had been received into "full connection." Thirteen appointments covered this period, one of which had been for three years, five for one year, seven for two years. Among these had been some of the most important in the State; in fact, all, excepting Port Washington, Clinton Junction, and Asbury—Oshkosh, Old Church, Ripon, Appleton, Fond du Lac, Division Street, Fond du Lac District, Racine, Appleton, returned, Oshkosh, Algoma Street, Asbury, Milwaukee, Bay View. At the first he was pronounced a strong man. During the war he preached vigorous war sermons. Finding spiritualism rampant, he assaulted it with good results. Confronted by what he believed to be false doctrine, he waged against it an honest battle. But a few years after his first appointment he was spoken of as a radical on the temperance question, and he made himself felt in that issue every year of his life. Discovering rumors against his character, he twice demanded an investigation, and twice

came out clean. Through a long and hotly-contested trial, entered, beyond all question, from motives of duty only, he so conducted himself that no man could justly say aught against him except that he had taken the only course which seemed open—published an open letter of accusation. No man had labored more faithfully than he for his church, for men, for Christ. His life had been unremittingly busy. His brain had been tremendously active. He had thought out and settled satisfactorily to himself, as far as men may, the moral problems of life. His position on all the political questions of the day was clear and decided, and he had espoused what he believed to be right publicly and fearlessly. He had certainly done a good work. That he had faults is undoubted. That he made mistakes is apparent. But his faults were born of his nature, not of his heart; his mistakes were caused by his impulses, not by his character; and he frankly acknowledged both. Above all, he made an impression on the world in which he lived.

He had taken, also, an active part in nearly all the Conference sessions. At the session of 1869 he was chairman of the Committee on Temperance and Tobacco, and the report then made, especially in its reference to temperance as a political question, would be peculiarly applicable to-day; and was appointed visitor to Lawrence University, and preached the annual Conference sermon. At the session of 1871 he was vice-president of the Conference Missionary Society, chairman of the Committee on Temperance and

Tobacco, from whose report we have already read, addressed the Conference in the interest of the sufferers by the great fires of that year, and preached in the bishop's stead on Sabbath morning. At the session of 1876 he spoke on temperance and preached before the Conference. At the session of 1877 he was appointed to preach the annual missionary sermon, which he did at the session of 1878. At the session of 1881 he was appointed visitor to Garrett Biblical Institute, made an address on the Church Extension Anniversary, and led the Conference Love Feast. At the session of 1882 he preached for the bishop (an extract from the sermon has been given), and took a transfer to the Iowa Conference, receiving an appointment to Burlington, that State.

At the Wisconsin Conference session, held in Fond du Lac, 1882, the following was adopted :

"*Whereas*, We learn that Rev. G. C. Haddock, for many years a faithful laborer in our most important charges, is about to transfer from us ; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we regretfully part with him, and send with him our best wishes and earnest prayers, and will at any time, should he return, heartily welcome him back to our midst."

From this time his life was so prominently connected with temperance work that little else will appear than what he thought and said upon that subject.

My father's political faith, as we have seen, had, up to

this time, been that of the Republican Party. Until the Kanouse campaign in 1881 he had always, in the main, acted with that organization. He had been of that faith from an intelligent appreciation of the principles involved, and therefore had not hesitated to express himself on all proper occasions, and not only to vote the ticket, but to preach the doctrines of the party whose history was the history of the last page of American freedom. He had little sympathy with clergymen whose fear of consequences determined their alleged sense of propriety, and believed that the Christian element alone could save politics from degenerating into the machinery of selfish demagogism. While he saw that the espousal of any party by the official action of a church was contrary to the genius of all Christian denominations, and not in keeping with the spirit of our institutions, he believed it the duty of every Christian citizen to carry his religion into his politics ; and the fact of his profession seemed no valid reason against his taking an active part toward sustaining the party he considered best adapted to work out great problems and bring forth great progress among the American people. He therefore frequently stepped from his pulpit to aid that party to victory. And so long as he labored in the interests of Republican candidates, few had anything to say against an occasional stump speech. Yet when he carried the same services to a despised and hated third party, his course was criticised as questionable and out of clerical taste. Neither the cor-

rupted wisdom of ward-caucus candidates nor the comments of ring-bound journals moved him, for the ruling words of his life had been, "A sword for the Lord and for Gideon" —God and the truth!

He fully recognized the great and brilliant work of the Republican Party. He could not look upon its origin, and the strong men it had brought out from the people, and the brave, progressive spirit of its ranks, and the splendid achievements of the first decade and a half of its existence, without feeling that it had been born and guided, not of men, but of Almighty God.

But he was not a man to dwell long upon the past. While the Republican Party had made a most enviable record, while it had been the "clenched fist and the open palm" of Divine Providence, yet, as the nation advanced along its development, new problems arose which confronted that party because of its essentially progressive character; it alone seemed peculiarly adapted to work out their solution; its fundamental principles seemed to guarantee that it would take them up and carry them through. But it had refused to act in any thorough manner. It had put into its platforms glittering generalities, often as evasive as they were specious. The genius of its mighty leaders seemed spent and vanished. The spirit of reform which had brooded over its cradle and run with it in battle had been displaced by the greed of office and the selfishness of party existence. Its past had become mournful because its

present had become venal. It was like the city of Rome —once mistress of the world, looking forever back. The fear of defeat, like a chill of death, unnerved it for heroic action. A vast army of office-holders had sapped its vigor and chained its independence. This fear and this army had given it over to the domination of wealth. A great portion of that wealth was under the control of the liquor traffic. It catered to riches ; it catered to rum. It was no longer a party of the people.

He also believed the party had largely failed to measure up to its own pretentions on civil service reform. This failure was inevitable so long as its leaders shamelessly quarrelled for power, so long as its success depended on the distribution of spoils. While many men within its lines sincerely wished to see a genuine reform, the party, as such, simply talked reform in its conventions, and straightway manipulated the machine with a total disregard for its solemn announcements to the people.

His sympathies, moreover, as we have seen, were always with the laboring man. He saw the burden of ignorance and poverty everywhere prevalent and heavy, and was keenly alive to the fact that while wealth had increased, while invention had enlarged the sphere of labor, while civilization had multiplied the objects of industry to a marvellous extent, yet wages had not kept pace with wealth, the fields of work were crowded, and the life of toil seemed surrounded by fewer comforts ; it had less oppor-

tunity for accumulation, it had poorer facilities for education, its condition in almost every respect was less favorable than when the great Western States were unknown wastes, and the manufactures of the country were few and feeble. He recognized the operation of many factors in this result, the increase of population, the influx of foreign peoples without condition or restraint, the growth of the liquor traffic. He conceded what the Republican Party had accomplished. But he also saw that that party had here a great opportunity for exhibiting that spirit which had mastered the situation twenty years before. It was for this party to legislate for labor. It professed to be doing so. In some instances it had done so. But what were the remaining facts? The great mass of the laboring population were bound hand and foot by the power of sateless corporations. Legislation was out of joint. Efforts put forth by wage-workers to compel concessions from capital were frowned upon and repressed by legal restrictions. The mistakes of labor were exaggerated. Its intelligence was imposed upon. And, above all, its greatest curse, that which forever makes men weak, strips them to rags, keeps them in ignorance, and renders them criminal—the beer and whiskey trade—was not only not heeded, but feared; not only feared, but truckled to.

One action of the party, indeed, he supported—the anti-Chinese law. Comparatively few men, perhaps, in the Christian Church felt full sympathy for that law. But he

advocated its passage and denounced its veto fearlessly, for reasons which involved the welfare of labor.

"The people of the Pacific States have justly raised a cry of alarm and appealed to their sister States to join them in repelling this tide of pagan abomination.

"The question is, Shall we hear their cry and stop the stream while we can? To this question two answers are given. Capital says no. Labor says yes. What are the arguments pro and con? It is argued that these men are industrious, willing to work, quick to learn, and that cheap labor is needed to build railroads, dig canals, etc. But if railroads and other works are really needed, they can afford to pay such a price as will give a civilized man a decent maintenance. If they are not so much needed that they cannot do this, it is not wise to lock up money in them that may be better employed elsewhere. Some people argue as though about all this country is for is to take care of railroads. Let all the land be given to them, let them import their laborers from China for fifty cents a day, let them buy their iron abroad, let them be as lightly taxed as possible, let them manipulate elections and buy up legislators, and as for the civilized laborer, let him compete with John Chinaman or starve. That is the cold-blooded heartlessness of many of the citizens of this Christian country.

"It is argued that the exclusion of the Chinese is a violation of treaty obligations. To this two things may be said. First, the Government has a standing treaty with its

own citizens to 'establish justice' and 'promote the general welfare.' Does it promote the general welfare, is it just to encourage the importation of hordes of pagans in order to reduce the price of labor to a starvation point, with the moral certainty that if this process is continued long enough it will result in duplicating in America the social condition of Europe—on one side the few immensely wealthy, on the other the many miserably poor? Let the workingmen insist that the constitutional treaty embodied between the Government and the people be sacredly kept, and that all other treaties violative of the spirit of that organic treaty go by the board. Second, the treaty with China especially provides for restricting Chinese importation to a 'reasonable' extent. Who is to decide what is reasonable in the case? Evidently the power which is to do the restricting is Congress. This body has just passed a bill to stop Chinese importation for twenty years, thereby saying that in its judgment this was a 'reasonable' restriction. But President Arthur puts in his veto, thereby saying that his opinion is better than that of the whole people, as represented by the voice of Congress. This may seem severe; but reflect that this is merely a matter of opinion —nothing more or less. It is presumptuous for a President to interpose a veto under such circumstances.''

But the chief cause of his estrangement from the Republican Party was its fear of the great rum power of the age. That power it dared not affront. That power it needed to

elect its candidates. That power would desert it in a moment should it voice, squarely and emphatically in its platforms, any condemnation of the evils it caused. Of course, it would be permitted to declare generally concerning the evils of intemperance. But it must not touch the traffic itself. Every mere party consideration opposed any distinct antagonism to the "business." Liquor men had announced in conventions that they would invariably oppose candidates with temperance proclivities. The "business" controlled a large army of votes. It represented vast sums of money. There lurked within it, behind bars, in brewery cellars, under distilleries, on every street and alley, in every town, village, and city, in every county and State, a spirit as watchful as Argus, as wily as an Indian scout, as ferocious as the Borgias. The ramifications of its power were secret and universal, from ocean to ocean, from North to South. The party, therefore, could not afford to anger such an organization. It would cost its life.

Nor would it brook any independence in its ranks. In a sermon delivered a year or two later, he said truly: "The party leaders are whipping the party followers into line, and are indulging in all sorts of measures and using all sorts of language for this purpose. Whenever any individual manifests any disposition to use freedom in the exercise of an independent judgment, straightway he is denounced as a traitor, a turn-coat, a dude, a pharisee, a mugwump, or some other of the pet names or opprobrious titles

by which the party slave-drivers seek to terrify the rank and file into submission, and keep the party lines unbroken. Instead of argument, there is slang and abuse. Instead of appeals to reason, mud-throwing. Instead of a manly discussion of political principles, there are ridicule and slander for their political opponents, and such is the power of slang and abuse and vituperation among certain classes of people that it may not be doubted but that hundreds of thousands of men will vote next fall, not in accordance with their private judgment, but under fear and constraint. They dare not think, speak, nor act for themselves, because they fear they will be persecuted or called names. And I say to you that it requires more courage than the average man possesses for a mechanic, for instance, who is working for a company of men who are either Democrats or Republicans, to forsake the party with which he has hitherto acted and cast his lot with an opposing party, knowing that he will be subjected to scorn and hatred and laughter every day from now till the coming election. And it also requires unsurpassed courage for any prominent man to come out from either of the great organizations and join the other, or to help build up a new party based upon new principles. Just as soon as he declares himself, so soon will he be pounced upon by the slave-drivers with whip and crackers. They impugn his motives and say he is a sore-head, because he couldn't get an office for himself or cousin, or something of the kind. Or they assail his char-

acter. He is wholly a bad man, and gone over or down to his own level, and they are glad to get rid of him. Never before, it seems to me, was there so much of this sort of thing as during this year. I say this deliberately, having been closely observant of the methods connected with our political parties for more than a quarter of a century.

"Now all this is just as truly despotism as when a king subjugates his people by means of the cannon and bayonet. One is exactly as bad as the other. Not the physical force represented by armies and fleets—not this alone is objectionable in a government. Any kind of constraint which paralyzes the will and overrides the judgment prevents a free and independent action of the Government. It may be a republic in name, but it will be an oligarchy in fact; and a republic is nothing more than an oligarchy when the citizens thereof are arrayed in two great parties, and these parties are ruled and controlled by a few bosses, who manipulate everything for their own benefit, and use the people as their tools to work out their own autocratic wills. Whether we have reached this point as yet I will not undertake to say; but it is evident that we are rapidly tending in this direction. The only hope I see in all this wide universe is in some political upheaval that shall utterly destroy the old order of partisan politics, and lay the foundation of new lines and the organization and establishment of new centres of truth and influence."

Upon such considerations, born of indubitable facts, he

based his belief that the Republican Party could not be induced by argument and entreaty within its limits to take up the task of destroying the liquor traffic. There might come a time when it would shake off its lethargy and rise again in the old spirit which had once made it invincible; but if ever such a time should arrive, the causes would be found, not in the party itself, but essentially extraneous to it. Good and thinking men differed on this question, but their opinions were entitled to no more weight than his own, since he possessed the facts necessary to an independent conclusion. He saw clearly that no existing party would meet the temperance issue of its own accord. Nothing short of defeat, at least threatened defeat, would bring out the heroic element in the Republican fold. So long as temperance men remained inactive, so long would the rum power continue to rule. Any vigorous action within the ranks seemed impossible. Caucuses were largely controlled, directly or indirectly, by the saloon element. Were men who desire to place restrictions upon the liquor traffic or to abolish it altogether to attempt carrying out their "fanatical" ideas, the whiskey forces would inevitably flock to the rescue, and no candidate of a pronounced temperance stripe could, taking the whole country over, secure nomination. And it is notorious that politicians "make up the tickets," with contingencies, long before caucuses and conventions are held. These tickets are scrupulously free from objectionable names. Objection-

able names, as a general rule, are hopelessly sure to be "killed." The only resource left to men who desire better laws is that of words—words of wisdom and shame and sorrow—and nothing more. If they desire to act they must go outside of a party which would never have been born without them, which would have died in infancy without them, and which, without them, will become a political valley of dry bones.

Turning from the Republican Party to the Democratic, he saw an utter repudiation of both temperance and legal restriction. A party which had fondled the doctrine of State rights must necessarily endorse the so-called doctrine of "personal liberty." A party which had favored human slavery for reasons of political policy must inevitably cater to the mighty power of rum for similar reasons. The vast majority of that party was set off, in habits, character, and pursuits, from the vast majority of the Republican Party by lines which included everything suggested by and growing out of drink. There was no hope here, nor the light of any possibility. This party was ruled by the saloon as with a rod of iron.

The only course remaining was to join that little band whose faith, courage, and moral convictions are the despair of reason. Had he lived to the day of the anti-saloon Republican convention he would have declared it a vain effort. Had he been permitted to read the address promulgated later by its committee he could not but have felt the pathos

of its splendid utterances, the prophetic tone of its enumeration of those evils which are not more truly facts for the consideration of society itself than for the startled contemplation of the Republican Party—not more of the condition of things at large than of the condition of things within that organization.

"The representatives of the liquor traffic in the United States have become a league of law-breakers. Not content with resisting by personal and political action the passage of laws in restraint of their destructive calling, they have banded together to violate every such law when passed. They demand the protection of law for themselves and strike down the partial protection which law, enforced, would furnish to society against the intolerable evils they produce. Not content with unitedly refusing to obey the law until compelled by legal process, they openly resist enforcement by criminal means. Arson has become a common weapon used to intimidate communities which try to free themselves from the saloon curse, and the more desperate defenders of the traffic do not stop at assassination as a means of warfare, as the blood of Haddock in Iowa testifies from the ground."

Does the Republican Party seek to abate that evil by insisting upon the enforcement of existing laws? It is one of the reactions of the argument set up by Republican logicians that prohibition is not practicable and cannot be enforced, and that license is the only desideratum possible

at present,—that the alleged failure to enforce prohibition is largely due to the supine indifference of the Republican Party itself, and that the license system is everywhere and constantly shown to be equally weak by the same failure to enforce license laws owing to the same indifference on the part of the same party.

"One of the gravest political dangers which now confront the republic is the corrupt use of money to influence elections and legislation. With this evil once intrenched in our political system and acquiesced in, free institutions would be at an end. When bribery can defeat or reverse the will of the majority, self-government is a farce. The saloon power in the United States systematically uses its corruption fund without scruple and without stint to control primaries, to carry elections by the purchase of votes, to prevent restrictive legislation with bribery, to obstruct the course of justice by tampering with juries, and to punish with defeat public servants who have incurred its displeasure. This wholesale crime against free and fair government is not even denied or concealed."

And this evil use of money is part of the manipulation of the machine in the Republican Party.

"The irrepressible conflict between the saloon system and the public welfare remained a local and subordinate matter until the leagued power of the liquor traffic took the offensive and by successive and rapid aggressions invaded every place, however sacred, violated every restrain-

ing law, however moderate, and now avowedly aims at complete political domination by debauching the ballot and the Legislature. For the truth and justice of this indictment we appeal to the open book of current history and to every law-abiding citizen who knows whereof he speaks."

And it is equally true that had not those citizens who see this evil insisted, during half a century, upon a reform, that saloon system would have had no occasion to declare war, and the Republican Party itself would not have produced such a meeting as this anti-saloon convention.

"The prestige, resources, and championship of a great historic party are needed on the side of the home and the public welfare. The Republican Party is called to this place and work, and called by a mandate as genuine and majestic as that which summoned it into existence. Its origin, record, and composition have furnished the strongest possible presumption that it would, at the right time, adopt and carry out all that is desirable and feasible in the political treatment of the liquor traffic. And the hour is now struck for the next advance."

Had he read these words he would have declared, with a peculiar shrug frequently used to express dissent, that the Republican Party, as a present organization, never would take that next advance. A party which should be essentially the party that destroyed slavery and saved and glorified the nation might come forth from the people, and it might take the old name ; but it would still be a new or-

ganization because inspired by the revived spirit of Sumner and Lincoln, and nevermore the party of the past decade. He had faith, too, to expect such a new formation of the old elements into a successor of the historic Republican Party. For this reason the fear that a division of forces would involve the country in disaster had no weight with him. He believed in a Divine Providence over the nations of the earth, and that, whatever the hour or its perplexities, storms and doubts,

> "Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own."

It was of little consequence, therefore, that a present party might be defeated or that a Democratic Party might gain control of the Government. At the first he was indeed influenced by that fear. But eventually he believed the only true ground of political action for Christian temperance men was trust in the God of heaven.

It is true there were grave difficulties. The Prohibition Party was as yet remarkably feeble. With the Independent vote it had elected a Democratic President. Prohibitory laws had seemed to be vain things. They had been tried many times, and a true national reform seemed as far removed as ever. The future was gloomy enough. But there were only three positions to assume: to oppose all restrictions upon the drink traffic, to favor high license, or to espouse the cause of Prohibition. He could not consent

to the two first; he was, therefore, driven to the third, and at the same time driven out of the Republican Party.

Once decided, he acted. We have seen that he entered the Kanouse campaign in 1881. When he became a resident of Iowa he threw himself into the St. John campaign with characteristic enthusiasm, and spoke many times at different points throughout that State and Kansas and Nebraska. The result was defeat, but the work was not vain. The idea of an amendment to the National Constitution was brought before voters in some emphatic way. Men were moving. The liquor element was consolidating more and more into a mass which could be located, and thus the better confronted. The Republican Party was learning a lesson of its dependence upon its best voters. This was the theory of his course and activity with the third party. There would be many defeats; but Prohibition only was the true method of dealing with the sale of alcoholic beverages, and to secure this there must be no fear, no rest, no trimming—only incessant, persistent, courageous work. The movement was certain to gain in numbers and power. It already wielded an influence which was formidable; the day of the laugh and the sneer had passed, the day of the balance of power seemed not beyond hope. Here was a refuge for men who could neither vote the Democratic ticket nor remain with the Republican Party. Here was the leaven which was to leaven the entire mass of

the people who desired the destruction of the liquor traffic. If the Prohibition Party should prove to be no more than a pioneer, to be succeeded by an organization destined to win victory under another name, the end would justify all labor and all sacrifice.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Liquor Business—Not Necessary or Desirable—High License.

IT appears from the United States Census for 1880 that there were 2191 manufactories of malt liquors, 844 of distilled liquors, 7 of malt, and 7 of glucose. The first "business" employed 29,221 hands, the second 6502, and the third 2332, with 1182 in the fourth. What was the capital invested? In the manufacture of malt liquors, $91,208,-224; in that of distilled liquors, $24,247,595; in that of malt, $14,340,441; in that of glucose, $2,255,000; total, $132,051,260. And with this capital there was paid out as wages, in malt liquor manufactories, $12,198,000; in distilled liquor manufactories, $2,663,967; in malt manufactories, $1,004,548; in glucose manufactories, $605,852; total, $16,472,367. These figures reveal only the nucleus of the traffic, from which arise connections in every direction with the industries of the country. The liquor "business" probably represents four hundred millions of money directly; its connections represent vastly more. Hence the argument that Prohibition is an effort to destroy a vast and important industry.

The temperance preacher had this to say upon that subject:

"It is often said that the liquor traffic makes business, and that Prohibition is a blow aimed at the financial interests of the people. Inasmuch as a great deal of money passes to and fro through the drink channels, many people are actually deceived by the idea that the perpetuation of the traffic is desirable for financial reasons, although on moral grounds it cannot easily be defended.

"I propose to show that the drink trade is just as inimical to good business as it is to good morals, and that its annihilation is demanded from the standpoint of political economy, as well as on other grounds.

"I therefore lay down several propositions.

"*First. The greater the number of men employed in any business enterprise in proportion to the profits realized, the greater is its value to the State. And the less the number of men employed in proportion to the money made, the less is its value to the community at large.*

"Suppose two new manufacturing establishments to be set up, each having the same amount of capital invested and making the same amount of money, but one employs fifty men, while the other employs only ten men, all earning the same wages. Now, do we not see that the former is the more desirable because it sets more money afloat in the community, supports more people, and increases trade by five times? Is it not evident to the ordinary comprehension that the more money we have invested in a business which yields immense profits, but employs only a few men,

the worse off the community is? On the other hand, is it not plain that the greater the number of establishments which support many families and yield moderate profits to their proprietors, the better off the people are?

"Now, if we apply this test to the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, we shall see that it is undesirable simply from a business standpoint, because, while its profits are large, the number of men employed is small as compared with other business enterprises. An English writer on Political Economy gives the following facts: 'In a certain distillery in Edinburgh two million gallons of spirits are annually made, valued at £1,500,000, giving employment to one hundred and fifty persons.' Now, to produce almost any other kind of manufactured goods of the same value it would require the labor of one thousand men. Thus we see that the relative value to the community of this establishment, as compared with other kinds of manufactories, is one hundred and fifty to one thousand. Yet we are constantly told of the immense amount of money invested in breweries and distilleries, and of the great wrong which Prohibition would perpetrate by driving men out of this business. Whereas, the more money there is invested in these institutions the worse off the State is from a financial point of view, to say nothing of other and graver considerations.

"It is estimated by men who have given the subject careful examination that if the money invested in the liquor

business in England were to be employed in useful manufactories it would give work to one million more men than are now afforded in that country an opportunity for labor. Professor Kirk, of Scotland, estimates that in the manufacture and sale of three hundred gallons of whiskey labor gets only ten shillings, while in putting the same value in cutlery on to the market, labor is paid eight pounds ten shillings. Mr. Frederick Powell, of England, in his prize temperance essay entitled 'Bacchus Dethroned,' after giving many facts of this kind, thus says in conclusion: 'We see that, by employing but little labor and by sharing with that labor only a very small proportion of the profits, the liquor traffic is at war with the interests of the workingman, and its destruction becomes a workingman's question; and we also see that every workingman that expends his money upon intoxicating liquor is guilty of a suicidal policy against the interests of his class, for he circulates his money in a channel that brings the smallest possible returns to his own class. In every pound he expends upon drink, he only gives his brother workmen sixpence, while for every pound he expends upon other classes of products of a useful and necessary character, he gives his brother workmen, upon an average, eight and sixpence.'

"Dr. William Hargreaves, in a work entitled 'Our Wasted Resources,' shows, according to the census return of the State of Pennsylvania for 1870, the amount paid to labor for making one hundred dollars' worth of boots and

shoes was $28.50; clothing, $21.57; furniture, $29.55; hardware, $26.24; cotton goods, $19.98; woollen goods, $15.86; worsted goods, $17.30; while for making one hundred dollars' worth of alcoholic beverages labor was paid only $8.50. Thus we see that breweries and distilleries were only one third as valuable to a community as manufactories of boots and shoes, or furniture, or hardware, and that the more breweries and distilleries a State has within its borders the worse off it is. It is simply a question of political economy.

"In the city of Milwaukee there is an iron manufactory whose monthly pay-roll is not less than $50,000. In the same city there is a brewery whose monthly pay-roll is not to exceed $10,000. Yet the brewery makes the most money in proportion. Which is the best business? The establishment which pays out $50,000 a month to an army of men.

"But it is said by some that the Government is largely indebted to the liquor traffic because of the immense sums paid to it by way of revenue. To this I reply that if the money spent for liquor were expended for other articles of comfort, convenience, and luxury, the revenues of the Government would be largely increased, while the cost of collecting the revenues would be largely decreased, as it is a well-known fact that the Government has more trouble in collecting the liquor taxes than from all other sources.

"In Ireland, during the labors of Father Mathew, the

great Irish temperance apostle, the Government revenues from liquor fell off largely, being decreased in five years £582,611. Yet there was an increase in the general revenues during the same period of £90,823. Thus we see that the Government and people were both benefited by total abstinence.

"A gentleman connected with one of the most extensive manufacturing firms in Lincolnshire stated that the Irish trade had increased one hundred per cent as a result of Father Mathew's temperance work, and the trade between Rochdale and Ireland had trebled in three years.

"At Waterford, just previous to Father Mathew's visit to the corporation, an author who visited the houses of the working classes estimated the personal property there found at one hundred thousand pounds. The apostle of temperance pledged sixty thousand people to total abstinence in two years. Then the property increased to two hundred thousand pounds, thus showing that the wealth of the working population was doubled in two years as a result of total abstinence.

"These facts show how foolish is the idea that we are indebted to the liquor traffic because it pays so much into the national treasury. The truth is, this business keeps people poor, and thus robs the Government as well as its citizens.

"*Second. No business is necessary or desirable which causes a great destruction of values, because the nation's capital is thereby impaired.*

"If this is kept up for any long period financial embarrassment and hard times will be inevitable, the waste and loss will be felt by every branch of business, and the utmost possible economy will be required in order to achieve any success. How is it, then, with the liquor traffic? To begin at the beginning, we find a tremendous destruction of values in the manipulation of the grain purchased for breweries and distilleries. The first thing done with them is to spoil them for all purposes for which they have any value as God has made them. In making beer, for instance, barley is subjected to four processes, and each process involves a loss of value, so that out of six pounds of grain required to make one gallon of the beverage there remains three quarters of a pound of the original grain, and this is the least valuable part of all for food. Hence, practically, so far as any real value is concerned, all has disappeared in the process. When we consider that millions of bushels of grain are used up annually in this country in the liquor manufacture, we see how frightful is the destruction of values entailed upon the nation.

"But, some will say, the farmers are paid for this grain, and therefore there cannot be any such loss. Let us look at that a moment. Suppose that, instead of using this grain for the manufacture of drink—the worst use that can be made of it—sixty men are organized into a society to buy of the farmers this same grain and throw it into the middle of Lake Michigan. We can suppose sixty millions of dollars

thus disposed of every year. Now, has not so much of the nation's wealth been blotted out, annihilated? Does it make any difference in what way we spoil sixty millions of dollars, provided it is done, and no good equivalent is returned for this amount? Suppose this is kept up year after year. Is it not certain that financial distress must come sooner or later, and when it does come, will not the farmer suffer with all the rest? Most certainly he will, and the probabilities are that during this period he will lose most if not all the profits on the grain thus sold to men for the purpose of being destroyed.

"Suppose, now, instead of grain, we take lumber. Then suppose sixty men are organized into a society to buy up all the lumber there is, cut and pile it up, and set it on fire to make ashes. Don't you think there would be an immense loss here? True, the lumbermen are paid for their lumber. They might think it all right. They might say, What do we care what these men do with the lumber they pay for? But this would clearly be a destruction of values. The capital of the country would be impaired by waste, which, if kept up, would lead to disaster, and when disaster came, the lumbermen would share in it, with all other business men. We all stand or fall together. No one legitimate business can suffer without being felt all along the line of commerce. The waters of commercial life stand at about the same level as do the waters of the ocean. Whenever there is great and constant destruction of values and loss of

capital, this loss will be a disturbing cause all around sooner or later.

"So it does make some difference to every man what becomes of the lumber or wheat after it leaves the first handler. It would be much better for him and everybody else if, instead of being destroyed, it were so used that all who have anything to do with it would be benefited by it.

"Take the losses occasioned by the war as an illustration. Some people seem to think war is a desirable thing in a financial point of view, because it makes things lively, like the liquor business. But the fact is, it entails frightful loss in every direction. And what is the financial result of all this loss? What shape does it take? The great national debt incurred during the war is estimated at $2,500,000,000, requiring, at five per cent, $125,000,000 yearly for interest. That loss has got to be worked out before the nation will be as well off as it was before. We may as well settle it in our minds that wherever there is a destruction of values of any kind, there will be trouble somewhere. No business which necessitates a great and constant destruction of values can be regarded as desirable from the standpoint of political economy, independent of all moral considerations.

"But, some will say, 'See here, you are mistaken in this dead-loss argument. The men who buy this grain from the farmers put it into a different shape, and sell it at a great profit.' So for seventy millions paid by the business which the farmer gets, the people drink eight hundred thousand

millions of dollars. Yes, they do, and right here is where is located the loss which comes out of the destruction of the grain God has made for the benefit of man and beast. It comes not out of the liquor manufacturer or seller, but out of the consumer; and in order to make this point more clear, let us go back a moment to the lumber business and ash-selling business. Suppose the men who buy the lumber and burn it, and sell the ashes, have found a way of making people believe that these ashes are very valuable for food, or, when mingled with water, make a desirable beverage, and that the people thus deceived and bewitched are willing to pay out millions of money every year to get the ashes which come from the lumber thus destroyed. Suppose these ashes do no good to those who buy, but, on the contrary, harm every individual; that they produce disease and idleness, and lead to disaster in financial interests everywhere; yet all the while the lumber-dealers and ash-sellers are becoming rich. Is this a desirable business to the country at large? Can't any man with an ounce of brains see that it is not desirable? There is here simply a constant dead loss, and the growing wealth of the lumber-sellers and the lumber business is nothing more than a transferring from the pockets of the ash-eaters to their pockets; but the ash-eaters get nothing at all in return for their money. This dead loss is passed along till it comes to the consumers, and the latter bear the whole.

"Now I submit that so far as any financial benefit to the

people is concerned, this dead loss is a fair representation of the liquor business. The alcoholic beverages made out of the spoiled grain have no more real financial value as beverages than ashes have as food. Alcohol has its uses in the world, and so have ashes. But nature no more designed that alcohol should be mingled with water and taken into the stomach as drink than that ashes should be used as a food. These things have no value for either of such purposes, and the money thus spent is worse than thrown away. The liquor men buy has no sort of value to them in any way, shape or manner. Drink does not impart strength, nor aid digestion, nor warm in winter, nor cool in summer, nor increase the power of endurance. The light of modern science has completely demolished all these superstitious notions which have been bequeathed to us from a period of the densest mental darkness. It is as certain as anything earthly can be certain that the financial value of alcoholic beverages is purely fictitious. The value of the grain has disappeared in the malting process. It never comes back. It is gone forever, and the consumer is simply cheated ; he gets no equivalent for his money. Not only that, but he is positively harmed, financially and otherwise. He buys that which injures him as a money-maker. His body is weakened so that he cannot earn as much as he could if he had let it alone. His brain is injured so that he has not the skill which otherwise would be his. His relish for labor is destroyed. From time to time he loses a day as the result

of his drinking habits. He has more sickness than cold-water men. His doctor bills are greater, while he earns less. As his appetite for alcohol increases his financial condition grows worse and worse. There is nothing but loss everywhere.

"*Third. No business is desirable or necessary which stands in the way of the success and prosperity of all other business enterprises.*

"It is as true in the financial world as it is in the social, moral, or religious world, that we are all bound up together, we succeed or fail together, and the motto of every good citizen, of every honest, legitimate enterprise, should be, 'Live and let live.' There is room for every business which ought to exist, for every business which aims to give its customers a fair equivalent for their patronage. If we were to start a town somewhere in the Western wilds, we could not get along without farmers to raise wheat, and millers to grind it into flour, butchers to supply meat, grocers to furnish sugar and tea and coffee, dry-goods merchants, boot and shoe dealers, furniture manufacturers, crockery men, booksellers—in fact, all classes of tradesmen whose business it is to supply the people with the various articles they always need, for convenience and happiness, and who aim to give an equivalent for the money they receive. But where is there a place along this honorable line of mutual helpfulness for the liquor-dealer? What want can he supply? What need can he fill? None at all. He

comes in as an interloper where he is not required, where people would be a great deal better off without him, and his coming only brings curses instead of blessings. He not only cannot help his immediate customer, but he cannot help any other kind of business. The money spent for liquor is just so much abstracted from all other useful, honest business pursuits. By as much as he gains they certainly lose.

"Now let us take the case of an habitual drunkard. What is he? What has he? Nothing at all. His home is destroyed, his family are meanly clad, he himself is in rags. He is in the very lowest scale of human existence; and this is the legitimate work of the liquor traffic, the natural results of drink to the man who yields himself without reserve to the influences of the deadly saloon.

"Now suppose we take this man and reform him, and then in two years' time visit his home. What do we see? A comfortable house respectably furnished, a family well dressed; he is happy himself, because he is a strong, industrious, and useful citizen. Thus we see the result of letting the saloon severely alone two years; every useful business in the community is benefited; he has spent his money for clothing, carpets, furniture, crockery, books, papers, and pictures. Is it not true that by as much as these classes of business have been benefited, by so much were they injured by the saloon previous to his reformation? Is it not also true that the liquor-seller is necessarily

an enemy to every honest business man in the community, that by as much as he thrives by so much must they be injured? Does not everybody know that what the saloon-keeper sells tends to make his patrons bad citizens, because it robs their minds of vitality and their bodies of strength, gives them a disrelish for labor, and creates an insane, uncontrollable appetite for alcohol, so that they have no desire for anything else, and no desire to patronize anybody else but the pestiferous saloon-keeper? Is it not clear that this business is hostile to every other business, and that the saloon-keeper, like a vampire, is simply sucking the blood of the commerce of the world on which he himself thrives? Consider the vast amount thus absorbed by this monster cuttlefish! Not less than four hundred to a thousand millions a year! Suppose this business were annihilated and this vast sum spent for food and clothing and the various other articles required for human comfort and convenience. What a thrill of life would be felt along all the arteries of commerce! How it would set the idle wheels turning and spindles clashing and the flames of furnaces roaring! More than that, eight millions of men would quit drinking, and earn vastly more money, and spend the greater amount for useful articles. This would call into existence other factories, and this would require the labor of other millions of sober men. Thus the volume of trade would roll up and on and on until the country would enter upon a career of prosperity such as it has never before enjoyed. I say to

you that vast as is the business of the United States, it is not as vast as it ought to be, nor as it would be, if this body of death were removed, and we were to become a sober people. It seems to me astonishing that business men are so apathetic on this subject, so afraid of losing the custom of whiskey-drinkers, whereas that business is robbing them every day and hour. I want business men to reflect upon the stupidity of the policy which stands for license for fear of losing the trade of the whiskey-selling and whiskey-drinking crowd, and to wake up to the fact that the existence of this business robs them of thousands of dollars. Instead of supporting these men they ought to annihilate their business as public robbery, even if to do so involves the risk of losing a few customers at the outset. Which is the best policy? In the one case they lose dollars in order to save dimes; in the other case they lose dimes in order to gain dollars. In the one case they keep in existence a business which pays labor but eight per cent on its expenditures; in the other case they destroy this business and divert its capital into other channels, where labor gets thirty per cent on the cost of its products put upon the market.

"*Fourth. No business is desirable which adds largely to the burdens of taxation, and fails to pay its own just share of such burdens.*

"That the drink trade is just such a business as this no intelligent man can dispute for a moment. This constitutes the sole ground for imposing a special tax upon the traffic

in all communities where it is suffered by law to exist. Men say they know this is an expensive business, but they believe it ought not to be entirely suppressed. Therefore they deem it best to permit it to exist under high license. We may well consider, then, the political economy of high license. 1. The high-license plan is bad from a financial standpoint. It professes to offset the cost of liquor ; but it never does. You cannot put a license high enough to meet the increased taxation resulting from drink. It would be impossible for saloon men to carry on the business if they were compelled to pay to the community its cost to the tax-payers. For every dollar received for license, a thousand dollars are paid out in various directions as the legitimate fruit of the licensed saloon. It's a losing business, let the license be what it will. 2. The high-license plea is dishonest and hypocritical. Its only object is to defeat Prohibition, and when that is accomplished nineteen twentieths of the men who are now crying for high license will be just as much opposed to high license as they are now to prohibition. They only desire to perpetuate the saloon, not to put the liquor business under restrictions. 3. High license is immoral because it proposes to help support the Government by taxing the sources of crime. It is undoubtedly true that a great deal of money can be brought into municipal treasuries by legalizing crime. Suppose we legalize gambling and put it under a high license. No doubt we could have many gambling-houses running at full blast in

every city at three or four hundred dollars a head. So with every other crime. But the objection to this whole business is, that we are living in the nineteenth century, in the midst of a Christian civilization. It is not a fit or decent thing to do to tax crime-breeding institutions. It is not a good thing to do as a matter of dollars and cents, leaving out of consideration all other sentiments. The fact is, the highest moral interests and the financial interests of the country are bound up together. Wickedness doesn't pay for the pocket any more than for the soul. The taxpayers of this country cannot afford to legalize a bad business for the sake of getting a revenue out of it any more than an individual can afford to indulge in personal immorality for the sake of fun. License is like a man who permits the whole neighborhood to haul all the dead cattle of a city on to his premises for the sake of the horns and hoofs which he sells to the glue factory ; pestilence is generated before he sells half his stock, and kills off every member of his family. High license is like a boy who keeps a sore toe to show around to the boys for the sake of a bite of an apple. High license is like a man who allows a pair of wolves to exist on his farm because he gets a few dollars occasionally for the scalps of their cubs. But the old ones kill off twenty or thirty sheep every year. That is high license. That is the kind of financial ability possessed by the men who favor high license for the sake of the revenue returned. 4. High license is cruel. For who

pays the license? Does it come out of the liquor manufacturer? No. Does it come out of the liquor-seller? The saloon man will say yes. But stop a minute. Let's see about that. Take the case of the dry-goods dealer. Who pays the first cost of the goods, pays the rent, insurance, taxes? Why, all these come out of the customers, as a matter of course. They foot the bills and pay a living profit besides, else no man could do business. Now it is just as true that the customers of the saloon pay the cost of the business and a profit besides as it is true that the patrons of a dry-goods store do the same. But who are the customers of the saloon as a general thing? Poor men in moderate circumstances. And what does the money they spend for drink represent? It represents the comfort and happiness of their wives and children. *They are the ones who pay high license!* They are robbed of clothing and food, and books and papers, and homes. They are despoiled in order to pay high license which saves a few rich men a few dollars of city taxes.

"What, then, does high license mean when stripped of all its wrappings down to dry bones? It means suffering for women and innocent children, who are robbed in order that property-owners may have less taxes to pay.

"Now to return to the proposition that no business is desirable which adds to the burdens of taxation, and fails to pay its own just share of such burdens. How stands the liquor traffic in the light of this proposition? It is a well-

known fact that no business adds to the expenses of government so much as this business. [Then followed a startling list of testimonies upon the crime-producing power of the drink trade.] I could fill an hour with similar citations from keepers of poor-houses and insane asylums, all going to show that nearly one half the expenses of jails, prisons, and hospitals should be laid directly at the door of the dram-shop. Of this there can be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced person.

"And for all these increased expenses, what does the Government get out of this business which adds so largely to the burdens of the people? Do liquor men pay taxes on the property which they may happen to possess the same as other people? The amount paid into city treasuries by way of license is the merest pittance compared with the extra taxes they create. If they were compelled to pay, as in justice they ought to be compelled, the cost of their business to the community, they would be forced to close, because the expense would absorb the profits.

"Here we find an answer to the proposition that the State ought to pay men for confiscating their business under a new prohibitory law. Very well. If the State ought to pay them for the loss occasioned by prohibition, ought not they to pay for the losses caused by their business under license? If one is just the other is equally just. Let the two claims be offset. If it shall appear that license has cost the State less than prohibition has cost the liquor-dealers,

then possibly they may have a just claim to the balance. But if it shall appear, as everybody knows it would appear, that the difference is against the liquor-dealers, instead of in their favor, then the only remedy which the State has is to attach such property as it may find in their possession, and sell in satisfaction of judgment."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Personal Liberty"—A Sermon—The Prohibition Syllogism—Rights of the State.

THE growth of the liquor traffic has developed some of the most astonishing arguments ever arrayed against any law. The subtleties of the ancient sophists are fully matched by the opponents of prohibitory legislation. None of the tortuous reasoning or the unscrupulous assumptions of English crown lawyers during the seventeenth century were more tortuous or more unscrupulous than the elaborate logic of modern saloon sovereignty. Central in that system of singular ratiocination is the doctrine of "personal liberty." Prominent in all resolutions of the traffic is the declaration that "it becomes our duty as brewers, distillers, and liquor-dealers to make a common cause against a common enemy, in order to save our property from threatened destruction, at the same time we are upholding those *great principles of personal liberty which are, or ought to be, dear to the heart of every American citizen.*" "Personal liberty!" Yet the State is not at liberty to enact laws suppressing an evil which threatens its very existence; the party is not at liberty to nominate men who differ modestly from the arrogant dictators of the bar-room; the individual

is not at liberty to defend his kin from the influence of intoxicants, and no man is at liberty to attack this monstrous power unless first prepared to lay down his life. By these defenders of principles "dear to every American citizen," natural justice is appealed to as a bar to legislative prohibition, yet an evil repugnant to every enlightened conscience is sought to be fastened upon society with or without its expressed will, every right of men who do not favor saloon domination is met with a sneer, a threat, or violence, women are made wretched, children are cursed, homes are destroyed, poor-houses and jails are filled, vice is fostered, crime is incited and protected, legislatures are bought, courts are corrupted, parties are prostituted and handicapped, by this poison to all justice, in the name of liberty. The "genius of our institutions" is cited, but history is forgotten, the Sabbath is desecrated, churches are insulted, free speech is threatened, atheism is inculcated, anarchy and socialism are bred, treason is nourished, the right of the majority is denied, by this enemy of all republics, in the name of personal liberty.

It was this superhuman inconsistency, as well as the evils of the liquor interest, that always roused my father's indignation. He could not tolerate sophistry anywhere, but the venomous falsity of saloon arguments antagonized not only his head, but his heart. He saw that not a single claim made by the traffic could stand a moment before the inquisition of unbiassed reason. The appeal to the nature of our

Government called out his deepest scorn. He saw that the saloon oligarchy is absolutely indifferent to the nature of this or any other government, so long as it is undisturbed. The appeal to natural justice is the bitter irony of freedom. The appeal to personal liberty is the tragedy of toleration. The appeal to reason is the burlesque of intelligence. He had, therefore, much to say on this phase of the contest during all his three pastorates in Iowa. It appeared in his sermons and in his social talks everywhere. Some suggestions of their continual outcroppings may be seen in the following sermon preached at Sioux City :

"I will walk at liberty : for I seek Thy precepts."—119th Psalm, 45th verse.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty ; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."—Galatians, 5th ch., 1st and 13th vs.

"For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

"As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God."—1 Peter, 2d ch., 15th and 16th vs.; also 2 Peter, 2d ch., 19th v.

"There are two forces in human nature and human society which tend to draw the individual into the government of one or the other of two extremes, both of which are inimical to the best interests of humanity at large.

These extremes are a total absence of law and restraint on the one hand, and the annihilation of freedom on the other. In the political realm these may be designated as personal liberty and despotism. In religious matters the corresponding terms are atheism and superstition, while the astronomer might call them the centrifugal and centripetal forces of society.

"The first of these extremes (the absence of all restraint) finds its most marked manifestation in the lowest stages of human development always, for it is the unchecked sway of the animal propensities, or the power of moral gravity binding the intellectual and spiritual in man to the world of sensuality, just as physical gravity binds all bodies to the material globe. Under the rule of force, the individual is everything in himself. The law of self-love is untempered by any other consideration, not as God designed in putting this law into human nature. The individual thinks only of and for himself. He is governed only by his own passions, caprices, and desires. He does whatever is right in his own eyes as far as he can. He puts himself under no restraint for the sake of a better manhood which may come to him, or of greater happiness which may come to others, as the result of self-denial.

"This was the condition of the American savage when first discovered by the whites, and is now except so far as some have been induced to adopt a measure of the white man's civilization. The Indian in his wildest state is the

personification of personal liberty. He knows no government, submits to no restraint, and abides by no common rule of action. And this is the plane of life occupied by all who hold that personal liberty is the end and aim of social, religious, and political being. They have not risen above the animal plane of life in the savage phase of existence. Sometimes we hear a class of people in convention assembled declaring that the object of government is to secure personal liberty. But the very reverse of this proposition is true. Just as wild beasts enjoy more individual freedom than is possible to tame ones, so the savage man has more personal liberty than man can have in a civilized state, under the restrictions of a constitution and law. Every law enacted for the general good is an abridgment of the natural rights of man, *i.e.*, the rights and liberties exercised by men living in a state of nature previous to the formation of government. And if personal liberty is the chief thing to be considered, then men would be better off without government than with. But if we desire to enjoy the advantages of government and the genuine blessings of freedom, then the object to be held steadily in view is, not personal liberty, but civil liberty. And the difference between the two is as great as the difference between a grapevine growing wild in the forest, clambering unrestrained from tree to tree, and bearing small and acrid fruit, and the vine of a cultivated vineyard, restrained and trimmed, and bearing large, luscious grapes. Personal liberty means all

that every man may acquire and keep for himself in the absence of a constitution, law, and government. Civil liberty means all that every man, under government, may acquire and keep for himself, compatible with the general good. In the one case the individual has but a single interest to look after—the interest of self. In the other case the interests of society are considered as well as his own. And if this be true an honorable man will not ask for any rights or seek to advance any interests which are in conflict with the general good. 'The greatest good for the greatest number' is the underlying principle of all civil liberty. 'Every man for himself' is the ruling motto of personal liberty. The former is the utterance of enlightened manhood. The latter is the cry of recklessness, or perhaps sometimes of ignorance, but always of unenlightened selfishness, of undisciplined egoism.

"Now the question arises, What is the greatest good? In the absence of government each decides for himself. Under government the largest number, those whose interests are involved, decide. Every disputed power must be settled in a civilized society by the power of numbers as embodied in law, in order to prevent the necessity of a settlement by the power of numbers re-enforced by bayonets. The logic of force is the paramount logic of the universe, and the greater sways the lesser rather than the reverse. Among the heavenly bodies the larger, under limitations, control the smaller. Among the beasts the stronger rule

the weaker. And the destiny of human society must be settled by bayonets as representing physical force, or by ballots, the symbols of brain power. In either case the logic of force prevails, the greater rules the lesser, and any man who objects to this is either a knave or a fool ; he either does not know that under constitutional law 'the greatest good for the greatest number' must be the governing principle, and that the greatest number must decide by ballot what is the greatest good, crystallizing the idea into law, or, knowing that this is the theory, will subvert it in practice and bring on a state of anarchy, hoping that his personal interests may be advanced thereby.

"Some people have a great deal to say about the tyranny of the majority. And in some cases there is no doubt that the rule of majorities is tyrannic. But with us the greater danger is always in the other direction, that of the sway of unbridled lust, and the despotism of selfish, unrestrained, and lawless passion, the revolt of the lower man against the control of the higher man, the rebellion of muscle against the power of mind. This has always been the chief peril of civil liberty, and all that can overcome this tendency is the enlightened moral sense of the people, a love of law and order strong enough to overawe and keep down the turbulent spirits which are ever watching for an opportunity to prey upon society.

"We see this tendency all around us. Our civil war afforded an illustration. Demagogues were constantly cry-

ing out against the fictitious danger of centralization. But the real peril lay in an opposite direction. And it required four years of bayonet rule to neutralize the mischievous influence of a small number of evil-minded American citizens who wanted to substitute personal liberty for civil liberty.

"We see this tendency in mobs and unlawful hangings in the North, and in wholesale negro massacres in the South, all of which are exhibitions of the principles of personal liberty opposed to civil liberty. And inasmuch as few if any of the perpetrators of these outrages are sought out and punished, either North or South, all goes to show that the danger of license is greater than the danger of despotism.

"We see this same tendency in such violations of law as are not accompanied by acts of spoliation or the shedding of blood, simply because no attempt is made to enforce the law by those elected, sworn and paid to look after the interests of the people and see that law is respected.

"Thus, for instance, there is a law on the statute-books of Iowa for the observation of the Sabbath. Yet this law is openly violated in all the leading cities of the commonwealth fifty-two Sundays every year, and the officers of those cities know the fact. That is personal liberty!

"There is also a law for the suppression of gambling. Yet this law is perpetually violated in Sioux City and many other cities in the State, and the officials of these cities know the fact. Another case of personal liberty.

"Now I say that in this and innumerable other instances,

it is not the general good that is sought for, but the indulgence of individual passions and the pursuit of mere personal interests.

"So also with regard to the sale of alcoholic beverages. No one contends that this is demanded for the general good. We all know it is forbidden by law. Yet the law is openly violated every day of the year. This again exemplifies the power of personal liberty.

"In all this it is not the welfare of the many that rules, but the passions of the few. It is not the voice of law that is listened to and obeyed, but the wild clamor of the besotted mob with brains poisoned by drink and with hearts set on fire by the flames of hell.

"Now every intelligent, thoughtful person must see that there is great danger in this general substitution of personal liberty for civil liberty. Obedience to law is thereby discouraged, and a premium put upon lawlessness. And no one can tell what untold evils may finally come out of this sort of thing. If you unchain a tiger in the midst of a crowd, no one knows how many he may tear in pieces, nor who may be the first victim. If you turn a mad dog loose in the streets he will be as likely to bite your friends as your enemies. And it is just so with regard to the violation of law. If it is not discouraged, it will surely increase and spread, and it is impossible to say what turn it may take. One man may think that prohibition is wrong, and he would just as soon see this particular law violated as not.

Another man may say that Sabbath laws are unwise, and he would as soon see them trampled under foot as not. Another man may be opposed to the enforcement of gambling laws, because he himself likes to play cards, and plays for a stake to prevent the game from becoming insipid and monotonous. Another man likes to see a couple of bipeds pound each other into jelly, and is willing that the law against prize-fighting should be violated in order that his brutal tastes may be gratified. But I tell you that all these classes alike encourage lawlessness. They are simply fanning the smouldering embers of anarchy which sooner or later will break forth into flames not easy to control. We are not without illustrations. Lately, in the adjoining city of Lemars, a Mr. Struble made himself prominent in the enforcement of the prohibitory law and in closing the saloons. For this his house was fired at night. Then the mayor of the city offered a reward for the discovery of the incendiary. For this his house was fired at night. *And the end is not yet.* Now no decent man, of course, will openly defend incendiarism. Yet all men do encourage incendiarism when they fail to discourage the violation of law of any kind. You cannot choose between laws and say this law must be obeyed, but that may not; this kind of lawlessness is wrong, but that is not, without imperilling the safety of society. Others may arrogate to themselves the same power of picking and choosing which you have arrogated to yourselves. But their tastes may not be the same

as yours. They will not draw the line where you draw it. They will proceed to acts of violence which you will be constrained to condemn. And how can you consistently condemn one kind of violation of law after you have encouraged some other kind? How can you say it is wrong to burn houses in violation of law, and not wrong to sell alcoholic beverages? or to gamble? or to have prize-fights in violation of law? How can the officers of your city consistently arrest, fine, and imprison a man for being drunk contrary to law, but do absolutely nothing with those who make men drunk contrary to law? How can you enforce law upon the thieves of the city and not enforce law upon the drunkard-makers and bruisers of the city?

"I say to you that there is no medium grade between universal anarchy on the one hand and universal obedience on the other. House-burning is no worse than drunkard-making in the State of Iowa, from a legal standpoint; and from a moral standpoint I have no more respect for a man who destroys his neighbor's body and soul with drink than for the man who destroys his neighbor's property by the torch. I think no more of men who manufacture drunkards in Sioux City than I do for men who fire houses in Lemars. I know that the tendency among those who have to do with the administering of justice is to attach more value to property than to the moral and physical safety, and the welfare of humanity. Perhaps this is because of the poor character of most of the specimens of humanity which

pass through their hands. It is only a few days since that a judge in this city sentenced a man to prison for one year for wilfully killing another, and in the same hour sent a girl to prison for eighteen months for robbing a fellow of a few dollars. Another offender was sent up a year for stealing a watch. Still another was given ten years for forgery. Thus it is seen that reckless killing is put on a level with the stealing of a watch, and made less, measured by the duration of punishment, than the robbery of a few dollars. And these are only a few out of many instances which might be given showing the drift of the courts in the direction of elevating laws designed for the protection of property above those enacted for the preservation of human life, health, and morals.

"Now all these things taken together constitute the great danger which we ought to dread, and the results of which will be apparent not many years hence unless all classes of decent people unite to guard against them. The safety of this government lies solely in the power of the moral sense of the people. Our strength must be, not in armies and navies, but in our appreciation of the value of government, our reverence for law and order, and our regard for truth. There are elements of power which need to be constantly cultivated and most carefully developed. The only way to do this is for every intelligent and virtuous man to insist, sternly and perpetually, that *all laws must be obeyed by all classes*, and that wherever they are violated

the offender shall be swiftly and certainly punished, and that this punishment be measured according to the offence committed. 'The best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it,' was one of the sayings of General Grant, and it was a very philosophical utterance. No one can tell what the results of a faithful trial of a law may be until that trial is made. Then if it fails to do what it was designed to do, the very men who favored it will turn against it, and its repeal can easily be effected. But so long as a law which is believed to be good is trampled under foot by those who hate it, and the authorities permit the will of the majority as embodied in legislative enactments to be despised by a lawless minority, just so long will there be constant friction and agitation. If these various classes of people are given to understand that they can violate laws or not as they please, if the fountains of justice become poisoned so that murder is but slightly punished, or escapes punishment altogether, as is often the case, all these things will serve to break down the moral sense of the people and lessen respect for law among the desperate, and their reverence for justice. Thus we shall be made ready for anarchy, which, like the yellow-fever or the cholera, never fails to come when it is invited.

"It may seem to many a very little thing to allow good and wholesome laws to be trampled under foot, but thereby is put a premium upon lawlessness. It may seem a little thing for a judge to put the reckless taking of human life

on a par with the stealing of a watch. Not so, however, with people who think ten minutes. These things are only invitations to anarchy. The demagogues of this city may think it smart to pander to the passions of the mob, and make much of thugs, sluggers, and thieves who boast that prohibition cannot be enforced. And the better element of the city may think it no great sin to sit quietly down and allow the municipal government to be run by the worst classes instead of the best. But all this is simply an invitation to anarchy. It is the substitution of personal liberty for civil liberty. It is the rule of the mob instead of the rule of law. Whoever consents to it is guilty, and sooner or later will have to suffer for it.

"It behooves all men who profess to have self-respect and a regard for good government to be constant teachers, both by example and precept, of the value of self-discipline, of the power of restraint, and to be warning voices of the weakness and danger of unbridled license. The Divine Being teaches this lesson in thousands of ways. His own perfection is caused by a perfect equipoise of his nature. No one attribute dominates all other attributes, but all modify one another and all are under mutual restraint. That is what renders God an absolutely perfect Being, and that is the perfect foundation for the assurance of thought in the stability of the universe. And then this stability is further assured by the fact that all the forces of nature, like the attributes of God, are forever modifying each

other. No one force overrides all others ; that would soon bring up in a general catastrophe. But all influence one another, like the wheels of a watch, and this universal restraint is our security for universal safety and permanence. But just so is it among men. Man under restraint is man in power. A man who is under no control is weak and at the same time dangerous ; for very often it happens that one who has no power for good is potent for evil, because his inherent weakness renders him a fit servant of the devil. The real orator is one who conveys to his audience the impression that he has a reserve force of mental and moral power, that back of all he says and does is the man of might who wields an influence other than that of words rather than the man who says all he knows—and more—and makes all who hear him feel that he has exhausted himself and can go no further. For the one we feel the respect due to his power ; for the other, contempt and pity are excited to weariness. It is when the bow is strung that it sends the flying arrow, not when it is unbent and its cord hangs dangling. It is when the powder is compressed that it rends the rock and drives the ball, not when it is loose and unrestrained. It is the restraint of the water in the mains of this city that gives the stream all its potency to quench great fires and save property. It is the restraint of the steam in the boiler that gives power to an engine to move a train. So it is wheresoever we turn. As already said, force is the paramount logic of the universe. But it

is always force under restraint, power modified by power; thus, and thus only, are the conditions of safety secured. No man, no community, and no government reveals any exceptions. A boy who is not brought up under the restraints of a wise home discipline is almost sure to make a bad boy and a dangerous citizen. A Christian who does not submit to the rules of the church and the discipline of the Word of God has no sort of use for religion in this world. His moral influence is zero. A citizen who will not submit to law is a rebel at heart. He only lacks the occasion to be a rebel in fact. Personal liberty is the essence of rebellion. Civil liberty is the life blood of loyalty. This applies as well to the home, the church, and the State. Each offers the blessings of freedom. But it is liberty under law, not liberty outside of law; liberty which derives its power from a harmonious blending of self with the common mass, not liberty which derives its force from self independent of the common mass. In the one case freedom is just as strong as the individual, and no more. In the other case freedom is as mighty as the home, the Church, and the State, with God behind, from whom all legitimate freedom is derived, and with reference to whom all its privileges must be exercised."

These words were spoken with the State of Iowa in view. Had the discourse been prepared against the fallacies of "personal liberty" in general, it would have treated the

subject more comprehensively. The argument for prohibition may be thus stated:

Whatever is universally and invariably injurious to men should be suppressed by law.

The use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is universally and invariably injurious to men.

Therefore, the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage should be suppressed by law.

The major premise is impregnable. It is the basis of all police regulations, and no intelligent dealer in intoxicating beverages will question its validity.

The argument for personal liberty arises from the second premise. It is maintained that the use of intoxicating beverages is not universally and invariably injurious to men. On the contrary, it is said some of the lighter liquors, if used with discretion, are beneficial, certainly harmless, as the lives of thousands of men, apparently full of health, testify. Even if this be not so as a certain, indubitable fact, vast numbers of people think so. Out of these two propositions, one or both of which must be true, flows the principle that the State has no right to prohibit the use of alcoholic beverages; for the fact that many men become drunkards and public nuisances goes along with the fact that many others who use liquors do not, but are average, useful citizens; and as it is impossible to make a law which shall discriminate between these two classes, no law at all against the use of these articles is just or American. More-

over, this class of legislation is sumptuary, totally foreign to our modern institutions. For these reasons the prohibition of the use is a violation of true personal liberty, and as the prohibition of the sale is only the same restriction one degree removed, this is equally obnoxious to criticism. Such is a fair outline of the personal liberty argument.

But it is one of the merciless facts of American civilization that the State doesn't recognize such an argument. Two men may agree that they have a natural right to gamble ; two men may sign articles for a prize-fight and think their right to mutilate each other is unquestionable because no one but themselves suffer ; two men may consent, the one to sell and the other to buy, for his personal use, a poison, and fancy this also is a right the exercise of which disturbs no one ; but the State writes in its statute-books prohibitions against all these rights, and never pauses a moment to inquire into scattering opinions. The question, then, of what some men think concerning their own personal use of intoxicating beverages is wholly immaterial in this problem. And the State is saved the trouble of deciding upon the beneficial or deleterious character of alcohol ; that is beyond discussion—that its use as a beverage is universally and invariably injurious—by the unquestionable announcements of modern science. The matter is therefore reduced, so far as this question of opinion is concerned, to the rights of ignorance against the rights of enlightened legislation. What if some men do think the moderate use

of alcoholic beverages is harmless? The State knows better; ignorance must make another plea.

And such laws cannot properly be called sumptuary. Sumptuary laws seek to regulate personal expenses, not personal habits. Such a regulation is one which affixes a limit to the personal expenditures of a citizen. Were the meaning of the word broader, either a law designed for the public health and public taste, as that ashes or other refuse shall not be thrown promiscuously into the streets of a city, or a law that shade trees shall not be marred, would be wrong, or the State would be compelled to ignore mere definitions, and enact its police regulations notwithstanding their sumptuary character. And this is exactly what the State does in numberless instances. The general welfare cannot be hedged up by words. Hence the question is again thrown back, Does the general welfare require the annihilation of the liquor traffic?

Here, then, the item of personal liberty is entirely eliminated by a suggested course of reasoning which is unimpeachable.

The State has an undoubted right to prohibit the use of alcoholic beverages, directly; otherwise many other prohibitions are wrong. The State has the right to use the language of the decalogue, "Thou shalt not," with reference to murder, and to theft as well as to murder, and to gambling as well as to theft, and to prize-fighting as well as to gambling, and to licentiousness as well as to prize-

fighting, and to the use of certain drugs as well as to licentiousness, and to filthy habits as well as to the use of certain drugs; and so with reference to any other matter which, injuring the citizen solely, yet incapacitates him for citizenship, and increases the general burdens of society.

But the use of drink is less solitary in its influence than any other act or thing ever placed upon any statute-book. The gist of the question here is solely one of practicability. There is a better way than to prohibit the use—to prohibit the sale. If, then, the State concludes that the use is dangerous to itself, it has the right to prohibit the sale, because the sale affords the opportunity for the use, and vastly multiplies it.

These ideas are in this sermon directly and by way of suggestion, and they color all his political utterances on the drink question. He asks, What can this gigantic evil show as a reason for longer remaining on the earth? He wonders why all classes of men do not clamor against innumerable restrictions now on the statute-books? He would like to know if liquor-dealers are honest and sincere in their protestations of the value of personal liberty. He wishes to be informed whether or not wives, mothers, sisters, children, have any personal rights? He questions the right of the State to stand coldly by while homes are being desolated, and its citizens demoralized, and its burdens increased, and its fundamental principles undermined. In the State of Iowa these perplexing problems all have peculiar signifi-

cance, because that State is trying to answer them. Hence he lectures and preaches constantly around these crucial points. Some of his people criticise his course, but every fibre of a brain which was never at rest is alive to the "great work." That work entirely absorbs him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Moderate Temperance Man—"License *vs.* Prohibition."

IN the lecture on "The Blessings of Whiskey," already alluded to, appears the following :

"When I was pastor of a certain church (the place was named) in Iowa there was an editor of a paper who was a deacon and Sunday-school superintendent in the church who said to me if Methodists were going to run the State, he was going to leave. But he said not a word against the saloons running the State. Although he professed to be a temperance man, he was not a fanatical prohibitionist. He could stand it to have whiskey rule the State better than he could stand it to have Christians rule the State."

One of the difficulties which every Christian minister encounters who advocates the annihilation of the drink trade is the opposition of church-members who, like this deacon and the justice at Sheboygan Falls, profess to be temperance men, but are not fanatical prohibitionists. In a lecture on "License *vs.* Prohibition," this pastor thus meets that kind of opposition :

"There are two ways of regarding the liquor traffic. Each may be considered as honest and consistent according to the standpoint of the individual, the light he possesses,

and the training he has had. One way is to look at it as a legitimate, honest, and desirable business, to be treated as any desirable, useful pursuit in life is to be treated. It may be claimed that there is a demand for alcoholic beverages as necessary and useful, and that to supply this demand is as honorable as to sell meat and flour. I conceive that there may be people who honestly take this view. For such people I have a degree of respect, however much I may deem them mistaken.

"The other way is to treat the liquor traffic just the reverse of this; and this is the view I take, and a large number of other people take, that liquor-selling is a crime against God and man, hostile to all the best interests of society, and that it ought therefore to be placed under the ban of law and public opinion, like all other offences against the general welfare; and finally that the only honest, consistent ground to take is total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State. The license system is consistent with neither of these views, nor can it be defended on any grounds of morality, religion, or reason. Every license law which any decent man would care to advocate—what the apologizers and supporters of the liquor business designate as a judicious license law, calculated to regulate and restrain the traffic—shows on the face that it is a bad and dangerous business, to be regarded with suspicion and held under close surveillance. The dealer is required to give bonds for good behavior and to pay a certain sum of

money for the privilege of doing business. He must not sell to minors nor to drunkards. The mayor of the city may close his saloon on election days. In some of the States no saloon is permitted within a mile of any school-house. In some cities they put up the license to high figures—$300, $500, and $1000, with the view of lessening the number of the saloons. Now, why is all this done if it is a good, honest, legitimate business? Why lessen the number of saloons if they are good things to have in the community? If alcohol is a proper thing to use as a beverage, why is it forbidden to boys? If it is good for a man, why is it not equally good for a boy? Why not leave the entire business on a par with other kinds of business if it is as proper to exist as any other?

"And, on the other hand, if it is a bad and dangerous business, what right has the State to legalize its existence by license? I can see no middle ground which a rational man can occupy between letting the liquor traffic entirely alone, having no law at all with reference to it, or entirely prohibiting it. License cannot be defended except as a compromise between right and wrong. That is something which no friend of God dare do, and which the children of the devil can always afford to do.

"The license system is a league with hell and a covenant with the devil. It legalizes drunkard-making, places the business under the protection of law, and makes every citizen of the State a silent partner of the saloon-keeper in his

soul-destroying work. For every man killed, for every boy ruined, for every family desolated, for every mind robbed of reason, for every criminal sent to prison, for every pauper sent to the county poor-house by liquor, the State is responsible. The State has licensed these men, and has set its seal of approval upon their business, and it is bound to protect them in it. The State is responsible for these results, and all the citizens of the State are responsible for these results, if they have consented to license. It is a rule of law that every man is supposed to intend the natural results of his actions. And all men know the natural fruits of the liquor traffic. All know the dark streams of evil that run from the saloon. All who favor licensing the saloon, therefore, are supposed to intend all these results. And it is my solemn opinion that in the great day of judgment every man who has favored license will be called strictly to account for the results of the system he has approved. This is why, for twenty years, sometimes at the risk of life itself, often at the risk of reputation, I have sternly denounced license. I dare not go before God with the results of the liquor traffic fastened upon my soul; I feel they would be so fastened were I to favor the license system. I would as soon favor the licensing of murder, robbery, prostitution, gambling, or prize-fighting as to favor licensing liquor-selling, because all these evils follow in the train of strong drink, and to advocate license is indirectly to license them all. Alcohol murders men and makes murderers of

men. Alcohol leads to robbery and all other crimes. I can favor no such atrocious monster.

"It is said that license puts a restraint upon the business, and that that is better than nothing at all. But to this two things may be said: 1. Nothing is better than being right and doing right. We are not to do evil that good may come of it. We are always and everywhere to plant ourselves firmly and squarely upon principle, whatever may be the consequences. Drunkenness is a crime. Liquor-drinking leads to drunkenness. Liquor-selling is the necessary concomitant of liquor-drinking. Drunkenness is the result of both. Therefore license is a sin. Nothing can justify it, not even the fact that the license plan places the traffic under some restrictions—*if it were a fact.*

"But, in the second place, it is not a fact that license restrains the traffic, except in theory. The theory is all very well as far as it goes, because it prohibits. Every license law is a prohibitory law to a certain extent. For this reason the principle of entire prohibition cannot be objected to, because the principle is already acknowledged by those who favor license. If the State, then, can go as far as license, it can go farther. If it can prohibit the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards, it can prohibit its sale to anybody. If it can close saloons on certain days, it can close them on all days. The power to restrain implies the power to clean out the business, root and branch.

"But the trouble with this kind of prohibition is that it

is hardly ever enforced. It is next to an impossibility to secure the enforcement of the restrictive measures of the license law. They are all dead letters, just as the framers of the law designed. No politician clamoring for a judicious license law, no business man claiming to believe that the best way of handling the traffic is to grant it legal permission under restrictions, no saloon-keeper who howls about ' personal liberty ' and wants license, and is anxious to give bonds to be decent, and none of the parties, expect that the restrictive provisions of the license law can or will be enforced. The experience of an hundred years shows that the license system is a delusion and a snare so far as any restrictions upon the business or any diminution of its evils are concerned. It is simply impossible to show that license ever prevented the sale of one glass of liquor. It is impossible to show that license ever saved one boy from ruin. It is impossible to show that license ever protected one home in these United States during an hundred years. It is impossible to show that license ever prevented the manufacture of a single drunkard in all this country. Let the man who clamors for license show any good ever done by it. Let those who are constantly declaiming against the failure of prohibition show where and in what respect license has been a success. Prohibition has been tried in one State twenty-five years, with what result we will soon show. License has been tried in all the older States for a century, and what are the results? Some three thousand drunkard

factories in the United States. Some eight millions of habitual liquor-drinkers who are gradually being transformed from men into beasts. Some fifty thousand graves dug for drunkards every year. About one billion of dollars annually spent for poisonous beverages by thousands of drunkards whose homes are being robbed all over the country. Insane asylums, poor-houses, jails, and prisons crowded by the victims of alcohol. All this the direct, legitimate fruit of license. Why, in view of all these facts, do men clamor for license? Is it because they really expect that license will put any restraint upon the business, or lessen the evils that flow from it? Not a bit.

"But now one class of men favor license as a measure of compromise. They don't want any disturbance of the business, because they are afraid of losing the custom of the saloon-keeper and his friends. They know that these men are unscrupulous and clannish, and that they will boycott the business of men opposed to them, and so, because they love the almighty dollar so well, they claim to believe that the country is not ready for Prohibition at present, and that a judicious high-license law, which shall make the business semi-respectable, is the best way of handling it.

"Then there is a class of politicians who don't want any new issue thrust into politics for fear it will divide the parties and injure their own political prospects. They talk wisely about the impracticability of Prohibition and the immense advantages of a judicious license law.

"Then there are the saloon men and their customers, who want license for the same purpose a steamboat wants fenders—to keep off all harm. License gives their business an air of respectability. The saloon becomes the adopted child of the State. The liquor-seller is under bonds to be good. Hence, to all the assaults of Prohibition he can say, 'I am authorized to do business by the people of this State.' His friends can say, 'What do you want a Prohibition law for when you do not enforce the Prohibition features of the law we have?' Yet, at the same time, they do not intend that these features shall be enforced; and they will do all in their power to prevent such enforcement. It's all a mask and a sham intended to protect the saloon-keeper's business on the one hand and deceive people on the other, and afford a convenient refuge for such tender consciences as happen to be associated with teeming pockets.

"Another objection to the license law is that all its educative force emanates from the wrong direction. Our laws should be such as to tone up the ideas of people and lift them to a higher level, and thus induce a healthy progress in society. In order to do this they should encourage virtue and discourage vice. All the spirit and tenor of legislation in a civilized State should be upward, not downward; should be against all that is evil, and in favor of all that is good.

"But is the educative tendency of license of this kind? Not at all. It is just the reverse. It is in favor of drink,

because it sanctions and legalizes drink-places. Thus the State throws all its influence in favor of a great wrong. It does all in its power to educate people to love drink. It puts itself in full accord with the business of drunkard-making. Licensed saloons are so many training-schools, where men are taught by legal authority to love all that is evil and to hate all that is good, trained to be the enemies of the Church and Christianity, trained to vice and crime and idleness ; for all these things are directly in the line of the educative influence of the licensed saloon.

"Here, then, are found insuperable objections to the license system : 1. It is inconsistent. If this is a good business, it ought not to be restrained. If it is a bad business, it ought to be, not simply restrained, but prohibited altogether. 2. It is a crime against God and man, because it sanctions a business on which God has pronounced woe, and works incalculable injury to society. 3. It is a base fraud and a cheat, because, while it pretends to restrict the liquor business, it never has and never will restrict it. 4. The educative influence of the license system is bad and only bad. No sentiment is created against the drink habit because the law sanctions liquor-selling, and by so much encourages liquor-drinking. Every saloon licensed by the State must be regarded as a State school for the impartation of instruction in the art of becoming a drunkard. But it seems as though people would learn fast enough without the help of the State.

"Now, let us inquire what are the arguments in favor of Prohibition? The first great argument is, it is right. It puts the State and the citizens of the State in a right attitude toward the liquor traffic. It seals with the seal of condemnation the whole business, and it takes that business off from the consciences of the people. It does not make me a silent partner in a business I loath and abhor, but it makes it my privilege and duty to hunt down, as I would a mad dog, and do all in my power to destroy, the trade. That is the first reason for Prohibition, independent of results. Whether it can be enforced or not, the principle of Prohibition is right, and the principle of license is wrong. The Almighty didn't stop to consider whether He could enforce the Ten Commandments or not. None of the angels, so far as heard from, ever reasoned that they couldn't be enforced, and therefore sin would better be placed under some restraints instead of being absolutely prohibited. They didn't say, 'Let men steal a little, lie a little, swear a little.' No such foolish babbling was heard when God said, 'Thou shalt not do thus and thus.' He passed ten prohibitory laws which cover in scope the whole field of human thought and action. Yet God knew that men would go on violating laws through all ages. Nevertheless, He set up a clear protest against evil. He put heaven squarely for the right and against the wrong. This was God's plan, to announce laws which should be educating forces toward Himself forever.

"Now, it is well to model our own Government after this Divine plan, to denounce things that are wrong because they are wrong, to put all evil under the ban of law, and then to enforce that law as well as we can. And because it was not in the power of the Infinite Being to make a law which should as effectually prohibit an evil in fact as it had been in theory, we are not to let down the theory to a lower standard, to countenance wrongdoing because we cannot prevent it, to make wrong respectable and render it powerful by legalizing it. We are to put ourselves right on principle, and then carry out that principle just as far as circumstances will permit.

"There is a good deal of sophistry on this Prohibition question unworthy a school-boy's composition. For instance, it is said it is a bad thing to have laws which are not enforced. But I say it is a worse thing to have laws which decent men cannot respect—laws which, instead of reflecting the sentiments of the best classes of people in the State, only mark the level of morality among the lowest and vilest. Shall we go around among horse-thieves, train-robbers, safe-breakers, and thugs, and ask them what kind of laws they are willing to obey? Shall we put onto our statute-books only laws that can be enforced without difficulty? And if we find something particularly favored by these classes, something which will make a great deal of trouble if we attempt to enforce it, shall we legalize this thing and encourage it, no matter how much mischief it may work

among men? If we ought not to do so with reference to other things, why do so with reference to the sale of liquor? Liquor-selling is more dangerous to society than gambling, more dangerous than making counterfeit money, more dangerous than any other one thing now placed under the ban of law. Why not be consistent, and treat liquor-selling just as we treat other dangerous things?

"Some States have passed a law prohibiting the sale of a low grade of kerosene oil. Now, alcohol kills dozens where kerosene kills one; alcohol burns dozens where kerosene burns one. Why prohibit the lesser evil and license the greater?

"Some States have passed a law making it a penal offence for a man to call himself a doctor unless he can show a diploma. Which is the most dangerous, a licensed saloon or an unlicensed medical practitioner? What do people care whether a man has a diploma or not if he knows what's the matter with them, and can cure them?

"Now, why is the liquor traffic treated so tenderly when so many other things which are better are handled without consideration? Why are the demands of brewers and saloon-keepers placed always before the interests of the mass of the people? Why do men use arguments in defence of villainies which they would blush to use with reference to anything else? These are questions I would like to have answered.

"But, again, it is said that you cannot make men good

by law. That is another piece of nonsense which the apologists for the liquor traffic employ against Prohibition. If so, what is the use of any law? The supposition of criminal laws is that they do have some restraining influence among men. They not only serve to punish bad men and protect good men, but they tend to keep many individuals out of a life of crime which they would have entered if there had been no such laws. I apprehend that we are all a great deal better under law and by reason of law than we would be without any law. No doubt there is a great deal less of crime in the State than there would be if we had no criminal code. By so much are men made better by reason of law. A good prohibitory law, reasonably enforced, would serve to improve the character and lives of many people. The saloon-keepers would be forced to go into some decent business which would make them and their wives and children better. Many a young man who has been subjected to temptations and has just started on the road to ruin would be saved by a law shutting up saloons. Many a man who has long carried the appetite for strong drink and is constantly tempted by the omnipresent dram-shop, would gain strength to reform and become a useful member of society if the saloons were closed. But license gives the young and weak no chance. The State, instead of protecting and trying to save this class, joins with their enemies to kick them down. With a prohibitory law the State would ally itself with the youth and helpless, and use all its power

against their tempters instead of for them. Similarly in every respect. It is the sublimest nonsense to say that such a law would not help men to become better. Such a piece of arrant folly and palpable falsehood would never have been thought of had it not been necessary to bolster up the liquor traffic.

"Prohibition is a constant educative force in a State where it prevails. Some people say that such a law is a good thing, but people need to be educated up to it. How educated up to it? How are we going to be educated up to Prohibition without Prohibition, and except by Prohibition? What is the process of education? How are you going to get a child accustomed to study, except by sending it to school, where it will be compelled to study? How can you make a farmer out of a boy, except by putting him on to a farm and having him do farm-work? How can a boy become a swimmer, except by going into the water and swimming? How can people ever learn to do anything, except by beginning—at first in a bungling manner, and by making mistakes and failures, but at last doing all easily and perfectly? There always has to be a beginning in anything. All beginnings are crude and incomplete. This is the way of life everywhere. So is it, then, in regard to Prohibition. People who are always talking about getting ready will never be ready. The way to get educated up to Prohibition is to begin with Prohibition. First, let the State, as such, put itself in the attitude of legal hostility to the rum

business. Then let the temperance people in every community organize for the purpose of enforcing the law. That is the way to educate. And I say to you that ten years of activity of this kind—yes, one active political campaign with Prohibition in view, would sow more temperance seed and develop more temperance sentiment in the State than twenty-five years of moral suasion under license. In Maine, when the prohibitory law was first enacted, probably a majority of the people of the State were opposed to it. It was ten years before they could get a complete and perfect law, so as to meet all the crooks and turns of the liquor-sellers. During these ten years one of the political parties of the State opposed the law. Yet there was all that time a steady growth of Prohibition sentiment, until now both political parties accept it as the settled law of the State, and Prohibition is no longer a political question. And I say to you the only way to take the temperance question out of party politics, here or anywhere else, is to put it into the Constitution and laws.

"But we are told that Prohibition cannot be enforced. We are told that it is not enforced in Maine or Kansas. To this I have to say, that the supreme question with which every individual, and especially every voter, is confronted, is, not whether Prohibition can be enforced, but is it right? If neither you nor I can put a stop to the liquor traffic, God will not hold us responsible for what we cannot do. But you and I can put ourselves in an attitude of hostility to

the business, and throw what influence we have against it. For that God will hold us responsible. The question of the annihilation of the liquor traffic is one thing. The question of opposing it is another thing. All the men here put together cannot annihilate the drink trade. But there is not a man here who cannot oppose it, and were every citizen, instead of looking a great way off, and considering the possibility of dethroning the rum business, to look a little nearer home, and think of his own individual power and personal responsibility, and do what he can against the evil all around him, the question of its extermination would be very soon settled without difficulty.

"And while it is more or less true that there is still liquor-drinking in the State of Maine, just as there is more or less crime in every State, notwithstanding the laws, yet if any man is really anxious to find out the truth, and will take the pains to investigate, he will learn that Prohibition is a grand success in Maine, the whiskey press to the contrary notwithstanding. Let me quote a few words from declarations of men, who live in Maine, and know what they are talking about.

"The Hon. W. P. Frye says: 'I cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Maine law. It has done more good than any other law on the statute-books.'

"Ex-Governor Perham says: 'The law has reduced rum-drinking, crime, and pauperism very materially.'

"Ex-Governor Dingley says: 'In three fourths of the

State drunkenness is rarer than many crimes, and almost unknown.'

"The Hon. Lot Morrill says: 'Pauperism and crime have been reduced one half under the operation of the law.'

"James G. Blaine says that 'there is not a people on the face of the earth who drink less liquor than the people of Maine.' And some time ago he, with the entire Congressional delegation of the State of Maine, declared that the Maine law was regarded by the citizens of the State as a great success, and there was no other sentiment among the intelligent and virtuous people of that commonwealth."

CHAPTER XIX.

Practicability of Prohibitory Laws—Reasons for Alleged Failures—The Rum Power—Opinions of the Martyred Pastor—The Iowa Amendment of 1882.

ALL liquor laws are opposed by liquor men. Forty years ago they fought desperately against the regulation of the traffic by license systems. To-day it is apparent that civilization is rapidly discovering the futility of such systems, and those who then opposed regulation now profess to regard it as the social and legal desideratum. The shadow of Prohibition has passed before the door of the saloon. It is prophetic. Prohibition is therefore to be opposed; we have license; *laissez faire*, "Let us alone!" Otherwise, we will defeat the enactment of your laws, and trample them under foot if you secure them. We will secure license at all hazards, and then say, "Prohibition is a failure." We will sell our wares without license, and then say, "Prohibition is a failure." We will resort to smuggling of the keenest order, and then say, "Prohibition is a failure." We will destroy the property of those who seek to enforce the law, and then say, "Prohibition is a failure." We will enforce these arguments by the bullet and the bomb, and then say, "Prohibition is a failure."

This argument proceeds from behind the bar. Reasoning of the same kind issues from political sources. One party distinctly condemns Prohibition. The other is discreetly politic. But the press of both, except in localities, assiduously and persistently declares that "Prohibition does not prohibit." It inverts and tampers with statistics. It magnifies facts most favorable to its position, and minifies facts that tell against that position. It invents particulars which never existed, and ignores evidence overwhelming. It garbles statements made by Prohibitionists, and manufactures sentiments Prohibitionists have never held. It studiously avoids all reference to the evils of the drink trade, and as studiously heralds the evils resulting from an enforcement of law. It does all in its power to defeat Prohibition, and then declares, "Prohibition does not prohibit."

The reasons are purely political. Both of the old political parties, as national organizations, refuse to commit themselves to Prohibition. They do not want Prohibition, except in States where it can be secured by their endorsement. Either party within such States is fearfully delinquent in enforcing the law, and both parties outside of such States point to alleged failures to enforce as conclusive reasons against their endorsement within their jurisdictions.

But what is success in this matter? The instantaneous suppression of the use of all alcoholic drinks as a beverage would be a success. But that is a kind of success achieved

by no law. Such a definition does not destroy all other definitions. The character of a true success must depend upon the broad object for which prohibitory laws are sought. There is a moral principle involved which ought not to be ignored. The great foundation of such legislation is the moral fact that it alone is wholly right. This is true, because the drink traffic is the giant of crimes. The object, therefore, of Prohibition is the welfare of society, and upon this scale only can success or failure be predicated. If the law diminishes drinking at all, it is a success. If it closes one saloon, cripples one brewery or distillery, it is a success. If it withdraws the cesspools of outskirt groggeries and empties them into "gilded palaces" on crowded thoroughfares, it is a success. If it drains all such accumulations of moral poison under ground, and renders it difficult to procure such poisons, it is a success. Whatever it may accomplish fairly for the public good stamps the law as a success. However great the cost and small the gain, the end is justified, for the supreme moral character of the entire question forecloses all nice balancing of cost and compensation.

But Prohibition is demonstrated to be a success in definite terms. The one State which has given the law a fair trial furnishes testimony, which ought to be respectable, through its entire Congressional delegation—W. P. Frye, Eugene Hale, T. B. Reed, S. D. Lindsey, Llewellyn Powers, H. Hamlin, J. G. Blaine, under date of April, 1878:

"For the first ten years of its existence there were many

difficulties and serious obstacles. A great variety of questions of practice, evidence, and pleading, was presented to the courts of law for adjudication, and very frequently jurors, overcome by their prejudices, failed to agree upon verdicts ; but the courts finally determined all points of law raised, or that could be, and public opinion reformed all perverse jurors ; so that *during the last fifteen years the enforcement of the provisions of the law has been constant, general, and successful.* The result has been that the traffic in intoxicating liquors, a crime by statute, has become a crime in the opinion of a large majority of our citizens, the buyer as well as the seller being regarded as a moral participant in the crime ; *the use of liquors as a beverage is unpopular*, and the sale of it very limited. In a majority of the towns in the State none can be obtained, except as provided by law.. The propriety of the law having been early made a political issue, one of our great parties has until within two or three years been hostile to it, and evinced its hostility on its platform. Last year, at its State convention, when the usual resolution against Prohibition was offered for consideration, it was voted down with considerable enthusiasm. *The law is now as easily and as thoroughly enforced* as that for the prevention and punishment of any other and similar crimes, and we can sincerely affirm that it is a success."

Such testimony is typical of an increasing mass of evidence given by other Prohibition States. That the saloon

is not exterminated within these States is indubitable, but the gigantic work of suppression is going on. Failures do not disturb principles. The open saloon is not a comment on law, but on cowardly or corrupt officials. Prohibition which does not prohibit only stamps with hypocrisy either the Republican or Democratic Party. It is not difficult, if a party will, to give the "Methodists and old women" of a State a prohibitory law, and relegating its enforcement to these clamoring "fanatics," with the paltry connivance or indifference of municipal authorities and the insolent defiance of the basest elements of society, to declare on its partial failure: "Prohibition does not prohibit." Such an attitude is only false. The status of the question is now merciless; it is the fearful jugglery of facts; for so unscrupulous is the drink trade, that the truth resolves itself out of all the existing complications: all officials, all real Christians, all intelligent, moral, law-abiding citizens, are wanting in moral courage or moral principle in those States where Prohibition is not fairly enforced. There ought to be more than one assassination.

And the fact that danger attends active co-operation with the law is sardonically significant. "I know," said my father, in a recent Fourth-of-July oration, "the liquor men pretend that Prohibition does not prohibit, and that more liquor is drunk in Kansas and Maine under Prohibition. But why is it they hate Prohibition and favor license? Every business man naturally favors what helps his busi-

ness. If there is one thing that aids them more than another, it is not reasonable to suppose they will hate that thing. If Prohibition causes more drinking, it causes more selling, and is therefore better for the seller. Why, then, do they oppose Prohibition to a man? Why have they sent thousands of dollars to Kansas and Iowa to fight Prohibition? Why raise any alarm at their late convention in Chicago, and pledge themselves to oppose any man in any party who favors Prohibition? All these things show that these fellows are lying like Satan when they state that Prohibition does not prohibit. It does prohibit, and they know it, and dread it, and it's the only thing they do dread. By so much as they dread it, ought all men and women to favor the only thing that can cripple the nation's greatest curse."

Those who boast of the failures of Prohibition are not those who desire its enforcement, whether they deal out to the public adulterated beverages or poisoned arguments. The worst classes of society exult in such failures. Habitual drinkers do not care for the law. Church-members who never think are indifferent on the subject. Politicians rejoice in every violation. Journalists who recognize party allegiance alone find in all defiance to law a text on the folly of human "fanaticism." And these without exception declare that "Prohibition does not prohibit." It is as if a murderer, with a prejudiced judge, a packed jury, a bribed prosecutor, a sympathetic audience, and a disreput-

able attorney for the defence, should say, "Legislation against murder is a failure." It is as if the mayor of a city, with the Common Council, police, and business men, should declare, in the midst of unchecked traffic on the Sabbath, "Sunday laws are failures." It is as if attendant physicians, friends, and bystanders should say to a Good Samaritan, who had rescued a drowning man, and was endeavoring to resuscitate him, but stood themselves idly around, "Philanthropy is a failure." Why is Prohibition a failure in any degree? Because those who ought to assist in enforcing it do nothing but emphasize the failures. So the traitorous burghers of Holland said to William of Orange, "Your efforts are bound to ruin Holland." So the Tories of the Revolution sneered at the Declaration of Independence. So some Northern citizens denounced the war as a failure. It is evermore the same logic.

All essential reform is slow. The birth of great things requires a long travail. The Immaculate Conception exhausted four thousand years. The Magna Charta represents a long line of sovereigns from Alfred to John. The American Constitution was from 1620 to 1787 in writing. Ninety years was liberty hovering over the South. Progress has its legend in the words of Isaiah: "Who hath heard such things? Who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once?" The task of suppressing the saloon is the greatest social undertaking ever grappled with by any

nation. Before such a reform, the failures of one, or ten, or fifty years are valueless, and without emphatic significance. The hour is not yet, but it comes.

And what is the evil to be cured? What is the power to be assailed? The one is incalculable and inconceivable by the human mind; the other can only be suggested by figures which leave much to the healthy imagination. There are more than 3000 manufactories of malt and distilled liquors in the United States. These have directly a capital invested of over $132,000,000. They employ more than 30,000 hands. Directly and indirectly connected with the liquor traffic—employés in distilleries and breweries, persons employed in producing materials, persons employed for breweries and distilleries as mechanics, those engaged in the wholesale and retail trade, and United States revenue officers employed in collecting the liquor tax—is an army of nearly 600,000 persons. The number of retail dealers is more than 160,000 men. The entire capital of this monster is probably $1,000,000,000. The amount annually expended for drink is undoubtedly as high as $600,000,000. And these facts are inadequate. It is necessary to multiply what each individual knows, in order to enter the door of this cave of death. Beyond what each individual knows personally are the thousands who support the traffic and do not desire Prohibition, the fact of vast wealth consecrated to greed, devoid of conscience, remorseless as Moloch, determined well-nigh as the will of death, and more than all, the host of the

Christian faith who love self more than home, and home more than State, and property above moral principle, and ease and safety above truth and reform. Under these circumstances, it is a marvel that a prohibitory law exists anywhere. It is not strange, therefore, that without the auxiliaries of Hercules in cleansing the Augean stables, the rivers Alpheus and Peneus, this vast accumulation of corruption and wickedness should not be swept away in a day ; that even after a lifetime there should still be failures of the kind which the enemies of the law distort and magnify. For the evil is not stationary. It is aggressive, and grows rapidly, like any monster. Even under so-called restrictions its development is more swift than that of the fabled genii. Righteousness has not only to fight, but to fight running, with a forge in one hand and a two-edged sword in the other.

Such is the status to-day. Some of the difficulties were soon apparent as never before when the church at Burlington welcomed their new pastor. And having "fought a good fight" during twenty years in Wisconsin, it was impossible for him to remain passive in the midst of violated law. He saw the tremendous struggle going on. He foresaw that it must be a battle of more than words. Commenting on a remark by Miss Frances Willard, that "the putting down of the liquor traffic, and the subsequent triumph of the Prohibition reform, would be a war of ideas," he declared "such a belief may be pleasant, but

the facts do not warrant it ; these facts indicate that the struggle is to be far more serious in methods and consequences." A little later he wrote what seemed to him the outlook :

"In this State the question as to whether it is governed by law or ruled by a mob is rapidly assuming serious proportions. It has been comparatively easy work to procure a prohibitory law ; but now that enforcement has begun, the devil shows himself in all his ugliness, and there is to be hot work everywhere before great substantial benefits will be manifest. In addition to the mob in Iowa City and the dynamite explosion at Burlington, which have been well ventilated by the press, hundreds of instances of brutality of a less prominent character are occurring in all parts of the State, most of which are suppressed by local papers. For instance, a mob surrounded Rev. W. W. Cook, Methodist preacher at West Side, in Crawford County, and for a short time his death by hanging seemed probable. The rope was ready, the mob was angry (a liquor suit being then in progress), and as for Brother Cook—he was a Methodist minister. However, they were induced to desist from their murderous design, and adjourned to the court-room, brandishing the rope with such effect that the justice dismissed the case on some trivial technicality, and so the mob gained their purpose.

"At Vail, a few miles from West Side, Rev. W. J. Gardner was notified in writing that he would be killed if

he did not leave town. He left—to go to camp-meeting, but is now working away with his usual vigor, and both he and Brother Cook propose to fight it out on the same line. These are illustrations of the lawless spirit that prevails in many parts of the State, and I repeat that the paramount question now is whether we are to be governed by law or mob rule. It is unfortunate for the cause of Prohibition that the enforcement of this law begins in the midst of a Presidential campaign. There is manifest, on the part of officials and politicians, a strong disinclination to enforce the law in localities where the sentiment is pretty evenly divided as to Prohibition, and where decisive action is likely to affect votes. This is certain to have disastrous effect upon the law, and whether it will recover after election is to be determined. At the Fort Dodge district camp-meeting, at Deloit, in Crawford County, three men were arrested for selling liquor near the grounds. They were taken to Denison for trial, but the district attorney refused to prosecute them, and not a lawyer could be found to take the case in behalf of the Church ; and so the violators of law were set free. In Fort Dodge a man was arrested who claimed that he was simply taking orders for an Illinois liquor firm ; that the sales were made in that State, not in this, and that he did not handle the liquor at all. After being continued several days, the case was dismissed, and a counter suit for damages is now talked of. And so it goes in those portions of the State where the business success of the political for-

tunes of the leaders of society are likely to be imperilled by enforced Prohibition.

"The methods of evading the law are innumerable. I have seen a circular, a copy of which I send you, sent out from a Chicago liquor house, offering 'Silk Velvet Whiskey,' 'Old Crow,' and 'Old Rye Whiskey,' in 'small quantities,' for medicinal purposes, 'to be sent in a case containing one dozen quart bottles, for nine dollars.' As these circulars are sent to every business man in the State, it is evident that a good deal of sickness is anticipated. Yet it is well to know that any respectable druggist in Iowa can take out a permit under our prohibitory law to sell liquor for 'medicinal purposes,' and for all other legitimate uses, the sale as a beverage only being forbidden. This circular, and many others of a like character from Illinois and other adjoining States, with which Iowa is now being flooded, suggest one of the serious difficulties in the way of practical Prohibition. It is simply impossible to strictly enforce a prohibitory law in a State surrounded by license States, without the aid of national legislation affecting interstate commerce. So long as Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, and Nebraska are permitted to flood this State with liquors, done up in innocent-looking packages, conveyed into thousands of homes, to corrupt women and children, and perpetually feed the fires of appetite in fathers and sons, so long will Prohibition be a farce. To my mind, the open saloon is infinitely preferable to this sort of thing. How is it to be prevented

but by Congressional interference? And how can this be secured but through political action, and what party shall we rely upon to carry it into effect? These questions are intimately and inevitably associated with the problem of practical State Prohibition, and the latter cannot be solved without the former. I leave it for the contemplation of those peculiar people who are Prohibitionists for three years and partyoliters the fourth; and who deem it their duty, as it is no doubt a great privilege, to abuse others who are Prohibitionists all the while, and partyoliters never."

It was inevitable that these last statements should be garbled. And they were. Republican journals quoted them as against Prohibition, but when he responded with a protest, refused to publish his real views. They contain the gist of the arguments which fully meet the claim that "Prohibition does not prohibit."

"I think there was nothing in my paper to warrant the conclusion that Prohibition is a failure in the State. The law went into effect on the fourth day of July last, and it is quite too early to say that it is a failure. A State cannot be revolutionized in two months and a half. Five years from now will be soon enough for any candid, intelligent person to undertake to judge as to the success or failure of so radical a movement as Prohibition in the place of license. If after four or five years of honest trial it shall be found that Prohibition has very much lessened the evils of intemperance, then the law will be a success, as compared with

its predecessor, even though dram-drinking shall not have been entirely suppressed.

"If, on the other hand, intemperance is not lessened, there will be time enough to denounce the law. All decent men profess to be opposed to intemperance. Then why not give Prohibition a fair test, instead of jumping on it, and calling the law a failure almost as soon as it is enacted? If the idea of Prohibition is a piece of wild fanaticism, utterly impracticable, time will establish that fact beyond a doubt. If, on the other hand, it is a feasible and proper method of combatting intemperance, a few years will demonstrate that. Why not try it as we have tried license so many generations? Only one State has given the principle of Prohibition a thorough trial, and, after a test of more than a quarter of a century, inaugurated, by the by, when the State was Democratic, the people of Maine have lately reaffirmed their adherence to this principle by a majority of over fifty thousand. Is this pronounced opinion of the people of Maine, after long experience, worth anything?

"Of course there are obstacles and difficulties in the way of Prohibition, until it becomes the settled policy of the State. And one difficulty lies in the fact that in many localities the enforcement of the law is in the hands of officials whose political alliances lead them to oppose the law or treat it with apathy. No law can succeed in the hands of its enemies. For instance, are the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States

(adopted more than fifteen years ago) practically successful at the South? Republican whiskey papers will hardly say yes. But if not, why not? Because there is no political party there strong enough to enforce these measures, that is friendly to them, and they go by default. It is just so with Prohibition. It must have friendly political power back of it to enforce it, for no law will enforce itself. If the Republican Party of Iowa shall become fully and heartily committed to Prohibition, so that politicians as well as the people shall thoroughly believe in it, then the law will be enforced in every locality where Republicans hold office, because that will be a test of party fealty. If the Republican Party shall refuse to do this, then it will only remain for Prohibitionists to build up a separate party.

"The same is true of all other States. If either of the great parties will honestly adopt Prohibition, and press it forward to victory, well and good. If not, then those who believe in Prohibition must either abandon their principles or organize a Prohibition Party. To my mind, it is the sublimity of stupidity to suppose that Prohibition can succeed anywhere without a party behind it, pledged to it, and heartily working for it. The present solid status of Prohibition in Maine is due to the fact that after the Democratic Party went back on the law enacted by a Democratic Legislature, and approved by Hubbard, a Democratic Governor, in 1851, the Republican Party took it up heartily, and from that time until now has been a Prohibition Party,

though not so called. And if Prohibition is not now a political issue in Maine, it is for the same reason that slavery and specie payment are not national political issues ; because a party made it a supreme political issue until no party opposed it, and it became a settled policy of the State, forever removed from the arena of party politics. These are facts, and the lessons suggested are so plain that he who runs may read.

It is scarcely a subject on which discriminations can justly be made for either of the great political parties now dominant. The entire history of prohibitory legislation reveals the causes for so-called failures, and the imperative necessity, under present conditions, for a party solely devoted to this one issue. As between the Republican and Democratic parties, pseudo-honors are nearly evenly divided. In 1846 Maine secured a prohibitory law under a Democratic administration, with a new law in 1851, which the same party in 1856 repealed. In 1851 that organization gave to Nevada such a law, and repealed it in 1856. In 1852 Nebraska secured a law, but if that law remained so long, it was repealed in 1880 by Democrats. Rhode Island in 1852 and 1853 had Prohibition, which was swept away in 1863 by Republican legislation. So the Connecticut Democratic law of 1854 was abrogated by the opposite party in 1872. The Republicans passed a law for Iowa in 1855, but repealed it in 1856. The law was enacted in Michigan in 1855, and twenty years afterward repealed by the same

party. This was the history of Massachusetts in 1869 and 1875. Such are the samples taken from the records. Under Democratic control ten States have at various times secured Prohibition. Under Democratic control there have been four repeals. The Republican Party has given the law to the same number of States, and passed five repeals. At thirteen sessions have Democratic Legislatures refused to submit the question of constitutional amendment to the people, and agreed to such submission at one. Republicans have voted twenty refusals and nine agreements. It is evident that this is no party's political child.

To the people, then, must the appeal be made. The people begat the Republican Party, and put on its armor. And even here the power of this arch enemy of men must be felt. If the popular will is expressed in most unequivocal terms, that announcement is not necessarily binding. All the wealth of the traffic is at the command of ingenious reasoning, with all political considerations urging its employment. This has been repeatedly witnessed along the history of prohibitory legislation. The State of Iowa was therefore not exempt from this phase of the warfare. The law enacted prior to the Clark law affords a striking illustration of the background of prohibitory failures. That law was voted by the people at a special election held on the 27th day of June, 1882. A case soon arose which involved the regularity of the adoption of the amendment. Under a provision of the State constitution, it was necessary

that the several Houses of the General Assembly which first proposed an amendment should cause such amendment to be entered upon their respective journals, with the yeas and nays taken on the vote. At the Eighteenth General Assembly a joint resolution was introduced in the House, providing for a prohibitory amendment, and agreed to. The Senate then adopted a substitute, which provided that "no person shall manufacture for sale, as a beverage, *or to be used*, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine, and beer." This substitute was adopted, and, on motion, the joint resolution was considered engrossed, read a third time, and agreed to by the Senate, as shown by the journal, and sent to the House, which concurred.

The journal of the House recited that the committee on enrolled bills had reported that they had examined the joint resolution, and that it was correctly enrolled. The enrolled resolution was then signed by the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, and approved by the Governor. The joint resolution so signed and approved read: "No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell, or keep for sale, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquor whatever, including ale, wine, and beer," omitting the words "or to be used," as seen originally in the Senate substitute. It was true, however, and well known, that the substitute actually passed was the same before adoption in both Houses. The House journal did not show this, for the resolution was not there entered *in extenso*. The court therefore held, Judge

Beck dissenting, that in the adoption of the amendment the Constitution had not been complied with, although it was a matter of unquestioned history that the Nineteenth General Assembly had adopted the resolution agreed to by the Eighteenth General Assembly, and that the substitute proposed by the Senate was the same as that agreed to by the House, basing its decision upon the point, among other things, that the resolution had not been entered in full in the House journal, but merely by way of memoranda, and that this journal was the only evidence admissible in the case.

The people responded with indignation. The pastor at Burlington, with little excuse, condemned the court and the proceedings. His position illustrates his character, and suggests the obstacles and dangers which enable the friends and supporters of the liquor traffic to say, "Prohibition does not prohibit."

"What is the best evidence as to what kind of a bill was passed; the bill itself, or the record of the clerk? It looks like a very dangerous precedent to establish, that the only evidence as to the wording of a bill is the journal of an Assembly or a Senate. You are not to go to the bills themselves, carefully examined by committees appointed for that purpose, then signed by the presiding officers of the two Houses, and at last by the Governor of the State; but you are to go to the journals, and no matter how much self-evident blundering you find, that is the only evidence to be

admitted. This is very strange doctrine, and it seems astonishing that four judges can be found in the United States to advance it. Hereafter, as Judge Beck says, lawyers are not to go to the published statutes of the State in order to ascertain what the law is, but to the journals of the houses; and if there should happen to be any discrepancy between journal and bill, the journal is the only evidence admissible! Under this ruling, it is simply impossible to amend the Constitution of the State of Iowa, providing there is a powerful, unscrupulous, moneyed class interested in preventing it. A clause or word left out or inserted in one of the journals, so as to show an apparent discrepancy in legislative action, defeats all! No matter that the two bills are identical; no matter how decisive the action of the people —all falls to dust in the presence of one clerical error, and no evidence is admissible but the error itself! Henceforth let the people of Iowa understand that their Constitution can never be amended, unless they can secure clerks who are so incorruptible that no amount of money will buy them, and so perfect that they cannot make a mistake! According to this decision, the amendment to the Constitution by which the word 'white' was stricken out of the article on suffrage was not properly adopted. At all events, it will not stand the test of these rulings, and no negro has the right to vote in Iowa. Is this good law which involves such consequences?

"It may be thought presumptuous to criticise the decision

of a Supreme Court; but the people of the North did not refrain from criticising the Dred Scott decision, even though it was the decree of the highest legal tribunal of the United States. They spit upon it and trampled it under foot, and as soon as possible new and better blood was infused into that court. So will the people of Iowa spit upon this decision, which smites them in the face; and as soon as possible will they relegate to private life these four lawyers who are not able to rise above legal quibbles in their consideration of a constitutional amendment adopted by the people.

"The question now is one of greater importance than simple Prohibition, great as that is. Popular sovereignty is now the issue! Is this in deed and in truth 'a government of the people by the people and for the people'? It is clearly apparent that there is a fixed determination on the part of politicians and many papers to ignore the will of the people three times expressed, and to cram license down their throats, whether they will or no. The late Prohibition Convention has been roundly denounced on all sides for demanding that Governor and Legislature and parties shall put the will of the people in force as soon as possible. The Governor declines to call an extra session. Three years and a half must elapse before the people can again vote on this question, unless an extra session is called. Meanwhile, every effort will be made to compel them to accept license. What is this but practical rebellion against

that law which the people put into the history, if not into the Constitution, of Iowa? How much better are those papers which are now abusing the Des Moines Convention for insisting that the will of the people must be carried out as soon as possible, than those papers which a little while ago abused Lincoln and the boys in blue? Which is the more dangerous, an open revolt against the decision of a popular election or a secret conspiracy to set it at naught? All these events afford us fresh and startling proof of the influence of the drink trade. More powerful and more unscrupulous than slavery ever was, it will not stop at anything in order to accomplish its purpose. It behooves the people to be watchful, active, and determined. Let them not be deceived into any compromise; let them not be fooled by any party slogan. Let them grind to powder any and every party which stands in the way of human progress; and if no party can be found to put itself in full accord with the people's will, and pledge itself to carry out that will, then let us have one that can be trusted to do so." Is it strange that Prohibition does not prohibit? Under the conditions in which this reform is moving, the achievements made are remarkable successes, by as much as the difficulties are many and great.

CHAPTER XX.

Legal Aspects of Prohibition—Questions Raised—Opinions of the Courts.

THE present chapter may seem not altogether appropriate. My father everywhere assumed as indubitable that the State has the right, by prohibitory laws, to suppress the sale of intoxicating beverages, and, except in such assumption, he did not specially touch upon the legal aspects of the question. But there are many intelligent men in every community who entertain grave doubts as to whether or not the legislative power has constitutional authority to suddenly lay its hand upon the traffic, existing either by sufferance or under license systems, and at one stroke outlaw it, thus practically destroying its property for its original purpose. For this reason, and because the chief design of these pages is to carry the influence of a life largely devoted to the one reform movement of the nineteenth century beyond its own limits, the legal phase of that movement seems fitting here, as in line with the political and economical questions, the fallacies of the saloon defence, and the arguments for and against license and Prohibition already considered.

Recognizing the overshadowing evil of intemperance and the aggressive character of saloon domination, it is the pre-

vailing tendency of the judicial mind to sustain prohibitory laws as within the police power of the State. Said the Supreme Court of Iowa in 1855 : "There is no statistical or economical proposition better established, nor one to which a more general assent is given by reading and intelligent minds, than this, that the use of intoxicating liquors as a drink is the cause of more want, pauperism, suffering and crime, and public expense, than any other cause—and, perhaps, it should be said, than all other causes combined. Even those who are opposed to restriction oftentimes admit this truth. Every State applies the most stringent legal power to lotteries, gambling, keeping gambling-houses and implements, and to debauchery and obscenity, and no one questions the right and the justice of it ; and yet how small is the weight of woe produced by all these united when compared with that which is created by the use of intoxicating drinks alone ? If by any process of reasoning the State or county is bound to support the pauper, to maintain a judicial system, in order to protect the community from crime, and to confine and maintain the criminal, then how is it possible to say that she cannot look to the causes and sources of poverty and crime, and cut them off or dry them up ?"

But that the State can do this is distinctly questioned both by the liquor interest itself and by some judges. It is said that liquors constitute property of use and value, and that the owner of this species of property, when lawfully acquired, is, upon every principle and by every con-

sideration, entitled to the use and possession of it, and that as the laws of the United States permit the importation, the right to import carries the right to sell, at least in the original packages; the right to sell in bulk implies the right to buy, and therefore the right to break bulk necessarily follows. As Mr. Justice Cooley says: "The trade in alcoholic drinks being lawful, and the capital employed in it being fully protected by law, the Legislature then steps in, and, by an enactment based on general reasons of public utility, annihilates the traffic, destroys altogether the employment, and reduces to a nominal value the property on hand. Even the keeping of that for the purposes of sale becomes a criminal offence, and, without any change whatever in his own conduct or employment, the merchant of yesterday becomes the criminal of to-day, and the very building in which he lives and conducts the business which to that moment was lawful becomes the subject of legal proceedings, if the statutes shall so declare, and liable to be proceeded against for a forfeiture." Such is the gist, without elaboration, of the legal arguments against Prohibition. Yet there are strong suggestions of errors in this course of reasoning, for it implies at the outset a limitation upon the power of the State to enact laws for its own protection and preservation, which must seriously imperil the existence of every independent community. It is for this reason that courts have been impelled to sustain prohibitory laws, otherwise free from objections.

So the Supreme Court of Michigan said in 1856 : " The public evils of the intemperate use of ardent spirits, which are the results of an unrestrained use of them, are denied by none. If there can be any difference of opinion upon the subject, it is as to the means best calculated to remove the evil. It is one of public character. It extends to all classes of society, and adheres to our race with a pertinacity and fatality that would satisfy the mind of the most sceptical that the *evil*, at least, if not the remedy proposed, is constitutional. It has long been the subject of deep and anxious study, both with the philanthropist and statesman, by what means, if any, the evil could be abated. It has been for centuries the subject of legislation, and for ages the subject for exhortation ; and after the exhaustion of the one, without any satisfactory results, the other has been resorted to. . . . And if a public evil of this character cannot be suppressed by the simple means here resorted to by the Legislature, it may be well said that there is an end to all legislative power."

Similar reasoning is employed by Mr. Justice Johnson, in a dissenting opinion, 1856 : " From a pretty early period the evils of drunkenness have attracted legislative attention. Frequent instances of legislation on the subject are to be found among the English and our colonial laws. With these examples, and with the constant practice of our own Government in restraining sales of liquor in small quantities, except by license, I feel it difficult to understand how it

can be maintained that the sale of intoxicating liquors is not a subject upon which legislation can constitutionally take place, to prevent injuries to the health and morals of the people ; and if it is a proper subject of legislation at all, I do not know where is to be found (unless in the Constitution) any fixed rule by which a court can undertake to say that the absolute prohibition of the use of liquors as a beverage would be beyond the authority of the Legislature. . . . The right to drink liquor stands upon no higher ground than the right to do many other things which the Legislature finds contrary to the public welfare, and can scarcely be secured under those general words—('no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law'—'no member of this State shall be disfranchised or deprived of any of the rights or privileges secured to other citizens thereof, unless by the law of the land, or the judgment of his peers'), unless upon grounds that would completely tie the hands of the Legislature from nearly all interference with the conduct of men."

Such declarations are numerous in the law reports of the States. The prevailing opinion accords with that of Mr. Justice Cooley, at the close of the paragraph above quoted, that whether the reasons assigned are satisfactory or not, they "address themselves exclusively to the legislative wisdom."

And the theory that the Legislature has no power to enact

laws contrary to reason or natural justice, and that prohibitory laws are of this character, and therefore beyond the scope of the law-making authority, is untenable under existing American institutions. It is, indeed, occasionally declared that "it may be doubted whether the nature of society and of government does not prescribe some limits to the legislative power; and if any be prescribed, where are they to be found?" So Mr. Justice Chase, of the Federal Supreme Court, declared: "I cannot subscribe to the omnipotence of a State Legislature, or that it is absolute and without control, although its authority should not be restrained by the constitution or fundamental law of the State." So Mr. Webster said: "It is of no importance whether there are any restrictions or limitations to the power of the Legislature imposed by the Constitution, for if at this period there is not a general restraint on legislative power, there is an end to private property." So Chief-Justice Buchanan said: "Independent of any restrictions in the Constitution, there is a fundamental principle of right and justice, inherent in the nature and spirit of the social compact in this country, in the character and genius of our system of Government, the causes from which they sprung, and the purposes for which they were established, that rises above and restrains and sets bounds to the powers of legislation, which the Legislature cannot pass without exceeding its rightful authority."

These are principles upon which there are differences of

opinion. But the question still remains as to the scope of such propositions. That scope is not more inclusive of prohibitory laws than of many other laws, and it is significant that those principles are rarely referred to, except in the consideration of the liquor traffic or of kindred subjects. As employed by the trade in ardent spirits they include a denial of the authority of the Legislature of a State to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks. Does any one fancy that such appeals are born of the spirit of right government? And is the application so sought to be made legitimate? The basis of such a restriction cannot be narrower than the broad limits of that natural justice acknowledged by the universal consent of mankind. As if to certify the meaning of the doctrine, Mr. Justice Chase cited a law that punishes a citizen for an innocent action, a law that destroys or impairs the lawful private contracts of citizens, a law that makes a man a judge in his own case, a law that takes property from one and gives it to another. Such laws clearly pass beyond natural justice, but they set themselves off distinctly from prohibitory laws against the sale of drink. The liquor traffic is nowhere recognized as legal in the sense that other industries are legal. Those who engage in it do so with a full understanding of its character before the law. As the New York court has said: "These licenses to sell liquors are not contracts between the State and the persons licensed, giving the latter vested rights, protected on general principles, and by the Constitution of the United States

against subsequent legislation ; nor are they property in any constitutional sense. They have neither the qualities of a contract nor of property, but are merely temporary permits to do what otherwise would be an offence against a general law. They form a portion of the internal police system of the State ; are issued in the exercise of its police powers, and are subject to the direction of the State Government, which may modify, revoke, or continue them, as it may deem fit."

Entering therefore into the business under such legal sufferance, with such knowledge, and without a compact, liquor men take the right of sufferance with all the contingencies which naturally underlie these conditions of the case ; it is a part of the sufferance that it may be withheld by the same power by which it is granted. So far from being a violation of the natural sense of justice inherent in mankind is a proper prohibitory law, that were it to be declared that the sufferance of breweries, distilleries, and saloons had merged into a contract, that the traffic in strong drink had risen into an inalienable right, and that this vast system of malevolent money-getting, pauper-and-crime-breeding, brain-and-soul-destroying—this system whose ramifications are sought to be extended to every interest dear to civilization, whose spirit is inconceivable intolerance, whose methods embrace the deliberate violation of all law, if need be, whose avarice pauses at no sacred prize of love or honor, whose breast is without conscience, and

whose wisdom is a miracle of wilful fallacy—that this gigantic evil had become fastened irretrievably upon the body politic, the universal sense of natural justice would contemplate the thought as the culmination of tyranny and wrong.

And wise jurists have relegated this question of natural justice to the consideration of the law-making power. Who is to determine what is natural justice? Evidently the people; so far as practical life is concerned, all other determinations are mere theories. "If the Legislature," says a judge, "should pass a law in plain, unquestioned, and explicit terms, within the general scope of their constitutional power, I know of no authority in this court to pronounce such an act void, merely because, in the opinion of the judicial tribunal, it was contrary to the principles of natural justice." "If," said Justice Iredell, from the United States Supreme Court, "a government, composed of legislative, executive, and judicial departments, were established by a constitution which imposed no limits on the legislative power, the consequence would be that whatever the legislative power chose to enact would be lawfully enacted, and the judicial power could never interpose to pronounce it void. It is true that some speculative jurists have held that a legislative act against natural justice must, in itself, be void, but I cannot think that any court of justice would possess the power to declare it so." So said Senator Verplanck: "It is difficult, upon any general principles, to

limit the omnipotence of the sovereign legislative power by judicial interposition, except so far as the express words of a written constitution give that authority. . . . Any assumption of authority beyond this would be to place in the hands of the judiciary powers too great and too undefined either for its own security or the protection of private rights." And, it might have been added, the very evil sought to be avoided would only be transferred from the Legislature to the bench, which is fully as apt to declare laws that are contrary to natural justice as the Legislature is to make them. Beyond doubt, less injustice must arise from such power reposed in the Legislature than from such power reposed in the courts. So said Justice Huston, of Pennsylvania: "There are high authorities for saying there is in every Government somewhere an absolute, despotic power. The exceptions to this are only such as are expressly specified in the written constitution." So said Justice Johnson, of Michigan: "We understand the argument to be this: the remedy proposed conflicts with our natural rights; these rights are undefined, and of course depend upon their character; but who is to apply the test? Suppose that we should be of the opinion, contrary to that of the Legislature, that this evil did not justify the means resorted to for its suppression, who could not see that the power of the Legislature to pass any ordinary police law depended upon the opinions of the judiciary, as to whether such a law was calculated to prove beneficial to the public,

or, in other words, that the validity of the law depended upon the exercise of a discretionary power of the court ?" It is " a question of policy which cannot be entertained by this court."

What, then, are the constitutional phases of the question ? Prohibitory laws, as said by Mr. Justice Cooley, of the Supreme Court of Michigan, " are police regulations established by the Legislature for the prevention of intemperance, pauperism, and crime, and for the abatement of nuisances." But, it is said, even if questions of natural justice and the legislative power outside of constitutions are ruled out, there are other considerations within these organic papers which oppose such prohibitory laws. Are they within the police powers of the State ? The constitutions contain a clause, " No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." In view of that clause, can the Legislature suppress the traffic already existing and permitted ? That the character of property attaches to ardent spirits is argued, because from the earliest ages they have been produced and recognized in the commerce of the world. They are bought and sold like other property ; they may be seized upon legal process ; they constitute a fund for the payment of debts in insolvent estates and the estates of deceased persons ; they enter largely into foreign and domestic commerce, and are taxed. It is true, the people of the State may well dispense with them, and they produce a vast amount of injury in every com-

munity ; but they are not the only property against which similar arguments may be invoked. If they do not constitute property, it is difficult to see what the word may and may not include. When, therefore, a law declares it unlawful to sell, or keep for sale, or with intent to sell, intoxicating liquors, declares them a nuisance, withdraws legal protection from them, deprives the owner of any right to recover their value if sold, and provides for seizure, condemnation, and destruction, it is argued this is a destruction of property, and that such a law is therefore unconstitutional. The deprivation is without "due process of law." For these words are understood to mean, by indictment or presentment of good and lawful men, or law in its regular course of administration through courts of justice. Intoxicants being property, they fall within the great right of the common law, the free use, enjoyment, and disposal of the acquisitions of men. A law which suddenly prohibits such right destroys the commercial value of such property. This destruction is not the result of the violation of law, for it precedes any possible violation of law ; the property is extinguished by the law itself. Any subversion of the rights inherent in the ownership of property is by so much a destruction of the property itself. The *corpus* remains, but it has become totally useless for the purpose for which it was designed, and the keeping of this dead body is itself a violation of the law which destroys its value. This is an infringement upon the Constitution ; it is a dep-

rivation of property without "due process of law," and it is an infringement upon natural justice. Hence, even if the court does not recognize the sovereign authority of the Legislature, the law must be declared void.

On the other hand, it is insisted that this is a strained and unwarrantable construction and application of that provision of the Constitution which declares that "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." As said by Mr. Justice Johnson, from whose dissenting opinion we have read: "This provision has no application whatever to a case where the market value of property is incidentally diminished by the operation of a statute passed for an entirely different object, and for a purpose in itself legitimate, and which in no particular respects the title, possession, or personal use or enjoyment of the owner. Such a construction would prohibit all regulations of the Legislature and all restrictions upon the internal trade and commerce of the State; it would place the right of traffic above every other right, and render it independent of the power of government. 'Deprived' is there used in its ordinary and popular sense, and relates simply to divesting of, forfeiting, alienating, taking away, property. It applies to property in the same sense that it does to life and liberty, and no other. When a person is deprived of his property 'by due process of law,' the thing itself, with the legal title, is taken away. All his rights in respect to it are entirely extinguished, and

transferred with the *corpus* to another." And no prohibitory law will seek to extinguish all the rights connected with the ownership of intoxicants and buildings used for their manufacture. These laws seek to prevent the sale or keeping for sale. Undoubtedly this destroys some alleged rights previously existing, yet no property is taken away, no title is disturbed, the title and property still remain, with liberty to put to any other use not included within the prohibition. If the law raises some almost insuperable difficulties as to such disposition, that is simply a necessity of the case, growing out of the business sought to be suppressed, for such a law must be so stringent and sweeping as to make such difficulties inevitable, because if they are not of that character, they are certain to be evaded. If the Legislature had to deal with a class of men who were desirous, for the general welfare, of obeying law, even if injurious more or less to their interests, it might well enact a prohibitory law less objectionable in this respect; but the law-making body has to deal with the case as it is, and that case requires all the severity and skill possessed by any legislative body. It might be as logically said that because the law provides for the punishment of certain vicious acts by imprisonment, it then, *ipso facto*, deprives men of liberty without "due process of law." Yet the operation of the law upon the property is no more direct without the intervention of some precipitating and inviting act than upon the liberty. For the property is the thing itself, essentially, not its in-

cidents or qualities. One incident may be intoxicating powers, another may be medicinal properties, another may be applicability to industrial uses. If destruction of the incident is destruction of property, a law which prohibits the sale of ardent spirits as a beverage, yet does not prohibit its sale for medicinal or industrial purposes, is nevertheless destruction of property, for logically one incident is as substantial as any other. But civil law ought not to be based upon metaphysical subtleties. Constitutions should be construed in accordance with the sound understanding of mankind. And, as has been well said from the bench, "should the time ever come when the courts, instead of promptly sustaining and enforcing the legislative will, become forward to thwart and defeat it, and assume to prescribe the limits to its exercise, other than that prescribed in the Constitution; to substitute their discretion and notions of expediency for constitutional restraints, and to declare enactments void for want of conformity to such standards: or when, to defeat unpalatable acts, they shall habitually resort to subtleties and refinements and strained constructions to bring them into conflict with the Constitution, the end of all just and salutary authority, judicial as well as legislative, will not be remote. When men, chafing under the restraints of particular statutes, and prompted by interest, passion, appetite, or partisanship to disregard them and set their authority at defiance, begin to expect from courts immunity and protection, instead of punishment, the ju-

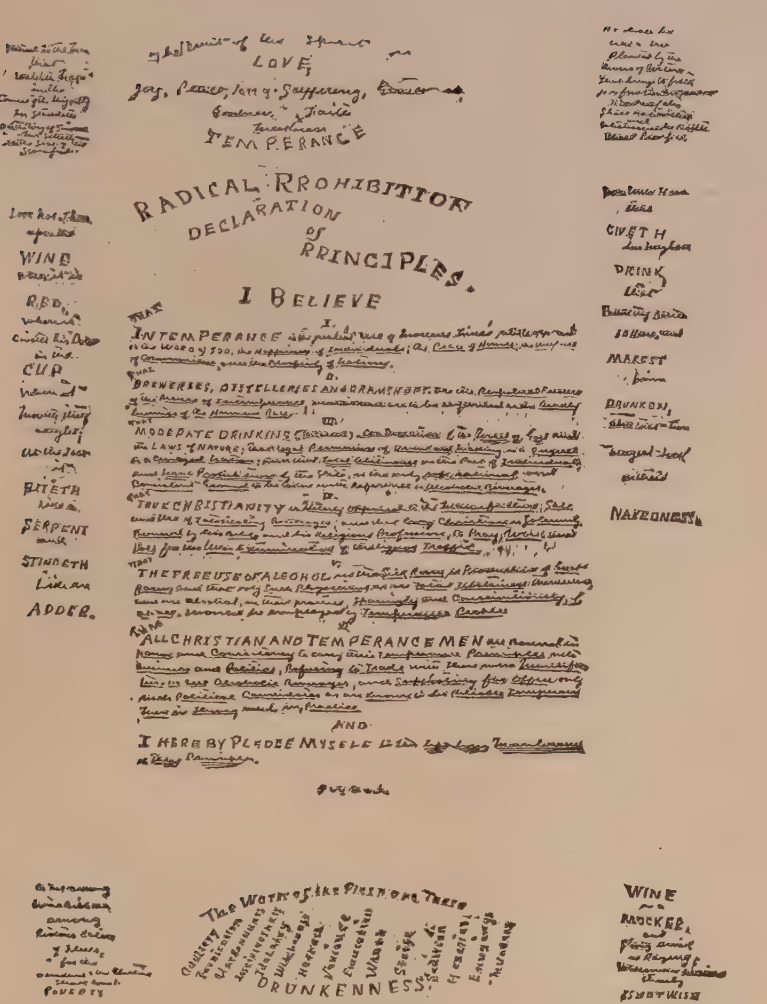
diciary will have lost not only its claim to respect and confidence, but the power of enforcing general laws."

So, as before said, the prevailing trend of judicial opinion holds prohibitory laws, when properly worded, not in conflict with this protective clause of the Constitution. They are proper exercises of the police power of the State. It is no violation of the clause thus discussed for the Legislature to say that one man shall not sell to another unwholesome bread or meat, or that he shall not manufacture and sell intoxicating liquors, because, in the exercise of the discretionary power vested in the people, they have the right to say what laws shall be enacted for the benefit, security, and protection of themselves, and for the public good. When private interest comes in conflict with the public good, private interests must yield.

Upon these general principles the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States declared in 1847 : " Although a State is bound to receive and permit the sale " (Chief Justice Taney) " by the importer " (under a law of Congress) " of any article of merchandise which Congress authorizes to be imported, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, nor to abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary or advisable to guard the health or morals of its citizens, although such law may discourage importation, or diminish the profits of the importer, or lessen the revenue of the general Government. And if any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its

citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice, and debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether." So by Mr. Justice McLean: "The acknowledged police power of a State often extends to the destruction of property. The State may regulate the sale of foreign spirits, and such regulation is valid, although it reduce the quantity of spirits consumed." So by Mr. Justice Grier: "The true question is, whether the States have a right to prohibit the sale and consumption of an article of commerce which they believe to be pernicious in its effects, and the cause of disease, pauperism, and crime. It is not necessary, for the sake of justifying the State legislation now under consideration, to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism, and crime which have their origin in the use and abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusively in the States, is alone competent to the cure of these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to affect the purpose are within the scope of that authority."

Such are the legal aspects of Prohibition. Much of the reasoning involved appears in the sermons and lectures of the subject of these pages during the Iowa ministry especially. For this same reasoning is as necessary to the preservation of society as that of legislative and governmental functions. This reasoning must underlie all proper considerations of the question of Prohibition.


LOVE
Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering,
Gentleness, Goodness, Faithfulness
TEMPERANCE
RADICAL PROHIBITION
DECLARATION of PRINCIPLES.
I BELIEVE
I.
INTEMPERANCE
II.
BREWERIES, DISTILLERIES AND DRAM SHOPS
III.
MODERATE DRINKING
IV.
TRUE CHRISTIANITY
V.
THE FREE USE OF ALCOHOL
VI.
ALL CHRISTIAN AND TEMPERANCE MEN
AND
I HEREBY PLEDGE MYSELF
WINE
RED,
CUP
BITETH
SERPENT
STINGETH
ADDER.
GIVETH
DRINK
MARKET
DRUNKEN,
NAKEDNESS
The WORK of the PLEDGE and THESE
DRUNKENNESS
WINE
ROCKER
THE HADDOCK MEMORIAL PLEDGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

Burlington, Iowa—Fort Dodge—Bible Wines—Violations of Law—Duties of Citizenship—The Destiny of the Republic.

THE hour has now come. The Burlington pastorate continues one year, from 1882 to 1883. Law stands everywhere in the attitude of protest. With an almost unbroken cordon of liquor States extending along the Iowa borders, with a cunning, persistent enemy on every hand, with men in every city who are trimming between temperance and "fanaticism," and with all the social dregs rampant, this attitude alone is possible. The friends of an outlawed traffic "are waxen fat, they shine; yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked; they judge not the cause—the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper; and the right of the needy they do not judge." The new minister is therefore moved to the depths of an impressionable nature. All principles are now become concrete facts. Theories are in the crucible of experience. The question of right assumes terrible significance. It is as impossible for George C. Haddock to keep silence as for Jeremiah of old, or Savonarola at Florence, or Luther at Wittenberg and Leipzig. He sees the inevitable consequences of openly violated law. He views with amazement the supine helplessness or indifference of

the moral classes. Thoroughly imbued with the principle of obedience, fearless therefore, and too vividly impressed with a sense of duty and the necessity of action to deal in general truths or perhaps the ordinary thoughts of the ministry, he throws himself into this new work with the accumulated forcefulness of more than twenty years devoted to temperance. There can be no factitious discriminations, no gloving of hands, no bending to authorities. The law is written. The law is violated. There is but one position compatible with Christian citizenship, antagonism toward civil and moral crime, as open, determined, and fearless as the violation of law itself.

But he could not take such a position, and coldly and occasionally discuss the issues. An absorbing devotion to whatever he undertook was a lifelong characteristic. Temperance was therefore always in his heart, law was always on his mind, the words of temperance and of law were always on his lips. The one question came out in his social meetings, crowded itself into his sermons, was the special theme at every possible occasion. He was dominated by the hour.

No phase was neglected. He was essentially a teacher, and discussed the social and scientific aspects of the question no less than the legal and political. One great reason why Prohibition was so difficult to secure and enforce arose from popular ignorance, more or less actual and prevalent. To remove this cause was as necessary as to insist upon obedience to law and to urge political action.

Dr. Howard Crosby had then recently announced the old claim that the Bible wines were fermented, and some of the Sunday-school authorities had made the singular statement that that question was immaterial in the present contest. To him such a view seemed a gross error. "If Christ and the holy apostles of old," he said, "were moderate users of alcoholic beverages, then the moderate use of alcoholic beverages cannot be wrong now. And if the moderate use of these beverages is not wrong, then the moderate sale of them is not wrong, and therefore it is not right to prohibit such sale. That is the logical sequence from the proposition that Christ made and both He and His disciples habitually used fermented wines.

"But I say there is no foundation in Scripture for such a position. I believe the true doctrine is that held by most Christians on total abstinence and Prohibition, that there were two kinds of wine among the ancients, fermented and unfermented; that the latter kind was in general use, and highly esteemed by the better classes; that this kind was commended, and the fermented kind was forbidden in any quantity, and that where the excessive use of wine is mentioned, it means the excessive use of unfermented wine, which, like all other harmless things, might be used immoderately. This is the position held by the Prohibition side of the drink question.

"This view harmonizes the Bible with modern science, which shows that alcohol is a poison, and cannot be habit-

ually used in any quantity without injury. And it makes no sort of difference whether alcohol be taken in wine, beer, whiskey, or brandy. It is the same deadly poison in all, and it is for us to consider whether the Divine Being commends poison to mankind, and whether Christ the Son of God made poison, drank it Himself, and commended its use to others. We say no. And this we say is true to science and true to God's Word, while taking the opposite view is false both to science and to God, because it favors what science condemns, and puts God in a false position, by insisting that He recommended that which all human experience and scientific investigation shows to be harmful."

He then appeals to modern science and to profane and sacred history.

"Those who claim that Christ was a drinker of alcoholic wine say in effect that He deliberately rejected wine that was innocent, and that he sought out and used alcohol, the deadliest enemy of man, for its own sake, and that He took pains to recommend this deadly thing to mankind. I regard this as profanity of the worst kind. I think as much of a man who swears or is a pirate as one who will take such a position and seek to maintain it. This view applies with peculiar force to the wine made at the marriage feast at Cana; those who claim that this was alcoholic wine say in effect that Christ took special pains to create alcohol, in order to poison His friends and neighbors. The base of this wine was water, which of course contained no alcohol.

If Christ transformed this wine into the resemblance of fresh grape juice, just as it flows from the crushed fruit of the vine, there was no alcohol in it, for it would have required some time before this poison would naturally have made its appearance, according to the law of fermentation. So that if this wine was alcoholic, Christ must have purposely created a deadly substance, which could be of no benefit to His friends, and could not add to the flavor or healthfulness of the beverage which He wished to be taken by them, but rather could only be detrimental. Now, did He, knowing, as He must have known, the deadly character of alcohol, create or introduce into this wine alcohol, for the purpose of poisoning the guests of the wedding feast? Or did He simply add to the water, by His divine power, the ingredients necessary to make it correspond to the freshly expressed juice of the grape, in which there could be no alcohol? Let others make answer to this question as they will. For my part, it seems as clear as a mathematical demonstration, that the wine which answered the divine call at this particular occasion possessed the same nature as that which the same divinity had brought into being through ages.

"And this theory explains the words of Christ to His mother, when she indirectly asked Him to provide wine for the feast by a miracle, and thus display His divine power. He said to her, 'Mine hour is not yet come.' Now, I have never seen anywhere a satisfactory explanation

of these words. To my mind the true explanation is this : Wedding feasts lasted several days—a time which with us would be a week. If Christ had made enough wine for the entire feast at the time His mother spoke to Him, it would have fermented and been intoxicating toward the close of the feast in that climate. In order to avoid this difficulty, He said to His mother, ' Mine hour is not yet come.' In other words, ' This is not the time ; do not be in a hurry ; the wine will be forthcoming when it is needed much.' Then He ordered jars to be filled with water, and as fast as the water was drawn out of the jars for the use of the guests, it was transformed into the perfect unfermented juice of the grape, which was consumed before it had time to ferment. This, I believe, is the true theory, and accords with the words of the governor of the feast and the authorities I have quoted. The governor said, ' Thou hast reserved the good wine.' And Professor Jacobus, himself a Jew and an eminent Hebrew scholar, says, ' Those wines were esteemed the best which were the least strong.'

" The advice given by Paul to Timothy is one of the standard arguments with the upholders of the so-called moderation theory. But a careful examination of the passage shows it works against the theory, instead of being in favor of it. The passage reads : ' Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.' Now, it seems strange, if true, that Christ and all His disciples were daily in the habit of using alcoholic

wine as a common beverage, and that its use was perfectly harmless and proper, that Timothy, a young Christian minister, should regard the parting command of his inspired friend as an inducement to use a little of this innocent substance medicinally. We are told that Christ manufactured alcoholic wine, that He and His disciples habitually used alcoholic wine, that this is the kind of wine so favorably mentioned in different parts of the inspired Word, that there was no other kind, and that it was the excessive use of this kind only which was anywhere forbidden, and yet Timothy, Paul's special friend and spiritual son, was somehow so much afraid of this harmless alcoholic wine, and was so rigid a total abstainer, that his aged father had to command its use.

"And bear in mind this very command was carefully guarded. Paul does not intimate that total abstinence principles are strained and fanatical, that Christ and His disciples used alcoholic wine as a common beverage, and that it was right for Timothy to use it as a beverage. But he tells him to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities, just as a physician who is a total abstainer in these days might prescribe to a patient a small quantity of some kind of alcoholic preparation, with a full knowledge of its nature ; and the patient, however rigid a total abstainer he might be, would be justified in using it as he would any other poison administered medicinally for the purpose of obtaining definite, proper, and healthful physical results."

The same style of treatment was apparent in his consideration of the statistical, economical, and psychological aspects of the drink question—clear, explicit, replete with information. At this time the problem was so urgent that it took possession of the entire man, and this absorption was everywhere visible. If there were any in his church who were determined not to be "fanatical," it was certain such a course must prove offensive. Such a course did prove offensive, and the Burlington pastorate closed in 1883. This, however, was a concession on the part of the majority of the membership to the few who, as we have seen, preferred that the State of Iowa should be ruled by the saloon rather than by Methodism.

One of his parishioners here writes, somewhat later: "The doctor thinks you were in your proper place here, because you reached from hovel to palace, from the lowest dens to the high-license rank, and from politics to church. In every place where man or the form of man be found, there also will be found the sayings and declarations of Rev. Haddock." Another, unknown, said through some newspaper medium:

"I heard one of the best sermons I have heard in Fort Dodge last Sunday night. Rev. G. C. Haddock preached it to an immense audience at the Methodist church. He was discussing the old Hebrew account of the way the world was made. He was fighting the modern idea that the world made itself. That is an idea that would seem to

an ordinary man not to need much combating. Yet it seems that a large number of persons are living under the impression that if anybody did actually make the world, the circumstance is one of small consequence—not to be thought of when men can make a dollar or carry an election. The preacher, by means of a chart, explained the attitude of Christian naturalists toward the Mosaic account of the creation. He illustrated his line of thought by liberal quotations from Dana, Agassiz and Guyot. His sermon was a concise statement of the substantial agreement between what he termed 'the two revelations—Nature and the Book.'

"The close attention of his audience to such a discourse, I thought, was in many respects creditable to the city. The preacher created a fine feeling when, in words of rare eloquence, he warned the Protestant world to end its quarrel with Romanism, and make a common battle against the real enemy of modern society—atheism. Fort Dodge may not be unanimous as to this preacher's views on the amusement question, but we all agree to listen to a man of brains, who candidly tells what he thinks about affairs on this planet."

But he was so deeply aroused on the question of Prohibition and its enforcement, that at the close of a year at Burlington he took a "location," in order to devote his entire energies to the work. Bishop Simpson, however, who presented the watch previously mentioned, prevailed upon him to abandon the idea, and at his request he was

readmitted to the Northwest Iowa Conference, and appointed to Fort Dodge.

The Fort Dodge pastorate, from 1883 to 1885, did not essentially differ in its temperance colors. The battle was still going on, and the man could not be diverted by casual and inevitable criticism. As the defiance of the saloon became more insolent, and outrages upon temperance men more frequent, the necessity of decisive and vigorous action impressed itself forcibly upon his mind. These violations of law were born of the spirit of anarchy. The imperative duty of the hour was separation from the dangerous elements in society, and a uniform condemnation of lawbreakers everywhere. In a sermon delivered here in 1885, a keen appreciation of the dangers of indifference or sympathy, and an illustrative tone of prophecy, is manifest in every word. Reading these last utterances, the ineffable light of immortality glows between the lines ; in these sermons the man is speaking truer than he knows.

" I want to impress my hearers," he said, on this occasion, " especially the young, with the importance of being on the right side of these great questions, which are constantly thrust upon the minds of men in this age of the world. I can imagine nothing worse than for a man to be so distorted in all his mental and moral constitution as to be always on the wrong side of every important contest. This was the case with many in the great anti-slavery struggle of the past, and their false position in that led them to take the

wrong side in the war for the Union, in their sympathy, if not with arms. And very naturally most of these men are on the wrong side in the mighty temperance fight of our day. They are with the saloons as against society, instead of being with society as against the saloons. And this perversion of their nature is manifested in all the various details of the contest. We have lately had a very forcible illustration of this truth in the city of Fort Dodge. I refer to the attack made upon Mr. Payne by two whiskey roughs, and the sympathy manifested for these roughs by many people claiming to be respectable. Now imagine, if you can, what sort of a nature a person must have who can allow himself, either directly or indirectly, to manifest any degree of satisfaction over a dastardly attack made by two fellows upon an aged gentleman, whose only offence was that he made lawful complaint against law-breakers. Imagine, if you can, the make-up of a justice of the peace whose highest appreciation of the enormity of a brutal assault upon an old man who had angered his assailants by trying to have crime punished is a *fine of five dollars*. And imagine, if you can, what sort of souls must be possessed by people who allow themselves to say publicly that if men will complain against liquor-sellers 'they must take their chances.' What is the meaning of this doctrine so defiantly thrown out into the midst of this community, that complainers against the violation of the prohibitory law 'take their chances'? It means that temperance men must protect

themselves against all assailants. They 'take their chances.' There is to be no protection in the courts or in public opinion, and their only remedy is in self defence. Are these men mad who thus encourage lawlessness and brutality? Do they want to unchain the tiger in Fort Dodge? It was this loose kind of talk that brought on the Cincinnati riots. Is it desirable to have a small edition of that affair here? If not, then people who have any brains ought to know better than to give aid and comfort to plug-uglies and sluggers by saying that temperance people take their chances if they lodge information against violators of the law. But all this goes to show the length to which respectable people are sometimes carried by being on the wrong side of a great question. That wrong side has its own peculiar downward momentum, which sweeps all who are attached to it, and before they are aware of it they suddenly find themselves called upon to sympathize with bad men in the commission of a bad deed. All this goes together. *You cannot put yourself alongside of a foul system without associating with foul men and indorsing foul deeds, any more than you can write your name on the back of a note without making yourself responsible for the sum named on the other side.*

"We all know what the drink trade is; what it does; what kind of men are in it; and therefore all who favor it, favor it for what it is and for all it is. They pronounce their benediction upon all the business and upon all that

comes out of it. It is then but rational that, when men brutalized by drink assault a respectable citizen for trying to have the law enforced, those who believe that this brutalizing business ought to be licensed should say, 'This is what men may expect if they file informations; they take their chances.' And if I am attacked for what I am saying to-night, undoubtedly these same people would say, 'Served him right; he takes his chances.' Oh, how fierce and powerful is the drift of wrong! How deep is the pit of besotment into which it plunges its followers! How certainly does it blear their vision and blast their conscience and annihilate all their better feelings, and leave only a ruin where once was a man! And then they can readily do that of which they would once have said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'"

These words were prophetic. But all truth is prophetic; it needs but the occasion to make it startling. The man who is unfailingly true is already a martyr, for martyrdom is the sacrifice freely offered by principle, and such sacrifice is genuinely a crucifixion. It does not require physical death to make men heroes: long before this event, has occurred the spiritual sublimation which is its own glorification, and to which death is but an incident.

And at no time in the history of the nation have such incidents been more prevalent or more suggestive. The spirit of evil is demoniac. Instances have already been alluded to. They are not confined to a single State. A

letter received by a Michigan editor is typical: "Quit publishing your (oath) paper, or you will be in hell with Haddock before election. Our mark is on you." It is the inspired proverb verified: "Hell and destruction are never full."

Against this spirit of lawlessness my father waged incessant war, and there is no truer wisdom than that found in many of his utterances. He believed that "God has great things in store for the nation, if we set for ourselves the solution of certain great problems; while the Heavenly Father will certainly punish its sins, and the wrath of the Most High will surely follow the violation by the nation of His statutes, yet in the midst of chastisements and by means thereof He will still preserve us and make of us the grandest people that ever lived.

"But let us understand that there is much for us to do in order that we may co-operate with the God of nations to accomplish this great result. It is undeniable that there is a bad element in American society, and that this element is far more powerful than is compatible with our safety. We have been during the last week freshly reminded of this disagreeable fact by the murder of Mrs. Jameson. Think what kind of a nature that must have been that led to the perpetration of so atrocious a deed. The black-hearted wretch coolly enters her dwelling in broad daylight, demands her money, and shoots an innocent woman dead in her home. Had it been in a street brawl or a saloon

fight it would not have seemed so atrocious. But as it is, it is regarded as a deed of the blackest dye, and shows how fearful are the possibilities of human nature as to total depravity, and needs hell as the only place for its punishment as a matter of fitness and propriety.

"And the worst part of just such events is that they are constantly occurring in all sections of the country. Every day we read of some atrocious murder, gigantic robberies or defalcations by bank officials, and mobs and riots, resulting in great loss of life and destruction of property. We seem to be in the midst of a carnival of crime, in which the powers of hell are let loose on earth, and the evil passions of the wicked are stirred up to a marvellous degree. Just why this is so no one, probably, can tell, but the fact is undisputed, and, as I have said, demonstrates the existence of a bad element a great deal larger than is consistent with the public safety. And it demonstrates all the more danger, because we have no means of suppressing it; not as much as have the despotic governments of the Old World. There the States make calculation for this very thing, and are constantly prepared with standing armies and a strong police force, so that the dangerous classes are overawed and held in subjection. But here the Government has made no calculation for defending itself against its own people. It has relied upon their virtue and intelligence. It has trusted in their fidelity and presumed power of self-control. So it has come to pass that life and property are more exposed in

this country than in most other lands, and I fear the fact is that more crime is committed in America, according to its population, than in Europe, and that a smaller proportion of crimes committed are punished here than in the Old World.

"In view of the fact that we have so large an element among us of the dangerous classes, and that we are without the efficient physical means of suppressing outbreaks as are possessed in other lands, we see how great is the responsibility of all the better classes of the people in supplying our lack of material force by moral force, so that the dangerous classes may feel that they are not entirely without restraint and that there is nothing for them to fear, but shall perpetually realize that there is a strong moral force above and around them on every hand.

"Here, then, is our reliance for the safety of this great Republic. Every respectable citizen feels himself to be a policeman, not of course in a physical sense, but always in a moral sense. Every such a man is the guardian of the public peace. A soldier in the greatest of all standing armies is every pure-hearted, right-minded citizen. This is the best army of the Republic, clothed with the right and armed with love of law, whose business it is, day and night, to stand firmly for the maintenance of order, and the suppression of violence, and the punishment of crime; and with such an army any nation is safe, because ruled and directed by the Everlasting God.

"There are, then, some considerations which we may well thoughtfully contemplate.

"We should all feel that it is our duty and pleasure to do all we can to support and encourage all enterprises and institutions that tend to develop the intellectual and moral strength of the people, such as churches, schools, colleges, Sunday-schools, and public libraries of the day. These are the bulwarks of the Republic. They are our substitutes for standing armies and the costly engines of war. If we are not willing to pay for these, we may be compelled to pay for others, and I say that no matter what the cost may be in dollars and cents, it is a great deal better to be taxed for churches and schools, than it is to be taxed, whether we will or no, for soldiers and a vast police force.

"All respectable citizens should be careful by voice and example to set the highest standard of personal purity before their fellow-men, never for a moment allowing themselves to condone wickedness of any kind, but always denouncing it; never apologizing for sin, but setting their lips and their lives constantly against it. It is a dangerous thing for decent people to speak lightly of wickedness, to glaze over misdeeds, and to intimate that every one is guilty more or less, and that we ought not to be harsh in our judgment of crime. Do you not know that you are throwing a match into the midst of gunpowder? Do you not know that all around are people who like that sort of thing, because they are all the while being tempted to commit

crime, and have but little power to resist? The devil uses the very words of respectable people to push on the affairs of sin.

"We should make it our business to stand together for the maintenance of law and the detection and punishment of crime. So long as dangerous men see that the chances are good for criminals to escape punishment, either through the inefficiency of officers or the corruption and laxity of our courts, just so long will crime multiply. But if this element is made to feel the spirit of law among all the better class of citizens, that it is dangerous to trifle with that spirit, that it demands that every lawbreaker shall be pursued until he is arrested, that he will be tried without delay, that he will be punished with a penalty commensurate with the crime committed, and that there will be no hope of pardon by a loose-jointed Governor, then the voice of conscience within the bosom of the criminally disposed, however feeble, will be re-enforced by a healthy element of fear, and they will hesitate long before taking such fearful risks. It just depends upon the people whether crime shall be punished or not under a government of the people. They are the sources of power and inspiration. Their officers elected by them will be just as efficient as the people require, and no more. Courts constituted by them will be just as swift and firm in the punishment of wrong, just as pure and uncorruptible in administering justice, as the people require, and no more. Water never rises higher than

the fountain-head. The range of a cannon-ball can never be greater than the amount of powder behind. And the officers of a republic can never be better than the people who elect them—not a particle more than the people demand.

"The only safe plan is for every man to insist that all laws are obligatory upon all classes, and that every crime will be followed by punishment as swift as lightning, as awful as the thunderbolt. The people of Webster County owe it to themselves to see that this dreadful murderer is traced out, tried by law, and punished as speedily as possible; else other wretches will be tempted to the commission of other crimes. Every time a criminal is acquitted by a legal trick, every wicked man is fortified in wickedness. On the other hand, every time a criminal is convicted and punished, property is safer, life is rendered more secure, and the government of the people stands more firmly on its foundation. Run through the streets till the murderer of Mrs. Jameson is found and arrested. Then let him have a fair trial, without delay, without legal tricks or any foolishness, and if found guilty, let his life pay the penalty for the dreadful crime committed, according to the divine decree: 'WHOSO SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD, BY MAN LET HIS BLOOD BE SHED.'"

It was because the spirit of this sermon was strong within him that its author gave all the weight of his influence toward the maintenance of law and the right. Perhaps he

saw evils more keenly than many men. But he thoroughly believed in the destiny, written on God's plan for the nations, of the American Republic. This destiny outshone the glory of Greece and the power of Rome. The prelude was already at hand in the marvellous progress made along industrial lines, in the development of the free-school systems, in the theoretic equality of all citizens, and in the great problems already successfully solved. No one can view the history of the nation without prophetic thrill. To the Christian seer the domain of the United States was God's preserve for the working out of His will among men. Buried in oblivion for ages, inhabited by nomadic tribes, whose savage life had no power to utilize or exhaust its countless treasures, replete with such treasures in every part, it stood, reserved, while Solon and Demosthenes, Phidias and Pericles, Plato and Socrates, were working out the problems of culture and philosophy ; still unknown while the Temple of Janus and the Roman Forum were conquering the world and administering universal law ; yet undreamed of when Alfred was earning the title "The Great," when John was contesting the Magna Charta ; almost a chimera when Galileo was recanting and repenting, when Bacon was founding a true utilitarian philosophy, when Gutenberg was giving to the world his printing blocks ; and revealed while the feudal system of land tenure was impregnable, when Philip was driving Holland to rebellion, when the divine sovereignty of kings was acknowl-

edged, when blood and lineage dominated the world, and the future of humanity seemed worse than its past. And the nation destined to rule this domain had its inception in the problem of religious freedom. Religious freedom obtained, its child, universal equality, an absurdity of Utopianism, followed, and the first achievement of American history, a hope conceived in fear, announced with an appeal to the nations, and fought for under circumstances which indubitably reveal a divine Providence, was finished. But little more than a lifetime elapsed before the reservation in this theory was swept away by the same Hand—God in history. It requires but little religious faith to properly place the origin of this Government. It came not a moment too soon. The entire world needed it, and it was founded.

All American institutions are prophecies. The idea of freedom, the nature of the Government, the character of laws, the system of education, the moral purpose of the people, the relation between Church and State, the tests of citizenship, the struggles of progress, are indications of what the Republic may become, if true to the heritage of its birth and the law of right. This was a favorite theme with this man, who was so truly an American. "It seems to me," he said, in an oration delivered July 4th, 1884, "that our mission is to work out certain problems pertaining to the happiness of the human family. And we are set off by ourselves from the rest of mankind, undisturbed by the

storms of war which devastate the governments of the Old World, and unaffected by the perpetual schemes of European princes and statesmen, in order to solve these problems without hindrance." These problems were a true interpretation of the word "Freedom," the problem of religion, pure and independent of the State, and the equitable adjustment of the relations between capital and labor, and along with these, and affecting all, the great question of the extermination of the curse of drink. The liquor problem is to be solved in America.

But this is a great work. He saw its vastness, and the dangers that threaten the nation in accomplishing that work, and it was this belief and this apprehension which led him to espouse as earnestly as his history shows he did, the cause of law, and right, and reform everywhere for more than a quarter of a century. This was only the life and devotion of a Methodist preacher; but "the good that men do live after them."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sioux City—The Iowa Law—Petition in Favor of Saloons—Licenses—The Pastor—Reasons for Entering the Work to Sustain the Law—Incidents—A Martyr's Words—His Faith and Courage—The Conspiracy—Assassinated.

SIOUX CITY! Its name and character alike have represented unrestrained personal liberty. No savage Sioux ever harbored in his breast more relentless wickedness than lurked within its bounds on the night of August 3d. There was gathered the refuse of beautiful Iowa. There were assembled every type of every class that shames our common humanity and threatens our latest civilization. There the spirits of lust and selfishness and hate and rebellion lifted their heads almost unrebuked and unpunished. The statutes of a great State lay deep in mire. The genius of law cowered before the genius of defiance. Popular sovereignty was a hissing and a byword. Justice smirked upon prostitutes and outlaws. Public intelligence, through the bench, the press, the bar, the counting-room, and the home, blind to its own dishonor, ignored crime, ignored or condoned criminals, and condemned the advocacy of righteousness.

Yet it was not entirely destitute of a moral element.

THE SIOUX CITY CHURCH (PARSONAGE TO THE RIGHT).

With a population of some twenty thousand inhabitants, it boasted some fifteen churches. Of this population one half were of American descent, and the balance German, Irish, Swedish and Norwegian, and of these churches there were two Methodist, two Congregational, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopalian, and the balance Roman Catholic and foreign.

But the city was a Western town, situated in the northwest part of Iowa, away on the banks of the Missouri. An outlying distributing point for a considerable portion of the Northwest, it had an extensive wholesale business, with a sprinkling of manufactures and a large retail trade. To this point, driven by law and order, and welcomed, with supine indifference to the State Constitution, the popular will, the dictates of morality, and the honor of the commonwealth, by this people of ten thousand Americans and seven American Protestant churches, flocked saloon-keepers, gamblers, thieves, prostitutes, with an assurance which would be amazing, were not all amazement lost in the contemplation of a municipality which was thus constituted and could yet permit itself to become a city of refuge for crime-breeders and criminals.

On the third of August there were one hundred saloons and many resorts of ill-fame in this city of ten thousand Americans and seven American Protestant churches, and intoxicating liquors were sold in all. Every such sale was in open, defiant violation of the expressed law of the State.

Every such saloon and every such resort of ill-fame was in open, defiant violation of the expressed law of the State. That law is substantially as follows :

" Whenever the words intoxicating liquors occur in this chapter, the same shall be construed to mean alcohol, ale, wine, beer, spirituous, vinous, and malt liquors, and all intoxicating liquors whatever ; and no person shall manufacture for sale, or sell, or keep for sale, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine, and beer. And the same provisions and penalties of law in force relating to intoxicating liquors shall in like manner be held and construed to apply to violations of this act, and to the manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale, or keeping with intent to sell, or keeping or establishing a place for the sale of ale, wine, and beer, and all other intoxicating liquors whatever.

" Every person who shall manufacture any intoxicating liquors, as in this chapter prohibited, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon his first conviction for said offence shall pay a fine of two hundred dollars and costs of prosecution, or be imprisoned in the county jail not to exceed six months ; and upon his second and every subsequent conviction for said offence he shall pay a fine of not less than five hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars and costs of prosecution, and be imprisoned in the county jail one year.

" No person shall own, or keep, or be in any way concerned, engaged, or employed in owning or keeping any

intoxicating liquors with intent to sell the same within the State, or to permit the same to be sold therein in violation of the provisions thereof.

"Every person who shall, directly or indirectly, keep or maintain, by himself, or by associating or combining with others, or who shall in any manner aid, assist, or abet in keeping or maintaining any club-room or other place in which intoxicating liquors are received or kept for the purpose of use, gift, barter, or for sale or for distribution or division among the members of any club or association by any means whatever, and every person who shall use, barter, sell, or give away, or assist or abet another in bartering, selling, or giving away any intoxicating liquors so received or kept shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

"The fact that any person engaged in any kind of business has or keeps posted in or about his place of business a receipt or stamp showing payment of the special tax levied under the laws of the United States upon the business of selling distilled, malt, or fermented liquors, or shall have paid such special tax for the sale of distilled, malt, or fermented liquors in the State of Iowa, shall be evidence that said person or persons so owning or controlling such receipts or stamps, or having paid such special tax, are engaged in keeping and selling intoxicating liquors contrary to the provisions of chapter 143, of the laws of the Twentieth General Assembly of the State of Iowa, and also *prima facie* evidence that any and all intoxicating liquors found in the

possession or under the control of any person so holding such receipts or stamp, or having paid such special tax, are kept for sale in violation of law, and on conviction shall be subject to the penalties provided for in said chapter 143; provided, however, that this act shall not apply to persons lawfully authorized to keep for sale and to sell intoxicating liquors for such purposes as are authorized by law.

"If any person keeps a house of ill-fame, resorted to for the purpose of prostitution or lewdness, such person shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than six months nor more than five years."

With these laws the "business interests" of the city were apparently at swords-point. On the third of August those "business interests" were confronted by a question in economy which has not yet been answered. But some months before the majority of the "business men" of the community had *addressed a petition to the municipal authorities against any molestation of the saloon.* The lovers of temperance and law—who were largely women—presented a counter petition, signed by hundreds of names. Both movements were sporadic, and the first unnecessary as well. It is seldom deemed imperative to petition in favor of the violation of law. The saloons were unmolested, if not left without annoyance. The mayor and common council, failing in their understanding of the duties of public officers, elected, sworn, and paid to enforce law, and prostituting a "sacred trust" to the demands of the worst

classes in society and the petition of the "business interests," and the gross indifference of the majority of the ten thousand Americans represented by seven American Protestant churches, licensed some half a hundred saloons for twenty-five dollars a month to sell "*drinks not prohibited by law.*" If drinks were not prohibited by law, no license was necessary. This poor, pitiable trick, endorsed by the municipal authorities and approved by the "business interests," was therefore a feeble cover for high license where Prohibition was the law of the State. Never was business intelligence duller. Never were public officers more unfaithful. Never was the Christian conscience less sensitive. There were many, it is true, who denounced this rebellion; not all in those seven churches favored such a course; but the petition, the one hundred saloons, the licenses, are facts which can have but one interpretation; the mass of the better classes of society either favored, ignored, or feared the power of rum and the violation of law.

Such was the condition of things when the First Methodist Church of Sioux City received its new pastor. For him long to keep silence was for the Florentine monk to keep silence in the city of the Medici. For him, having spoken, to speak mildly, was for John Knox or Wycliffe or Luther to speak mildly. For him, having entered the work of closing these one hundred or more saloons, to turn aside because of fear, was for John Brown or Owen Lovejoy to turn aside because of fear. For a time he contented

himself with denouncing this reign of lawlessness, and urging upon moral and Christian citizens the one imperative duty of the hour, the maintenance of law. But such a vicious social state oppressed him. The theory of Prohibition was at stake. That the statutes of the State should be broken with impunity, implied to him an amazing laxity in public sentiment. Not only, therefore, was he profoundly moved for a definite principle, but for the great law of right and duty, in all its bearings, as well. He was confronted by a perpetual challenge to his moral nature, and this challenge was certain to haunt him day and night, and finally to goad him into action.

Had his Conference known the man, he would never have been sent to this appointment. He had moved that Conference as it had been moved by few other men, but he had been a member but a short time, and in his relations with his brothers he was always unassuming. He was, therefore, not understood. He said to his people, "I don't know what I was sent here for; but we will work the year out, and do our duty." And for months he was occupied with the ordinary affairs of church and his public utterances on the temperance work and outlook. He had laid out his regular pastoral work, and pursued it; to use an expression of his own, he "was tending to his own knitting." A little circular, bearing the "compliments of the pastor and official board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church," announced a "Sunday evening lecture course":

"On the first Sunday of each month the pastor will give a lecture on one of the following topics: 'The Answer of History to Prophecy;' 'The Origin of Man—God or Monkey?' 'The Ghost Question;' 'Wedlock and Padlock;' 'The Crusades;' 'The French Revolution;' 'Work and Play;' 'Immortality;' 'Ingersollism;' 'Miracles;' other subjects to be announced." He was an itinerant preacher. A few months hence he would be transferred to other churches. "If the people of Sioux City could stand lawlessness and crime in their midst, he could. If they were willing to jeopardize every interest dear to Christian hearts, he could not complain." After the 3d of August, it was said among the saloon element and by some Christian ministers—there be such in all ages—that he was an officious interloper, and transcended his clerical duties. Upon this assertion, Rev. Wilmot Whitfield, his presiding elder, writes:

"There is one thing, it seems to me, ought to be emphasized in regard to your father's life in Sioux City, and that is, that while here he did not meddle in affairs outside of his regular church work. Indeed, he confined himself so closely to his work in the church that he was but little known until duty called him to the front in this great struggle in which his life was taken by the enemy." But that sentiment was as essentially foreign to his nature as it had been to the nature of Lincoln to witness, on his first ride down the Mississippi, the whipping of a black slave without fram-

ing the Emancipation Proclamation. He longed to stand forth for the right, not merely with words, earnest and true and fearless enough, but with action, more earnest, more true, and more fearless, because with such he could look his God in the face and smile to his own soul. For some this end did not require such a thorough clearing away of sentiment, thought, and self-approval. For him any other course could only be a course of pain and chagrin and secret mortification.

He had a long struggle with himself. He foresaw the misinterpretation of his motives and the consequent criticism which must inevitably follow (and did follow) not only among those connected with the saloon, but among Christian citizens, and not only among Christian citizens, but among Christian ministers, who ought to be, throughout all Iowa, invitations to similar sentiments. And the current of his life had carried him over too many snares and rocks laid by the allies of evil not to foresee personal physical danger in such a position as he must take if he acted at all. For these reasons he shrank from this duty, and postponed its beginning. Yet it was in his mind and heart, and on his lips always, coming up everywhere in his church labors and in his home, until it became only a question of time. This question was then soon solved. His wife looked up from her Bible, and said, "George, I've settled it. It is your duty. Go on." And his face lit up with that keen satisfaction which comes to men only at

such times, and he walked into the last narrow road left to him in life.

Meanwhile a number of injunction cases against these saloons had been commenced. By whom had the petitions necessary been signed? By women, with some exceptions! In a city of ten thousand Americans and seven American Protestant churches, the removal of moral cesspools, the purification of society, and the protection of home, by the maintenance of a good law, were relegated to the wives and mothers and sisters of the "business interests"! No law against an evil of the nature and power of the liquor traffic can be enforced by women. No brave man would allow his mother or wife or sister to sign such a petition. When, therefore, George C. Haddock heard this, he took the encouragement of his wife to his God, and dedicated himself to a work forced upon him by the profoundest moral convictions. This was June 31st, at an appointed meeting with Mr. D. W. Wood, who had acted as prosecuting attorney in the few cases already begun. He had been in attendance of the District Conference at Cherokee, and had returned, as he said, because he feared the church and parsonage would be burned. Learning then that the noble wives of Revs. Mr. Comstock and Mr. Brown, of Sergeant Bluffs, had signed forty-five petitions, he wrote to Rev. J. W. Forsythe, at Kingsley, to arrange a meeting with Mr. Wood, saying, "I do not like the idea of hiding behind petticoats. It is a disgrace to Sioux City that men

cannot be found to sign these petitions. It is all wrong to go outside of the city and get women to do this work." The meeting occurred, and the pastor insisted that the attorney prepare twenty-five petitions for his signature, and that the first case brought to hearing should be one of these. When about to sign these papers, it was remarked, "Mr. Haddock, you are signing your death-warrant." The words were not seriously intended, but he replied, "I am aware of that." He said in his church, "I knew when I went into this work that I took my life in my own hands."

It is, perhaps, not true that this was the settled conviction of his thoughts, in the sense that he expected death inevitably. But he knew he was in imminent danger, and there were times when he fully believed he would be killed. That there was a desperate contest waging is beyond doubt. On July 14th, in a public address, he portrayed the situation in colors which were believed overwrought; but he saw clearly the spirit of the saloon. Yet there could be no shrinking. Especially important was it that public sentiment should be aroused, and to this end he labored with every opportunity, delivering addresses in all the surrounding towns. A letter written to secure his services, typical of many others, says: "We take in your situation at once, and are in full sympathy with you and your people. Our plan is to have you come and give us three nights, at three different points selected by us, when we will warrant a full house and liberal collections (for the prosecutions), on

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, August 3d, 4th, and 5th." Never was advocate more profoundly determined; danger, therefore, only threw up his character into stronger relief. In response to his request, the Grand Lodge of Good Templars sent assistants to the place for a four days' meeting; inasmuch as threats had been made to burn the churches, he was asked if his people would allow their building to be used for such a purpose, and answered they would, or they "would do without him." The end he deemed more valuable than the risk of property or life. "What matter," he said, in one of his prayer-meetings, "if a life be lost, if only this great work is accomplished? The eyes of the nation are upon Iowa. The law must be enforced at all hazards. And compared with this result, what is a life? What are ten lives? What are an hundred lives?"

While debating as to his entire duty, he "cried aloud, and spared not" from his pulpit. On the night of July 3d, as he was passing along the street, a drunken gambler shot his companion, who expired at his feet. What made such a crime possible? The licensed saloons; and on the next morning he preached on this crime, arraigning the mayor and authorities in words that will never be forgotten. We have already seen the position he assumed on another murder, and the general lawlessness of the community. Notwithstanding threats that if the saloons were closed, every church in the city would go up in flames, and

learning that Chaplain McCabe had been delayed in the place, he arranged for a temperance meeting in his own church, and earnestly urged his people to stand firmly for the law.

Such was the motive and spirit which controlled him. The long struggle with himself had witnessed many mental debates, many questions put to Heaven, many prayers, and the decision was regardless of consequences. He "had received the evidence:" here was his duty; he would perform that duty without flinching. That Father in whom he had reposed the gentlest confidence during a life of battles would keep him or take him, as He willed. That God, "the thick bosses of whose bucklers" he had portrayed so often, would shield him or suffer death to relieve him. He said to his wife: "When God's arm is removed, my work will be done." This was the secret of a courage at which men marvelled. It was the spirit of every martyr who has died for right and truth, and there is a moral grandeur in that spirit against which malevolence, small wisdom, and criticism avail nothing. This history is wholly wanting in rashness or assumption. Every step of the way reveals a man actuated by the noblest purpose.

Impulsiveness is not necessarily foreign to profound convictions or the deepest wisdom. When the court before whom these early cases were pending intimated that the temperance people of the community were guilty of "moral cowardice," the Methodist pastor declared, "I am no

moral coward, and I want it understood." This was the impulsiveness of the natural man ; but it would have been the part of mere impulse to have stopped at that declaration.

And the resolution once formed, he devoted himself to the work without reservation. He conferred with Mr. Wood, and arranged for a long and bitter struggle, undertaking to procure the necessary funds and to further engage the people in a united effort. Having laid out his own labors, he performed them, steadily, fearlessly, wisely. He soon had the greater part of the burden on his own shoulders. There was a devoted little band steadfastly and fearlessly with him ; but he naturally led the way. Men with whom he plead, for the sake of their business, their homes, and their city, to sign these petitions, and openly and actively espouse the cause, refused ; they dared not do it. Finding it difficult to procure evidence without calling upon men who drank, and whose testimony he believed could be relied upon, but who would thus be incited to opposition against the work, he took upon himself the task of gathering the necessary facts. In this he was constantly and unweariedly engaged. He sought for evidence from every quarter. He left no stone unturned. He neither feared the sneers of the "business interests" nor the hate of the saloon. The end was the extermination of bars and the vindication of the prohibitory law. Thus fearless, thus determined, his testimony was uniformly clear and convincing. If it was not in keeping with his character as a min-

ister, to carry so large a part of that burden, so much the worse for the ten thousand Americans and the seven American Protestant churches of Sioux City. All this time he was preaching on temperance, and the value of law, and the danger of lax public sentiment, appealing to friends for funds, lecturing at many surrounding towns, procuring signatures, carrying on an extensive correspondence burdened with the one theme. The entire energies of the man were devoted to this work. As it was not a matter which alone concerned Sioux City, but was of vital moment to Iowa and the Prohibition reform at large, he prepared a remarkable circular, which, in the most concise terms, stated the situation, and distributed them throughout the State and elsewhere.

"A CITY IN REBELLION."

"DEAR BROTHER: I invite your careful persual of this circular, relating to the temperance situation in Sioux City. It is doubtless known throughout the State that this city is in open rebellion against the will of the sovereign people of Iowa, as expressed in its prohibitory legislation. Many attribute this fact to the indifference or timidity of the temperance people here, and some have not been slow in denouncing us as cowards, etc., etc. But it should be understood,

"1. That there are but very few pronounced Prohibitionists in this place.

"2. We have not merely the saloon to contend with, but a large number of the business men of this city, who are in favor of licensing drinking-places, notwithstanding the prohibitory law of the State.

"3. The officials of city and county are against us, almost to a man.

"4. The saloon men, thus backed up by money and official station, have filled the air with threats of church-burning and violence, so that there is a state of things here that falls little short of an absolute reign of terror.

"Notwithstanding all these inimical influences, we have inaugurated a movement which we trust will not cease until the drunkard factories of Sioux City shall have been destroyed. Twenty-four injunction cases have already been commenced; papers are being prepared for others, and not many days will pass away before legal proceedings will have been begun against every establishment where strong drink is sold contrary to law. It is proposed also to proceed against gambling-hells and houses of prostitution, which are as bold and defiant as their natural congener, the saloon.

"Now, we do not feel that this is our fight alone, but that all western Iowa is nearly as much interested in the enforcement of Prohibition here as ourselves. The annihilation of the drink trade in this city will prove the death knell of the saloon business in one half of the State. We need your sympathy, your prayers, and your financial help.

I suggest that you present the matter to your congregations, and take collections for our cause; or that you arrange for a union temperance meeting to be addressed by myself, if you so desire, and I will present the case to the people. I will visit your place almost any evening, except Saturday and Sunday, that you will arrange for a meeting. Please act promptly, either by raising money yourself or by sending for me, and in addition ask your people to send up daily prayers for the success of our efforts.

"Your brother in Christ,

"GEORGE C. HADDOCK,

"Pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church,

"Sioux City, Iowa."

One of these circulars he enclosed with a letter to Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. This letter reveals his purpose and spirit.

"SIOUX CITY, IOWA, July 19, 1886.

"DEAR BROTHER: Please read the enclosed circular, and publish it or call attention to it as you may deem best. We are engaged in a desperate struggle here. It is dangerous for a man to take a radical stand for Prohibition. It is currently rumored that one hundred men are under oath to burn the churches as soon as the saloons are closed. I have signed twenty-five complaints, and I believe I take my life in hand by so doing. *But somebody has to do so.* I believe

we will win eventually, though the fight will be long and desperate."

His reward was certain. The idea soon took possession of the saloon men that he was mainly responsible for all their difficulties. They hated him with a deadly hatred. They frowned upon him as he walked the streets, and muttered curses, and openly threatened his life. During these last days dark rumors and positive warnings were numerous, to "do up Haddock," to "kill him," to "cut his throat." Standing across a street opposite a saloon, at one time, he was accosted by the proprietor, a burly fellow, with an axe in his hand: "You come over here, and I'll cut off that head of yours." He crossed the street, and walked deliberately by the man, but without an assault. A negro was hired to murder him, and carried a revolver for some time with that intention, on one occasion meeting him, but without his weapon, which he had momentarily laid down. The time was not yet.

Sympathizers with the saloon eagerly coupled his name with insult, and sneered in public at the "fanatic preacher." The Sioux City *Daily Tribune*, a Democratic newspaper, referred to the court as "Haddock's Court," and to himself as "Informer Haddock," and to the noble women engaged in the effort to banish saloons as "strong-minded women," who, "emboldened by the arrogant manner of their minister," "sat out the proceedings." "Rev. Haddock wore that same boisterous smile and arrogant mien."

"It was developed that Haddock attempted to cast an illegal ballot here at last fall's election." A witness refusing to testify until his fees were paid, "Haddock stepped to the front, with all the pompousness of a millionaire, and deposited the requisite amount." "After the next conference the Rev. Haddock will disappear from Sioux City, and the saloons that now know him will know him no more forever." Satan in prophecy!

The court-room scenes were characteristic. Dark looks glowered from behind the bar. The court had little sympathy with the effort, and was "disgusted." The attorneys for the defence, thorough criminal lawyers, employed that worst of legal weapons in the hands of unscrupulous men, the cross-examination, to its fullest extent. Yet the victim did not suffer here. Asked, "What is your business?" he answered, "Preaching the Gospel and fighting the devil." "Well, how do you come out at that work?" "That is to be determined." And on every hand were threatening faces, so that, observing one especially sinister, he asked the court for permission to carry a weapon, but was repulsed, with a reference to the police officer. Everywhere malevolence manifested itself.

He could not be blind, therefore, to his danger. During the last days the only rest he had was during the day on a lounge. But there was no possibility of turning back. It was "a great work," approved by God, and promised adequate results. He had no desire to withdraw. He was

warned, but he had begun with trust in Providence ; there would be greater cowardice now in heeding threats than there would have been originally in keeping out of the struggle. Nor did he change his personal habits, but walked the streets as usual, whether by day or night. This was the outcome of his character, and his belief that God would protect him, or give him a greater reward. "If," he said, "I meet with sudden death, it will be sudden glory, that's all."

Saturday before August 3d he was engaged the entire day in the court-room. The trials were tedious and painful, and the close left him in a high state of nervous excitement. It was expected that his sermons would be slender. Yet he preached with unusual vigor and clearness. This was his last sermon, on the Temptation of Christ in the Wilderness, and the burden was the thought of the day. The business men of Sioux City were tempted to sacrifice the moral and religious interests of the community to mistaken business demands. As Satan had tempted Christ by an appeal to His physical wants and the lust for power, so was he tempting men to-day ; but nothing was gained by yielding ; the crying need of the hour was stalwart resistance to the claims of any policy not wholly in accord with the law of right. Christ had declared that the law required men to serve God, and Him only ; and this duty was paramount through all ages, not only when the perfume of roses hung upon the way, but when the path was obscured by the

smoke of battle and marked with the blood of sacrifice.

Subsequent events reveal a conspiracy now in progress against his life. The saloon-keepers had organized for the ostensible purpose of protecting their interests in the trial of cases against them. Within this organization was a select band, as disclosed by the confession of one of their number, composed of the more desperate, who, under cover of the general plan, conspired definitely to make a murderous assault upon the objectionable pastor. Two men were hired to assault one of the witnesses for the prosecution, but this attempt failed. The more important work was, however, carried out as arranged. The confession avows merely an intention "not to punch him too hard, but hit him in the face once or twice, and give him a black eye." The fact was a murder, with a deadly weapon, and without provocation. This was in keeping with threats which had been brewing many days, and for some time before his death his murderers were in possession of a diagram of his bedroom, but could not learn his exact sleeping-place.

The 3d of August dawned. At nine o'clock in the evening, with Rev. C. C. Turner, pastor of the Whitefield Methodist Episcopal Church, of Sioux City, he procured a conveyance from a stable on Water Street, and drove to Greenville, a small village a few miles distant, for the purpose of obtaining evidence in injunction cases then pending. On this ride the conversation turned on the injunction cases,

and he remarked to his companion, "What a good time we'll have telling about this up at conference!" Meanwhile the conspirators were not idle. Learning this errand, part of them hired a hack and proceeded to the village, but finding no trace of their men, returned. Here they met the main party, and all walked toward the stable. The night was dark and gloomy, but an electric light threw its blaze full upon the scene, and this occurred but a few steps from the main street of the city. The pastors now returned, but as Mr. Turner resided some distance away, the victim, unconscious of his danger, or self-reliant and trustful in God, insisted upon leaving him at his own door, and then retraced his steps. Arriving at the barn, where the conspirators had but a short time before inquired for the two, he delivered the horse and walked to the door, but turned, and observed that a crowd of men were on the street. He then asked if any one had inquired for him, and was answered that there had. He was unarmed, except with a small iron wheel securely fastened to a rope sufficient in length to wind about the wrist; for he had declared so often and emphatically against any violation of law, that he said he could not consistently carry fire-arms. Strong in his sense of right, relying upon his physical strength and that law in whose majesty he believed, but more, driven to the exact course he took, he went out on to the street, with the remark, "Well, I can take care of myself and them, too," toward his murderers. One of them stepped up to him and

threw his hand up in front of the victim's face, and, as the latter drew out the iron wheel, fired the shot which ushered him into that sudden glory prophesied by his own words. This was on the crossing. He fell, exclaimed, "Oh! oh!" lost his cane, staggered up and across the street, and sank to the ground, near the corner of Fourth and Water streets. When found, immediately after, he was dying. He spoke no word, and the only sound emitted from his lips was the sound of death. The ball entered on the left side of the neck, somewhat back, and passed through to the right front side. The assassins had already disappeared in the darkness of the night.

This was about ten o'clock. The body was removed from the gutter in which he had fallen and taken to his home. His heroic wife was crushed by the awful blow, and her life also was threatened; but that faith which is unfailing in the hour of every human need sustained and soothed her, and when physical strength returned, she said, "At rest! At rest! His battles are all over."

Thus died a man whose life was an unceasing protest against wrong. His death was vicarious. He fell not for himself, not for his family, not for a home, but for a principle, a cause, a reform. His end was the sublimation of his life work. His had been the doctrine of obedience, trust, and heroism. He sealed with his blood the words of his lips. Other men had died in doing right in the midst

SCENE OF ASSASSINATION.

of peace ; he died for right, surrounded by Christian homes. His name completes the trio of American martyrs—Owen Lovejoy, John Brown, George Haddock.

Had the Christian people of Sioux City sought to maintain the law, this murder had not been. Had the Mayor and Common Council of Sioux City performed their sworn duty, this crime had not occurred. Had the officers of the law obeyed the statutes of Iowa, this martyrdom had not transpired.

But the sacrifice, costly with all the cost of life, was "a blessing," to use his own language, "in disguise." It is demonstrated that the liquor traffic is forever dead to moral considerations. It is everywhere criminal in fact and in spirit. It is a universal violator of law. Its upholders, if provoked, would commit murder in any city within our land. This last crime, if no other, has emphasized these truths, and already the greatest reform of the age has experienced a new impetus from the death of its martyr. The enactment of a national prohibitory law is simply a question of consecration, courage, and faith on the part of those who now regard it as the only true method of dealing with the liquor traffic. There may be differences of opinion as to its place in the Federal Constitution. But the Federal Constitution is the natural repository of fundamental law, and Prohibition ought to be a basic principle of the nation. There may be divergencies of views upon political methods,

but the reform will never be achieved as a law without political action. History is making itself as rapidly now as it did during the days of Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Lincoln. Public opinion is gathering momentum and volume ; and whether it be expressed through the Republican or a third party, the political organization which opposes it will suffer overwhelming defeat.

THE MARTYR'S LAST SERVICE, AND INTERIOR OF M. E. CHURCH, SIOUX CITY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Closing Scenes—At Rest—Memorial Services—Results.

THE pastor's mortal remains now reposed before his vacant pulpit. As eloquent in death as in life, he silently preached his last sermon. All that love and sorrow could offer were laid around his casket. The emblem of grief was everywhere, and flowers, brought by Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, shed their perfume. At the left hung the martyr's portrait. On the rear wall, in large letters, was written the sacred legend : "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

In such a scene the first memorial services were held at Sioux City, on the afternoon of August 7th. Hundreds of people, among whom were the wives of many saloon-keepers, gathered to the church, necessitating an additional meeting in the Presbyterian building. At the former the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" was sung, followed by scriptural readings from the Ninetieth Psalm and First Corinthians, forty-first to fifty-eighth verses, the Lord's Prayer recited by clergymen, and the anthem "I am the Resurrection." At the close of an earnest prayer by Rev. Bennett Mitchell, Rev. C. C. Turner, who had been last with him, addressed the congregation, followed by the

brother who had offered prayer, Rev. Wilmot Whitfield, presiding elder of the Sioux City District, Rev. J. B. Chase, and Hon. A. J. Baker, Attorney-General of the State. The feeling was profound. Strong men spoke with trembling voices. Sorrow countended with shame; but the saloon was outlawed from the community. One sentiment might have been spoken by the silent pastor himself: "I wish to say," said Attorney-General Baker, "to the people of Sioux City, and to the people of the State of Iowa, that whatever the meaning the word fanatic might have had for me in the days that are past, it is to-day, and has been for years in my mature judgment, a synonym of heroism, for the world to-day is indebted for its advancement in science, literature, and art, in religion and in political economy, to men who in their lifetime were sneered at as bigots, persecuted as heretics, called fanatics, maligned, and slain. It is to these we look for our example, for they are the ones whose lives have led all the reforms that have been worth anything in the world, and it has been common for men to call those fanatics whose minds simply ran in advance of the sluggard public opinion of the day in which they lived; and our friend who lies here to-day encoffined before us was one of those noble men who have been called fanatics by the world, to be crowned with everlasting glory in the world to come."

The Rev. Bennett Mitchell offered prayer:

"Almighty God, on this most solemn occasion we come

into Thy presence, and bow our spirits before Thee and say, 'Thy will be done.' We are called to-day to stand around the corpse of our beloved brother who but so recently stood in this pulpit, administering the Word of God to this congregation, and who so suddenly and so cruelly has been stricken down. His life has been given as a sacrifice, as we believe, to the great reform that is going forward in the land. Oh, Lord, help us that our hearts may be suitably impressed, and while there are around us emblems that remind us of death, we bless Thee upon this occasion that we can feel, and do feel, that we have not come so much to a funeral as we have come to a coronation! Oh, God, our brother has been stricken down as low as the assassin's bullet could lay him, and his visible presence has been taken from among us. He is not dead but liveth, and we pray God that He will show out of this strange and mysterious providence that Brother Haddock shall live not only in heaven, but live in this world, live in this city, and in this State of Iowa, and in the great temperance movement as he never lived before! Oh, Lord, as we stand here around this coffin, and in the presence of each other, in this holy place, in the presence of angels, and in the presence of the spirit of the murdered brother, we pray Thee to come down and witness, while we bow here most solemnly, to devote all our lives and all our energies and all that we have for the banishment from our presence of the accursed traffic that has led to this death! Oh, witness the

vow that we take, and may the mantle of our departed brother fall on others full of courage and of strength, that this work may be carried forward! Oh, Lord, we pray Thee to pity them that have aided and abetted to this awful deed! We pray Thee, O God, to pity those in authority who by timidity, and a halting policy, and a compromise with wrong, have led up to this murderous deed; and we pray God to help the people all over the land that they have more regard for law and for authority, not only the law of God, but also the laws that have been instituted by those in authority over us. If this end be accomplished, then we believe that it will not have been in vain our brother's life has been sacrificed. We pray Thy blessing may fall upon the stricken wife now left in widowhood. Our sympathies are insufficient, but the great heart of the Son of God can feel as we cannot feel, and sympathize as we cannot sympathize, and the infinite One can aid and sustain where we cannot. Oh, God, take her in her strange widowhood to Thine own bosom! And we pray Thy blessing upon the son. May the spirit of the father live in him. And we pray Thy blessing upon all friends and relatives, and we commend to Thee this congregation that has been robbed of its pastor, loved and efficient. Oh, God, we pray Thee to in some manner overrule this accursed traffic! We would not multiply words before Thee, it is too solemn an occasion for that, but we bow our heads in reverence before Thee and ask Thy blessing upon us.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen."

Only a part of the words spoken here can be given. Said Rev. C. C. Turner:

"I think our dear brother felt when he went into this work what his end would be, and now that he is gone, his great soul goes on somewhat as John Brown's, and as his death rung out over our country, and from State to State, and our poets put it into song and the Boys in Blue sung it, and it led our hosts through dust and smoke on to victory, just so the thought of George Haddock, his brave life and his great and heroic end shall lead us to victory. Our temperance work will not falter, but will go on stronger and faster to victory."

Rev. J. W. Walker:

"How often are we misunderstood! These poor men in your city thought Brother Haddock was their enemy. If there ever was a man who loved them, whose heart could go out toward them, I believe it was the heart of George Haddock. He could mellow down as a little child. I have seen him again and again during our acquaintance weeping as if his heart would break, because of his desire to save these poor erring men. How often are we misunderstood.

Jesus Himself, our blessed Saviour, as He went about was misunderstood. He came to His own, and His own received Him not. A great divine has said, 'The world always had and always will have a cross between two thieves for the man who comes to save.'"

Rev. Bennett Mitchell:

"I remember, as I look into the face of the remains of Brother Haddock, of taking him by the hand at our District Conference a few weeks ago, and he in his cheerful and resolute way telling us that the battle in Sioux City was going on. And how heartily he grasped my hand! I did not then think of the tragic end that awaited him. I was the author of some resolutions passed by the alliance where I live, and as he took me by the hand he reminded me of those resolutions. I asked him how he knew who was the author of them, and he said, 'They sound just like they came from you;' and said he, 'I have said to the people of Sioux City that unless we prosecute this warfare as those resolutions recite, we are a set of cowards.'"

Rev. Wilmot Whitfield:

"Mourning friends, may this, though it brings to your hearts deepest sorrow, bring to you also a degree of confidence and of holy inspiration that will sustain you in the trials and in the journeys of life that are before you. Oh, it is a grand thing to know that we had such a friend, such a brother, such a man—a man who would stand for truth,

for righteousness and godliness, although all seemed to be arrayed against him !"

Rev. J. B. Chase :

"Two weeks ago come next Sunday night he stood in Whitefield Church on the west side in this city, and in his impressive way he said, 'Mark you, blood will be shed ; it may be mine, it may be another's ; if it be mine I am ready.' Hundreds of years ago there stood one man, inspired by wisdom that was greater than his own, who said, 'It is expedient that one man die for a people.' The Lord Jesus Christ died for the whole world. Our Brother Haddock died for Sioux City."

The body was then taken to the Illinois Central Depot, and put upon the train, and the long journey to its final resting-place began. At nearly every point along the route the people gathered, bringing floral tributes, or voicing the one sentiment of the hour, until late into the night. The remains arrived at Racine, Wis., on the afternoon of Saturday, the 8th of August. A large delegation met the train at the Western Union Junction, and returned with the stricken wife. The final services were held at Mound Cemetery. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. D. C. John, of Milwaukee ; Rev. J. M. Leavitt, presiding elder of Milwaukee District ; and Dr. A. J. Jutkins, of Chicago ; and Dr. Arthur Edwards and Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, paid earnest tribute to the cause and its martyr.

Prayer of Dr. John :

" O Lord our God, we most humbly beseech Thee, look in compassion upon us Thy servants as we stand around this open grave, to pay our last tribute of respect to our departed brother. Stricken down in the strength of his manhood by the hands of wicked men, we bow our heads in grief at his untimely end, and in shame that such a deed is possible in this Christian land. In all ages Thy servants have had to maintain the truth at the peril of their lives, and we thank Thee that the martyr spirit yet lives in the Church. We bring Thee, Oh, Father, one more victim, slain out of due time, for the defence of the truth, and tearfully commit his mortal remains to Thy care, until the sleeping dust shall hear Thy voice, and come forth in the glorious resurrection of the just.

" Hear us for the cruel assassin by whose hand our brother was laid low ; hear us for the time-serving and sordid men by whom that hand was emboldened to commit this foul murder. Give them true repentance, and absolve them from the innocent blood on their hands, ere Thou shalt summon them to give an account of their deeds.

" Oh, merciful and compassionate God, we commend to Thee this wife and son, so suddenly and ruthlessly deprived of husband and father. Comfort them, as Thou only canst, in this dark hour. Bind up the broken heart ; assuage the grief of the wounded spirit ; be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Help them so to live that

they may in due time be accounted worthy to meet their loved and lost in the kingdom above. And now, we beseech Thee, give us Thy servants some of the courage which nerved our brother to face persecution and death in the discharge of his duty. Forbid that we should shrink from ours in the presence of such a sublime example. Help us, over the mortal remains of our martyred brother, to renew our fidelity to the sacred cause for which he died. Help us to swear eternal hatred to the institution which defies the Christian sentiment of the country, tramples on the laws of God and men, and fattens on the poverty and suffering of the innocent. Oh, Lord, how long shall we suffer this evil? Let the blood of Thy martyred servant cry to Thee for vengeance, and hasten the day when the cup of its iniquity shall be full. Help us, at whatever cost, to be faithful witnesses against it. We ask Thee, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Bishop Fallows had been with him in the Wisconsin Conference years before. He hastened from Pittsburg to look upon his friend.

"I have just returned," he said, "from a great interdenominational convention, held near the city of Pittsburg, Pa. It was a wonderful meeting. Some of the most eloquent speakers of the different denominations were there assembled. Among the subjects most ably and earnestly discussed was that uppermost of social questions—the Cause of Temperance. One who has been a judge of

the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania presented with unanswerable logic, and with the unassailable decisions of the courts, the right of the people to prohibit the infamous traffic in strong drink. The economical, moral, and religious sides of the question were as ably set forth by the eminent gentlemen who dealt with them. There was present at that convention a distinguished clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who began his ministry in the Wisconsin Conference with this martyred brother, whose mortal remains are before us, and with myself a quarter of a century ago.

"On the very night—nay, at the very hour and minute, when this valiant soldier of Christ was shot down by the murderous assassin, Dr. Muller and myself were talking over that early part of our lives, speaking of the brethren who set out with us in the greatest of all works to which men can be called, speaking of Brother Haddock, and wondering how the battle of life was going with him. How inexpressibly shocked we were when the awful news reached us of his terrible murder, I need not say. I felt that I could not be absent from these saddening and solemn funeral services, if it were at all possible to make arrangements to attend them. And I am here to-day, to testify by my presence, and by these stammering words, my high appreciation of the heroic qualities of character possessed by this now glorified servant of God.

"In those days that are gone by, when we were brothers

in the same great division of the sacramental host, carrying on the same great cause which enlisted all the powers of our minds and souls, Brother Haddock and myself did not always agree. We could not, in view of our training, constitutions, and temperaments, look alike at many of the questions which came before us. On the lower fields of contest, therefore, we found ourselves frequently face to face. But on the highest fields of Christian conflict we ever stood side by side. There is no man, living or dead, who can say that George C. Haddock was not a foeman worthy of his steel. No man can truthfully say that he ever knew of a single cowardly exhibition in the conduct of this foully slain warrior of the Cross. He never knew the meaning of fear. In his warm, impulsive, chivalrous nature there was not the slightest room for a cool, sordid calculation of the consequences of his doings. He was the very embodiment of courage, the incarnation of daring. A forlorn hope was the inevitable summons to an impetuous onset. An impossibility in moral warfare was a ringing challenge to a laughing, aggressive faith. He cried, 'It shall be done, come what will to me in the doing of it!'

"As I grasped the situation of the temperance cause in the city in which he was working, I did not for a moment wonder at the position he assumed. He could not live where such an evil as that he daily met was rampant in the very face of the law against it—nay, in open, avowed, unblushing defiance of the law, and be silent. He could not

hear it whispered, or spoken aloud, that he who should dare carry out the law, or make complaint that the law was violated, would not do it in the face of personal danger, without saying, 'I dare do it, and I will do it!' You might as well have tried to keep the sun from shining, or the wind from blowing, or the sea from heaving, or the tornado from sweeping, as to have kept him back. Every particle of his nature was electric with energy to meet these deliberate breakers of human law and human hearts, and compel them to decency and obedience. His feelings were stung to indignation at the crouching passiveness of those about him, who ought to have relieved him, as a minister of Christ, of the special burden rolled so heavily upon him. He had to tread the wine-press comparatively alone; of the people there was none with him.

"It was the way of danger before him, but he entered upon it unflinchingly. It was the way of sacrifice, but with lightsome feet he took hold upon it. It was the way of death, but it was the pathway to a martyr's immortality. Had he been ever so cautious and wary, he could not have guarded against such a deed of darkness and blood. They have killed him—the enemies of peace, of purity, of order, of law, of the home, the State, the Church—but they have not killed the principles for which he lived and died. His blood shall be the seed of a mighty host of intrepid, God-fearing men and women, who shall lift aloft and carry to the topmost heights of victory the banner which fell from

that strong right hand, made nerveless by his cruel death.

"Our tears flow fast to-day, and mingle with yours, stricken wife and mourning son. God bless you with His richest grace as we now commit this precious dust to the earth, in this beautiful city of the dead. That great inland sea before us, with its ceaseless roll of waves, shall ever sound the requiem of this fallen husband, father, pastor, brother, patriot, friend. But as the incense it lifts to the skies shall be wafted by the winds, and drop in refreshing showers upon the earth, so shall be carried over all our broad domain the incense of his brave, unselfish acts, to fall in showers of blessedness upon receptive hearts, and cause to spring up heroic resolves, rising with 'the deeds of high emprise,' for 'God, and home, and native land.'"

And now the earthly tabernacle is put away, laid beside the grave of his little daughter. In this hour it is wholly true for him, "Neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Death had not been the King of Terrors, as he had written in life.

"Why flow these bitter tears?
Whence come these nameless fears,
As the Unseen and Silent draweth nigh?
Why surgeth up the prayer
That God would longer spare,
And bid the dusky pinions pass thee by?

" Why wouldst thou longer stay,
A pilgrim on the way,
Where burning sand yields but to savage rock?
Danger beneath thy tread,
Danger above thy head,
While round thee ever sweeps the battle shock.

" Trembler! Dost thou not know
This One thou dreadest so
To thee is kindest of the heavenly host?
Yes! of the glorious band
Who fly at God's command,
Angel least loved by man doth bless thee most.

" He findeth us in pains,
In sickness, want, and chains,
Beneath life's burdens bending sad and sore.
He bringeth us to health,
He leadeth us to wealth,
To God's sweet life and rest forever more.

" From darkness unto light,
From blindness unto sight,
To stormless land from ever-swelling flood;
From warring unto peace,
From prison to release,
This Angel beareth every child of God.

" Then welcome, shining Death!
Come with that kingly breath
That shivereth to dust the weary clay!
Release a panting soul
That yearneth for the goal,
And waiteth but Thy steps to point the way."

After resting a few days at the home of Simeon Whitely, Esq., who had, years before, as publisher of the "Aurora Guardian," written the first Prohibition editorial in the State of Illinois, and who had had memorable experience with saloon mobs, my mother returned to the deserted parsonage at Sioux City. Never had Christian sympathy been more freely accorded than that she received from the people of Iowa. Never had Christian friendship nobler expression. And from every part of the nation flowed to her the rarest condolence and the deepest encouragement to believe that the blood of her husband would prove the seed of reform.

Some months previous to his death he had been importuned by a sister residing at Lemars to procure insurance on his life. But he said, "I do not believe in insurance for myself; it looks like questioning Providence. I have given twenty-five years of solid work for the Lord, and when I die I expect He will provide for my wife." It may be there is prophecy in all human life. Whatever this man did during the last few months had a singular relation to his tragic death. His friends, and the citizens generally of Sioux City, promptly learned that as he owed nothing, he left nothing. He had given all possible accumulations of his salaries to benevolences, and he died a poor man. A fund was therefore immediately begun for his wife, and contributions came from nearly every Northern State. He was thus, unawares, insured in the hearts of the

country's Christian people, and his great faith is vindicated.

The assassination of a clergyman, engaged in upholding the expressed law of a commonwealth, produced a tremendous shock in every State. That a man whose only offence was the condemnation of wrong, however outspoken and vigorous, could be shot down almost in the heart of a Christian community, upon a public street, and under the glare of an electric light, while men were constantly moving to and fro, was an atrocity too deep to be believed before it occurred. Men then said, "Is this the rum power? Is it true in America that the voice of law and order is to be thus punished?" Everywhere, therefore, indignation swift and fierce followed this crime. The citizens of Sioux City, in mass-meetings, expressed unmistakably their abhorrence of the spirit which led to its perpetration, and, as one man, declared, "The murderer must not escape, and the saloon must go." Eleven of the conspirators, including the supposed assassin, were indicted, and await trial. The war against the saloon was renewed, re-enforced by public sentiment, and carried on relentlessly and successfully. Elsewhere similar results followed. The statute books had outlawed the liquor traffic, property had been destroyed, men had been assaulted, a martyr had been slain, by the supporters of that traffic, and the end was either submission to the domination of the saloon, or a vindication of the popular will as expressed in the law. In every part of

the State, therefore, the battle was renewed with one determination, triumph.

The people universally felt that whatever sophistry might be adduced, the rum power was guilty. Occasionally it was insisted that the traffic was not responsible. But the traffic alone had made the crime possible, and its inherent, necessary character belied the claim. The saloons of Sioux City said not a word of condemnation. Here and there a pitiable plea was entered in their behalf, and each plea was a thrust at their victim. Not only this; the traffic, through the utterances of its supporters, exulted over the deed, and laughed in the face of public indignation. Public indignation then became prophetic. "Gradually but surely," it said, "public sentiment is swinging toward Prohibition." "The assassination of that man will cause the death of more saloons than he could have closed had he lived a thousand years, and every one of them crowned with all the success he could ask." "The law will yet doubtless be broken, but saloon tyranny will no longer be tolerated." "The example of a martyr is more inspiring than the activity of an enthusiast. The saloons are working out their own complete destruction." "It will arouse the community, create an indignation and prejudice against saloon-keepers that will enforce the prohibitory laws." "It will work the beginning of the end of the whole business." "This is another nail in the whiskey coffin, which will be placed away in the ground at no distant day." "Every

such crime speaks volumes for temperance." "The infamous liquor business must go." "There are two men to take the murdered pastor's place where there was one before." "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." "Every minister should join more heartily in the present crusade against the saloon, and we should take up this fall in Wisconsin, as our battle cry, 'Remember Haddock.'"

Resolutions poured in from every quarter, voicing a universal horror, wrath, and determination to battle with this Minotaur of wrongs until exterminated. Such resolutions were passed by the various conferences of his own church and by other denominational conventions throughout the States, temperance organizations, and memorial meetings everywhere. At the annual session of the Wisconsin Conference the general public feeling was declared:

"The only effective remedy for the evils of intemperance is absolute Prohibition. Regulation and restriction have had a fair trial, and proven themselves utter failures; under the protection of these expedients, designed to restrain the liquor traffic, it has grown three times more rapidly than the population, showing conclusively that more radical measures are necessary to secure its suppression. For years its strong hand has been seen controlling conventions, legislatures, municipal governments; and even the courts have not escaped its influence. It has defeated the administration of law and circumvented the will of the people by the corruption of executive officers and the in-

timidation of patriotic citizens who have endeavored to supply their lack of service. History is repeating itself with marvellous accuracy ; as slavery attempted to usurp the control of the Government when the conscience of the nation began to cry out against it, so the saloon is endeavoring to sieze and control the Government, municipal, State, and national, and it will surely succeed if more effective measures are not speedily adopted to defeat it.

"In the assassination of the Rev. George C. Haddock, for many years an honored and successful member of this Conference, we recognize the true spirit and purpose of the saloon. Defeated at the polls and in danger of injunction by the courts, it does not scruple to resort to murder, to prolong an outlawed existence. The sacrifice is a costly one, but should it precipitate the reformation it was designed to obstruct, perhaps it is not too great. We shed tears of regret over his untimely grave, and catching the inspiration of his marvellous heroism, consecrate ourselves anew to the sacred cause for which he died. We extend our sympathy to the widow so suddenly and ruthlessly bereft of her husband, and commending her to the God of all consolation, we bespeak for her the benefaction of the Church in which he so long and faithfully labored."

The same body appointed a committee, the presiding elder of the Milwaukee District, the pastors of the Racine and Kenosha churches, Major Simeon Whitely and E. G. Durant, Esq., of Racine, "to devise and provide for the

execution of a plan to secure the proposed monument'' at Racine, the headquarters of the association.

On the evening of September 28th, at Webster City, the Iowa Conference held memorial services. The following sketch appeared in the Minutes of that body :

"Rev. George C. Haddock was born in Watertown, N. Y., 1831. His father was of English extraction, and his mother of German. From his father he doubtless inherited those peculiar characteristics which made him so fearless in the presence of danger.

"His parents were both Christians, and staunch members of the Methodist Episcopal Church ; thus, in early life, he was brought under strong religious influences, and at the age of fourteen was clearly converted to God, and united with the Church.

"Faithfulness to God and the Church characterized him for some years, but being apprenticed to learn the printer's trade, and falling in with associations which were not in sympathy with a religious life, he lost his zeal for God, and wandered in darkness for four years.

"At the age of twenty-one the Holy Spirit brought him back to his allegiance, and soon after, at Columbus, O., he was licensed to exhort by Rev. James Jameson, of the Ohio Conference. In a short time Local Preacher's license was granted him, and he preached as opportunity afforded while pursuing his secular calling.

"He was married on February 4th, 1852, to Miss Cornelia

Herrick, who proved herself worthy, in every respect, to be the companion of such a noble man.

"After some time he gave up his situation at Columbus, leaving his wife and child there, and went to Milwaukee, Wis., in hopes of bettering his condition. Here he attended services at Summerfield Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. E. Cook, D.D., pastor, and by his marked ability exhibited in Sunday-school work, soon attracted the attention of the pastor and others. He engaged in the printing business in Milwaukee, also in other places in Wisconsin. But the 'woe is me if I preach not the Gospel' rested upon him continually. Yielding, finally, to the urgent advice of others, he entered the ministry as a supply, under presiding elder W. G. Miller, D.D., of the Milwaukee District, and was sent to fill out an unfinished year at Port Washington, Rev. W. P. Stowe, D.D., now book agent, at Chicago, having left the charge before the year closed.

"His next appointment was at Clinton. Here he served the Church successfully for two years. From Clinton he went to Waukesha. His ability as an able reasoner and an eloquent expounder of the Word attracted general attention, and made him conspicuous among his brethren, many of whom were giants in those days.

"His next appointment was Oshkosh, at that time one of the best in the Conference. Here he became noted for his ability in exposing the hypocrisy and corruption of society,

his denunciations of the saloon system, and his deep sympathy for the erring and the helpless.

"It was while pastor at Oshkosh that the Holy Ghost, in a wonderful and powerful manner, sanctified his nature, and imparted unto him the baptism of fire. Under its inspiration he led scores, and, if we remember aright, hundreds of precious souls to the Saviour. He really became the Chrysostom of Wisconsin Methodism. Others exceeded him in breadth of scholarship and in culture, but for power in presenting the truth of the Gospel, and mightily moving the people, George C. Haddock had no equal in Wisconsin.

"Before the Annual Conference held at Ripon, in 1866, he preached on 'White Robes, which are the Righteousness of the Saints,' and so wonderfully was the Word accompanied by the 'Holy Ghost sent down,' that at times the audience seemed to cease breathing, and act as though they were overwhelmed by a consciousness of the presence of supernatural power.

"He once remarked, in giving his experience at a camp-meeting, that when he entered the ministry he left the back door open; meaning by that, that he would preach until something more favorable should present itself, at which time he meant to quietly step out. But when God sanctified him, the back door closed, became securely locked, and the key lost beyond all hope of recovery.

"In October, 1867, he went from Oshkosh to Ripon, where he remained two years as pastor, and while there

became extensively known as a disputer with Spiritualists. So successfully did he vanquish his strongest opponents, that his name became a terror to all spiritualistic circles in that region of country. From Ripon he went to Appleton, the seat of Lawrence University. While there, his great ability became more than ever recognized. Professors in the college, students, and the best brain of the city listened with delight to his preaching.

"From Appleton he went to Fond du Lac, Division Street, and after serving as pastor for two years, was appointed by Bishop Merrill presiding elder of the Fond du Lac District. This broadened his field of activity, over which he swept like a storm, striking terrific blows for truth and temperance. He was frequently threatened, several times waylaid, and at Sheboygan Falls, in the spring of 1874, was assaulted with deadly intent by three armed hirelings of the saloon, who, after a short but terrible encounter, fled, routed and dismayed, leaving one of their number wounded, and their weapons on the field. In this encounter Brother Haddock received wounds, the effects of which he carried to the night of his death. His next appointment was Racine. From Racine he went back to Appleton, from Appleton to Algoma Street, Oshkosh, from Oshkosh to Milwaukee, Asbury Church, and from Asbury to Bayview. In 1882 he was transferred by Bishop Wiley to the Iowa Conference, and stationed at Burlington. He remained there one year, was granted a location at his own

request, that he might enter fully the temperance work, but at the earnest solicitation of Bishop Simpson, allowed his name to be presented to this Conference for re-admission, was re-admitted and stationed at Fort Dodge. Here he remained two years, and at the last session of this Conference was stationed at Sioux City, where he toiled, as only heroes can toil, until the 3d of August last, and while on his way home, at ten o'clock at night, was approached from the shadows and the rear by a cowardly assassin, whose conduct and character no language can justly describe—an employé of the saloon—and shot down, in cold blood, upon the street, and thus ceased at once to work and live.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

"*Resolved*, That we, the ministers of the Northwest Iowa Conference, standing here amid the solemnities of this memorial service, pledge to each other and to the ministers of the church of God throughout the world to join in a crusade against the saloon curse, that shall know neither cessation nor abatement until, in God's good time, we join George C. Haddock before the throne.

"*Resolved*, That in common with all thoughtful people, we charge upon the *saloon* the deep, crimson-dyed iniquity of George C. Haddock's untimely taking off; and we earnestly invite and implore all ministers, all Christians, all lovers of humanity, our country, and of her laws, and all haters of anarchy and crime, to join us in our solemn pledge to wage an unceasing *war of extermination* against the saloon, the brewery, the distillery, and all breeding dens of murder and murderers."

The Conference also declared:

"Your Committee on Temperance note with great pleas-

ure the very marked growth of the temperance reform, both as to public sentiment and as to actual work done, especially in Iowa. This advance has been made in the face of the most persistent and wicked opposition of bad men and devils, who have resorted to threats, mobs, bloodshed, and murder in order to defeat Prohibition. And now, driven as they are to their last ditch, in order to confuse the friends of our truly excellent prohibitory law, they cry out most vehemently, 'Oh, the law is a failure! There is more liquor drunk than before, and drunkenness is on the increase,' etc.

"Now, therefore, in order that the facts as we see them may be the better known, we offer for the adoption of the Conference the following statements, together with a declaration of our purposes, to be published and sent forth to the people.

"In our judgment, Prohibition in Iowa is not a *failure.* It does prohibit. Drunkenness is not nearly so prevalent as it was, and the sale and use of intoxicating drinks is greatly diminished. The law is, as we believe, reasonably well enforced, excepting in a few of our large cities, and in all these measures have already been taken that promise the speedy closing of the saloons. The condition of Iowa is incomparably better as to matters of temperance than it was before the law came into effect.

"The assassination of our Conference brother, George C. Haddock, so true and brave, by the bloody-handed

murderer, reveals the true character of our foe, and calls upon every good man and woman to arise with new courage, and demands that the laws of our State shall be enforced; and we will keep alive the sentiment aroused throughout the whole country by his death until the old serpent, the saloon, is driven from our fair State.

"We most earnestly approve of the proposition of the Iowa State Temperance Alliance to raise one hundred thousand dollars, to be known as the Haddock Fund, and to be used in the prosecution of the violators of our temperance laws, and we pledge ourselves to do all within our power to assist in raising the said fund.

"We recommend that a fund of at least five thousand dollars be raised for the purpose of ferreting out and bringing to justice the murderers of our brother. And we recommend that a committee of six—three laymen and three ministers—be appointed by this Conference, who shall be fully responsible for raising and expending said fund, we pledging ourselves to heartily support them in their work.

"We hereby express our gratification at the prompt action of Rev. W. Whitfield in offering in behalf of the Methodist preachers in Iowa a reward of one thousand dollars for the arrest of the murderers of Rev. G. C. Haddock, and we urge immediate response to the same by the members of the Conference.

"We heartily approve the movement already inaugurated to erect a suitable monument to the memory of our

martyred brother by funds to be raised through the Sunday-schools of our own Church and others, and we approve of the committee already appointed for that purpose, to wit : William Tackaberry, E. D. Allen, Rev. C. C. Turner, Rev. George Knox, and I. W. Stone, who shall have full power in carrying out said desire."

The noblest memorial of a martyr is the success of his cause. The murdered man died in the plain performance of duty, nerved to the task, in the midst of a reign of lawlessness, which threatened not only his but other lives, and which cannot be understood except by the few brave men engaged in the work, by an indomitable will, and sustained by a trust which accepted "sudden death and sudden glory" as its probable reward. Humanity cannot forget such heroism, more enduring than brass, as lofty as righteousness. But martyrdom is always an imperative question to the living. The blood of Stephen, crying from the ground, appeals to every generation. What is to be the outcome? The punishment of the guilty is sternly demanded for the good of society ; but as the slain pastor believed that the sacrifice of one life, or ten, or an hundred, for the maintenance of law, ought not to be weighed against the result, so he would have looked beyond mere retribution to the triumph of the cause for which he died. If this death accomplishes no more than the suppression of saloons where it occurred, it will fall far short of vindication. That community, it is true, will bring upon itself the universal ex-

ecration of mankind, if it fails in that work ; but the nation at large has a duty no less plain and imperative. The liquor traffic is wholly bad and defiant of law. It has been tolerated and licensed, and toleration and license have only nursed a monster ; powerful, but becoming more powerful ; corrupt, but daily manifesting greater corruption ; tyrannical, but reaching constantly toward a worse tyranny. Its suppression, therefore, is the most important issue of this hour. And while that suppression is a gigantic it is not an impossible task, for in a government of, for, and by the people, no reform is too great for accomplishment.

Dogmatism is a short cut to truth. All reformers are dogmatic. Right is itself a dogma. Therefore men who desire Prohibition cannot pause for finical questions, but, overriding all minor difficulties, only stand for right. The camp of Hannibal was always pitched nearer Rome. The policy of Grant was a pounding policy. The sole argument for Prohibition is its righteousness, and this argument is as immutable as God, sublimely superior to cavil and the dull reason of timid caution and expediency. And so soon as the Christian people of America step to this level, pitching camp always nearer Rome, adopting the pounding policy of the moral law, and ignoring all considerations of party alliance or temporary success, for this argument of righteousness, the end will be near. Of what special value the perpetuity of parties ? The people create parties, and whatever the names of political organizations, the Govern-

ment must stand on popular righteousness. The national parties seek only their own welfare. The time has come when that welfare is incompatible with the welfare of the people. Labor has made this discovery, why should the Christian life of the country blindly sacrifice its ideals? That national Prohibition can be secured through existing national parties is not probable, and if secured thus, merely as a preservative concession, its enforcement is still less probable. The reform needs organized power, freed as naked birth is always freed, from all selfishness and complications, and dedicated to obedience to God's will alone. A third party is a product of despair, without offices, without luggage, armed only with a naked sword. That is the Theseus which issues out of heaven at the command of Omnipotence alone, and that command is the enthusiasm of faith. "With God all things are possible."

This was the spirit of this martyr. He waged no battle for a city alone. He did not "take his life in his hands" merely to close a few saloons. Humanity was there, but it was elsewhere. The law was disobeyed there, but it was disobeyed everywhere. There was not merely an idea, there was a principle at stake. Prohibition was on trial, it was on trial in the nation, not solely in Iowa; it must be sustained, no matter what the cost. He believed Infinite Wisdom could overcome all difficulties, if men would but resolutely act for right. He believed the American people eventually would obey the solemn summons of God in re-

form. Therefore the doctrine of his life was expressed in the brief words of one of his songs :

> "Needs but two to win the fight—
> But God and thou."

These two thoughts, devotion to heaven and humanity and trust in Providence, were the centres of his being. The utterance of his life was crystallized in one of his latest sermons : "This is the paramount lesson that selfishness, narrowness, and intolerance are ever suicidal, while a spirit of love to God and the wide world of humanity ever tends to develop the fullest measure of strength and nobility. No man is great who does not desire that every human being should be as great as himself—aye, and as much greater as possible. No man is strong who is not able to bear up to Heaven on the flood tide of a mighty gulf stream of love the great mass of humanity in daily prayers, and in prayers that find some realization in his own daily life. No man is free who does not long for freedom for all his fellowmen as ardently as he desires it for himself." These are words of a great character. And in all the war of his last months he gave them concrete expression. He prayed for those who plotted his death, and spoke of them with tears.

That the God of nations would accomplish His purpose was a doctrine which flowed out of this idea of devotion. In a discourse on Samson, he referred to the famous waterfall, the Staubbach, in Switzerland, "which is some nine

hundred feet high. A mighty flood pours over the edge of a cliff, and seems to threaten dire destruction to the cottages that nestle in the valley below ; but long before the waters strike the earth they are diffused into the softest mist by reason of the prodigious height of the fall, and produce fertility and beauty instead of destruction and death. Thus it is in human life ; oftentimes the floods hang over us, threatening with swift ruin. Often the lions of misfortune, disease and calamity leap upon us with sullen roar and wide distended jaws. Yet in the midst of all an unseen Hand guides with infinite wisdom and love, and turns and overturns, and in the end brings order out of chaos, brings advantage out of trouble, brings beauty and life out of the impending torrent, out of the jaws of ruin, out of the skeleton of death."

"Some knots nothing but the sword can loose, some fields never bear fruit until ploughed by shot and shell and fertilized by blood.

"God knows how to overrule the wrath of men for the eventual fulfilment of His own far-reaching plans. Bad men and devils seem for a time to have their way, but it is impossible for them to circumvent the Almighty. No matter what course they may take of their own will, whether to lift aloft the standard of rebellion or cultivate the feelings of loyalty and righteousness, God's wisdom and power are such that, without breaking down a single will or overriding the personal sovereignty of a single individ-

ual, He is able to cause the unified results of the aggregate of human willing to be in perfect accord with His own will. He uses the products of every passion born in the human breast, love and hate, wickedness and goodness, war and peace—yea, even the relentless fury of hell itself, for the fulfilment of His own designs.''

This is the man and his life. He was essentially a warrior, yet his character was as tender as moved behind the plated mail of Bayard. He was a soldier of the Cross. His death was not more heroic than his life.

MOUND CEMETERY, RACINE, WIS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Words Spoken of Him.

I SELECT at random, and without regard to authorship, some few of the many crowns with which the people have sanctified his memory. The public journals offered innumerable noble sentiments.

"Remember Haddock! Remember his courage, his devotion, and his self-sacrifice to uphold our law and protect our homes. Citizens of Iowa, awake!

"Always fearless in the right, he had to put his principles into practice, and 'he being dead yet speaketh.'

"His soul, like that of John Brown, will go 'marching on' through the centuries.

"Mr. Haddock would gladly have given up his life had he known how much his death would accomplish for the cause he had at heart.

"A courageous, earnest soul, who not only talked temperance, but boldly took a hand for the law's enforcement.

"The admitted circumstances fixed the responsibility upon the rum influences, without question, and gave evidence that the victim was a man of thorough conviction and fearless in carrying out his conception of duty.

"Mr. Haddock was a man as nearly without fear as men

are born. In this respect he was an admirable man from every point of view, and this quality should have commended him more graciously than it did to the men he died in opposing.

"It seemed that nothing less than a horror like this assassination could arouse the torpid conscience of Sioux City, and though his family is crushed in grief and his brethren mourn the martyr, Haddock has accomplished far more in his death than could have been wrought out by a lifetime of faithful service.

"This preacher at Sioux City stood almost alone in that whole city in defence of the law. With a bravery equal to that ever shown by soldier or martyr, he publicly took up the work and went forward in it without fear.

"Rev. G. C. Haddock, whose life was laid down at the command of duty, has not preached his last sermon nor delivered his last temperance lecture. The shot that caused his death has awakened to action the moral forces not only of Sioux City but of the State, and the saloons will find that his death in such a cowardly way only was needed to give his sermons undying life and his lectures a perpetual force.

"The crime of murdering the heroic and sainted Haddock is one of the least of its murderous offences. He fell in all the glory of the highest style of Christian manhood. He was a kind father, a devoted husband, a useful and influential citizen, a true friend, a generous and agreeable neigh-

bor, and a faithful minister of the Gospel, with an unspotted character and reputation ; loved and honored by all good men.

" The Rev. G. C. Haddock is enshrined in their hearts as a martyr, as he truly deserves to be. He fully realized the danger he was called upon to face, and told his friends that he expected to lose his life, and that he was ready. If this great sacrifice would accomplish the redemption of the city from the curse of lawlessness, he would willingly offer himself as the victim. He belongs to that noble company of martyrs and confessors who counted not their lives dear unto them for Christ's sake.

" Like nearly all Methodist preachers, he was a radical Prohibitionist, and differed on this question with some of his members. But for these views he was responsible to no one but himself, and he was universally admired for his strong mental force and vigor of thought and great ability in the pulpit. While holding the most extreme and radical views on the temperance question, he was extremely broad and catholic and charitable in his religious opinions and teachings, and his church was filled from Sunday to Sunday during his pastorate. The Methodist Church has very few men that can equal him in pulpit power, and his untimely death will be regretted everywhere."

Rev. J. C. McClintock, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Burlington, at memorial services held in that city, said :

"Years ago Montgomery wrote of a minister who was cut down suddenly, in the midst of strength and usefulness, words that seem to me peculiarly appropriate and applicable to the death of this minister of righteousness :

'Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime !
In full activity of zeal and power,
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is His servant's hour.

'Go to the grave, at noon from labor cease,
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace—
Soldier ! go home—with thee the fight is won.'

"But we must remember that lives are not measured by the number of times the sun sets. A child may die a thousand years old. Bower has written truly :

'He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.'

"Measured thus, the life of this servant of God was not short ; measured by achievements—by influence, it surpasses many a life that is aimlessly spun out to the measure of three score and ten."

Rev. R. H. Dolliver, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cherokee, in the overflow services at Sioux City, said :

"His life is fitly closed from the character of the man, and death was the fittest encomium that could be raised. The cause that he espoused will have scores of friends where it had one before, and the welfare of human society will be more advanced by his death than by his life. In future days the workers in the moral cause will drink new inspiration from the life and death of this man, and the descendants of those who are responsible for his taking off will read with shame the part that their fathers took, while the descendants of those who have stood firm will honor and cherish their courage."

Mr. William M. Ege, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Burlington, said:

"He had no fear. One night he carelessly let his audience pass out from a hall on the third floor of a building from which he would have had to come out alone, and at the doorway of which were armed men watching for him; but friends who happened to notice that he had not come down with the crowd, went back just in time to save him from an attack. I am sure from what I know of him that if he had known the tragical result in Sioux City, he would nevertheless have done just what he did do."

Rev. O. J. Cowles, of Pittsburg, formerly of the Wisconsin Conference, said:

"Grand, brave man! He has attained to the honors of martyrdom for the cause of God he loved so well—the cause of temperance. For seventeen years it was our

privilege to be associated with him in the glorious work of the Gospel ministry, to know him, and love him like a brother, and now he is crowned a martyr !''

Rev. S. McChesney, in memorial services held at Topeka, Kan., said :

" The Church of Christ will never lose the sign and seal of her apostolic character and mission so long as she can hold up before an agitated world the grand spectacle of a character like that of Rev. George C. Haddock, a man who counted not his life dear unto himself—a man who could invoke upon his solitary person the wrath of a debauched community. His form is laid low, but his character stands erect ' like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm. Erect when the multitude bends to the storm.' "

The *Voice* said :

" If Mr. Stedman could sing of a man who was trying to crush wrong by illegal means :

> ' And old Brown, Osawatomie Brown,
> May trouble you more than ever when you nail his coffin down,'

much more can it be said of a man who was trying to crush out still more villainous wrong by strictly legal means.''

The New York *Christian Advocate* said :

" The death of the Rev. George C. Haddock was glorious. He died in endeavoring to enforce the laws of the State—in trying to save those who shot him ; and of him and of his murderer it may be said as St. John said of Cain

and Abel: 'Wherefor slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.' Whether such a death may not accomplish more for the cause he loved than the prolongation of his life is known only to Him who did not interpose to prevent the fulfilment of the assassin's purpose. History furnishes many instances of men who did more in their deaths than it was possible for them to do by their lives."

Frances E. Willard wrote to the pastor's wife:

"You seem to me sacred and set apart, not alone by this unalterable sorrow, but because you have a name that has passed into the history of the world's greatest reform. At your hero husband's bier stood a countless array of earth's bravest and best, with heads uncovered and hearts aching for you. His grave is the altar before which the truest patriots of America are swearing deadly vengeance upon the liquor power. His monument will concentrate the tender love and appreciation of his comrades in the battle, many of whom shall doubtless seal their faith in blood, even as he whom you loved, but have not lost, has done."

The New York *Witness* said:

"The King has called His good and faithful servant home. Is he not one of those to whom it shall be said, 'Have thou authority over ten cities'?"

Rev. William M. Brooks, President of Tabor College, Tabor, Iowa, wrote:

"We renew our consecration to the cause for which your husband died."

Rev. H. Sewell, of the Wisconsin Conference, and a member of the Conference Class of 1860, wrote:

"Our cause has suffered a loss, but Heaven has gained a citizen."

Rev. Samuel Lugg, with whom he had been long and intimately associated in the Church trial narrated, wrote:

"I never knew a truer, nobler man in following his convictions of duty, than he."

Rev. T. C. Wilson, of the Wisconsin Conference, said:

"Death found him in the midst of his strength and usefulness, in the forefront of the battle."

OUR MARTYR BROTHER.

[Rev. 6 : 9–11.]

Written for the Northwest Iowa Conference Memorial Service, in Memory of Rev. George C. Haddock, *by* Rev. John Hogarth Lozier.

I.

Oh, my list'ning spirit hath heard a new cry
From the "altar" that stands near the Throne!
'Tis the voice of our brother, who feared not to die
On the field where his triumph was won.

II.

'Tis the voice of that saint who, for garments of gore,
Was given those "robes" of pure "white,"
As the angels swept down through the darkness and bore
His soul to their mansions of light.

III.

Make room, oh, ye martyrs who hallowed the sod
With your blood, in those ages of yore!
For Haddock was "slain for the word of our God,
And the witness he faithfully bore."

IV.

Let him "rest" 'neath the "altar," where martyred souls throng,
'Till time's "little season" is past;
Then the cry of the martyr, "How long? Oh, how long?"
Shall dissolve in an anthem at last.

V.

For the "voice" of a martyr's blood first reached the throne,
And vainly his murderer fled.
So the blood of our brother shall cry, and cry on,
'Till the demon that slew him is dead.

VI.

'Twas at MAN the vile murderers levelled their aim,
But at GOD their fell missile was hurled;
And the flash of their weapon hath kindled a flame
That for ages shall blaze round the world.

VII.

And the churches of God shall arise in their might,
One impulse inspiring us all;
And the lines that divide us shall vanish from sight
'Neath the "mantle" our brother let fall.

VIII.

And millions beside, to the churches unknown,
Have lifted their hands to the sky,
And have sworn by the Being who sits on the Throne,
That the curse that hath slain him shall die.

IX.

Oh, Haddock! we catch up that banner that fell,
All stained with thy rich martyr blood;
And we vow that each drop to a torrent shall swell,
That shall sweep off the curse with its flood.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Service Memorial of the Rev. George C. Haddock, held in the Grand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Milwaukee, August 15th, 1886.

ADDRESS BY REV. OLIN A. CURTIS, D.D.

As the first days of my student life were spent in the home, and the first days of my religious life in the church, of George C. Haddock, it seems especially fitting that I, at this time, should say something about his character. To me, first of all, he was a man of great heart. In those years of poverty and trial, when it was a problem to find the means for completing an exacting course of study in college, this man, upon whom I had not the least natural claim, was more than a pastor—he was a true friend; and

I always noticed that toward his friends he was most generous and kindly. There were, in fact, two very different elements in his large nature. As was once said of a famous Scotchman, "*Tears lie in him, and consuming fire.*" Thus George Haddock appeared differently to those who met him. To some men he was an everlasting fist, but to others a friendly, open palm.

Next he impressed me as a man of great brain. Up to that time he was almost the strongest preacher I had ever heard. His natural mental resources I still consider as hardly inferior to those of any man I have known. He seldom said a superficial thing. In his sermons there was always an evidence of the most thorough search for truth, and a constant reaching after the finality of all human thinking. Yet his statement was usually as simple and clear as his conception was profound. Had he known an early and careful mental discipline; had he been willing to finish a sentence as Morley Punshon finished a sentence; had he possessed any ambition to master the refinements of chaste oratory; had what Horace would call the "purple of letters" not seemed insufficiently earnest to him—he would, I think, have become one of the most famous preachers of this age.

A yet more remarkable thing in his preaching was its constant expression of a life of struggle. He was as earnest a soul as ever was created. Life was to him, as De Tocqueville put it, "serious business." The battle was ever on.

Foes to the right of him, foes to the left of him, "volleyed and thundered." The best thing to do for God was to bleed, and the next best thing to sweat. All idlers and cowards should be hanged. Thus there was not an atom of "cant" in his preaching; every word meant something, and came panting all the way from the centre of his character. This quality I call remarkable, because it seems to me to be so rare. Frederick Robertson was a very different man at several points; but he had precisely the same way of steeping words in his personality and making them ever express a life of earnest personal struggle.

It was this earnestness, even more than his great thoughts, which profoundly influenced many students. In "Brother Haddock" they found a perpetual call to duty. It was as if every sentence of the sermon uttered its idea, and then blew a bugle. Not merely a large theme was being discussed by a logical master, but there was a subtle something in the tone, in the movement of the strong neck, and in the flash of the eye which suggested the gathering and explosion of a tempest. The lightnings of the Almighty were beginning to gleam, and all the martyrs were just about to break away from the grave and tell you what a cowardly life you were living! Many a student went home from church with some such feeling, as one of them expressed in this manner, "I declare! I must do something for God, even if it's with a sled stake."

As a reformer, George Haddock has often been called

rash and bitter ; but such words have usually been applied to brave reformers. Martin Luther was rash. John Wesley was *very* rash. And John Brown was *both rash and crazy.* I simply think that Brother Haddock, knowing all the danger, commanding every moment all there was of him by his mighty will, cared more about duty than he did about life ; and that is a quality which I usually prefer to call courage ; and to such a man I like to grant that best of titles—"*Hero.*" But to the charge of bitterness, I cannot so easily reply. He did, I fear, speak at times such fiercely personal words as can be no pleasure to him now. In a conflict he was extremely unable to make any distinction between the man and the measure. Perhaps, with Wendell Phillips, he believed that "the only way to strike a measure is to strike a man." But John G. Whittier has proven for all time that this is a mistake ; that it is possible to intensely hate a wrong, and not even, for an hour, seem to hate any human being ; and that a little genial sparkling of jewels at the hilt of a sword never yet dulled a real Damascus blade.

Taking, however, his life as a whole—so earnest and strong and brave ; so large in its plan and far-reaching in its purpose—it is to me a vast inspiration ; and it is in this total way all fair men will weigh his character and work. Thomas Carlyle, in closing an analysis of one of his heroes, makes the wise remark, that in judging a man we must consider whether he planned to sail only to Ramsgate, or

tried to cross the ocean. George Haddock did not, like a pleasure yacht, seek smooth waters, and drift pleasantly among the amenities of men ; but he tried to sail the wide and stormy sea of moral reform. For this every strong timber of his character was spiked. For this every white sail of his purpose was set. And by this he should be judged on earth, as by this he will be crowned in heaven.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

The Trial of John Arensdorf—Extraordinary Public Interest—An Overwhelming Case against the Defendant—Disagreement of the Jury—Corruption Charged.

After a delay of nearly eight months the Haddock cases came up for trial March 23d, 1887. The State elected that John Arensdorf, the man accused of having fired the shot that killed Dr. Haddock, should be tried first. Arensdorf, although under indictment for the gravest crime known to the law, had been out on bail. The trial of Arensdorf extended through nearly four weeks, coming to a termination Sunday, April 17th, when the jury reported that it was unable to agree upon a verdict, and was discharged.

Since the case of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, public interest throughout the country never was so deeply stirred by a criminal trial. Several of the leading daily journals in distant cities detailed able writers for duty at Sioux City, and printed the evidence at great length from day to day. The reports of the Chicago *Daily News*, particularly, form a valuable record of the trial.

Long before the case was ready the probabilities pointed so clearly to the guilt of Arensdorf, that the newspapers which

speculated upon his possible escape from the gallows assumed that justice had to overcome but one serious obstacle : the difficulty of obtaining a fair and an incorruptible jury. Accused by two self-confessed eye-witnesses of the murder in confessions made under circumstances precluding suspicion ; accused by a third witness in a confession manifestly sincere, although it was afterward withdrawn ; brought face to face with corroborative evidence adduced by the testimony of disinterested persons, John Arensdorf was in the position of a man whom nothing may save from condemnation but a blaze of light flashed by explanations and testimony whose truthfulness can admit of no reasonable doubt. But weeks and months passed after Arensdorf was first circumstantially accused, and no such clear explanations or testimony were advanced. Down to the 23d of March the only lines followed by the defence of which the public gained perception were those of intrigue and the "coaching" of witnesses.

Examined apart from all the extraneous bearings, the evidence, as interpreted by every intelligent, impartial review that the writer has seen, was esteemed to be overwhelming against the defendant. Harry L. Leavitt and Albert Koschnitzki ("Bismarck"), indicted as co-conspirators with Arensdorf, gave versions of the tragedy as eye-witnesses which agreed substantially and which the most skilful cross-examination did not shake. Both testified that they were in the crowd of ruffians lying in wait for Dr. Haddock as he came from the stable, and that Arensdorf pressed forward and shot him, and then, with Peters, a brewery employé, ran in the direction of the Franz Brewery. Despite the arts of the lawyers for the defence, the details of their stories

agreed remarkably with the statements in their confessions. (Leavitt's confession was made in Chicago, and Koschnitzki's was made in San Francisco, about the same time ; there could have been no collusion—and the defence was unable to show any collusion—and yet they recited practically the same story of the circumstances of the murder.) Koschnitzki made a profound impression upon the auditors in the court-room ; it was remarked by newspaper correspondents that either he was telling the absolute truth or he is the most dexterous liar in America. Van Ingham, an old man living on the west side of the bridge leading to the Franz Brewery, testified that he was standing at his window soon after the shot sounded, and saw Arensdorf and Peters dash across it and enter the brewery. Minnie Koschnitzki, the twelve-year-old child of Albert Koschnitzki, testified in an artless manner to negotiations that Arensdorf made with her mother after her father had fled from Sioux City to San Francisco. Her mother, she said, gave her a letter to John Arensdorf ; she delivered it, and he came to the house soon after ; Arensdorf and her mother had a talk about the former's buying their house ; her mother urged that her husband was sick in San Francisco, and she must be with him ; Arensdorf replied that she had better wait until the affair blew over—that there was too much talk just then ; her mother insisted, and the result was that Arensdorf bought the house, paying two hundred and fifty dollars ; that Paul Leader (one of Arensdorf's tools) bought the furniture, paying fifty dollars, and that Mrs. Koschnitzki, with her children, left for San Francisco, being escorted as far as Council Bluffs by Leader.

These are the main points of the evidence introduced by the

prosecution. The defence strove to prove an alibi for Arensdorf and to identify Leavitt as the assassin. The unreliability of the alibi testimony is demonstrated by the contradictory evidence of Arensdorf himself. Being placed upon the stand, he said that on the night of the murder he took supper in the Sheppard saloon, and that after he left that place he went east (away from the scene of the tragedy and from the Franz Brewery), and stopped at a saloon called the English Kitchen ; that he talked with the proprietor of the English Kitchen awhile, and that while the two were on the sidewalk two men came along and told them of the murder of Haddock. In his testimony before the coroner's jury, soon after the murder, Arensdorf said nothing about having been at the English Kitchen or having heard of the murder there. In explanation of the discrepancy, he told the court that his recollection of his whereabouts on the fatal night had improved since his appearance before the coroner's jury ! Other witnesses for the defence testified to the good character of Arensdorf as a citizen, but Arensdorf gave the lie to these accounts by admitting that he bought Mrs. Koschnitzki's house, although he knew at the time that Koschnitzki was in some way involved in the murder and a fugitive from the city. None of the identifications of Leavitt as the assassin were positive, and all of those testifying in this direction were shown to be persons of bad reputation for truthfulness or tools of Arensdorf's or of the saloon power.

In this brief summary of the evidence on each side many details of interest have been passed by. The testimony teemed with startling illustrations of the villainous spirit of the lawless saloon power of Sioux City. Both Leavitt and Koschnitzki gave unvar-

nished particulars of the birth of the plot of the liquor men to whip Dr. Haddock, because of his efforts for the enforcement of the prohibitory law. Leavitt told how, at a meeting of the Saloon-Keepers' Association, on the night of August 2d, it was proposed to hire a man to "do up" Haddock and Wood, and how Arensdorf suggested that there was enough money in the treasury—about seven hundred dollars, and that it could be used for the purpose. Koschnitzki related that George Treiber, a saloon-keeper, had, through him, offered five hundred dollars to Sylvester Granda if the latter would thrash Haddock.

The side-lights thrown upon the character of the evidence bring into stronger relief the reasonableness of the conviction of Arensdorf's guilt that intelligent writers have formed. During the progress of the trial, after Albert Koschnitzki had testified, one of his children, aged three years, died. Koschnitzki, at the time a prisoner, was taken by a deputy sheriff to the house where the dead child was lying. The father placed his hand upon the body, and with tears in his eyes and a trembling voice swore by his dead child's memory that he had told the truth, and that it was Arensdorf who had murdered Haddock. J. C. Peterson was one of the chief witnesses for the defence. He fled the city after the murder, and, upon being brought back, went before T. L. Foley, a justice of the peace, and swore that G. W. Kellogg, of counsel for Arensdorf, had asked him to swear that Arensdorf was not present when the shot was fired, offering him money.

The prosecution was under a disadvantage from the want of money to properly pay counsel. At the beginning of the case, T. P. Murphy, regarded as the chief lawyer for the prosecution, re-

tired because a sufficient retainer fee could not be guaranteed him. Nevertheless, the prosecution was ably conducted.

The lawyers on both sides were : For the prosecution—County Attorney S. M. Marsh, E. H. Hubbard, H. J. Taylor, and M. D. O'Connell ; for the defence—O. C. Tredway, J. N. Weaver, Isaac Pendleton, G. W. Argo, G. W. Kellogg, W. G. Clarke, and S. F. Lynn. The jurors were : John O'Connor, Thomas Crilley, C. C. Bartlett, John Madden, Dennis Murphy, C. G. Gross, J. L. Webster, Thomas Frazier, David Keiffer, E. Webster, John D. O'Connell, and John Adair. The case was tried before Judge Charles H. Lewis, and the court sat in the very court-room in which Dr. Haddock testified in the injunction cases.

From the beginning there were specific assertions that the jury had been unfairly drawn, and predictions that the case would end in a disagreement. So many names of friends of Arensdorf were drawn from the special *venire* that the State exhausted its peremptory challenges on the second day, and was forced to accept as the twelfth juror John Adair, known to be prejudiced in favor of Arensdorf. The jurymen were not kept under surveillance during the trial, but were allowed to separate, each juror going about his own business. Friends of Arensdorf were seen in consultation with jurors, and whiskey was used in the jury-room. When the case was half over, the correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* wrote that it was asserted that even should the spirit of Dr. Haddock enter the court-room and point to Arensdorf, and say, "Thou art the man!" the jury would not convict the accused. The Lemars, Iowa, *Sentinel* published a statement charging that G. W. Argo, of counsel for the defence, returned

to his home the day before the verdict was announced, and said the jury would stand 11 to 1 for acquittal. This was the actual division. When the jury entered the court-room and announced that they could not agree, Juror J. D. O'Connell, being accused of stubbornness by Foreman J. L. Webster, stood up, and with emotion said that he had taken a solemn oath to render an impartial judgment, and that should he be confined in the jury-room for five weeks he would not change his mind. Juror O'Connell afterward alleged that he was the only one who voted for conviction steadily ; that it was intimated to him before the jury retired that all the others were for acquittal and he held the key to the situation, and that he was asked by the defence to name his price. The jurors who stood for acquittal showed their partisan bias and their contempt for public opinion by electing J. L. Webster as foreman of the jury. This man had manifested his prejudice in favor of Arensdorf so conspicuously that Judge Lewis, in charging the jury, administered to him a scathing rebuke for his conduct.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from the verdict can best be expressed in these words of the Chicago *Journal:* "There is now no probability that the real murderer of Haddock will ever pay the penalty of his crime." Arensdorf may be tried again ; other men are to be tried for conspiracy ; but in the first test the evidence has counted for nothing ; and there is no reason to hope that justice will prevail in the end.

199

HV 5293 .H2 H2 1887

Haddock

The lif
Haddoc

DATE DUE

Haddock, Fran The life of Rev. George C.
3 0645 0003 1243 5